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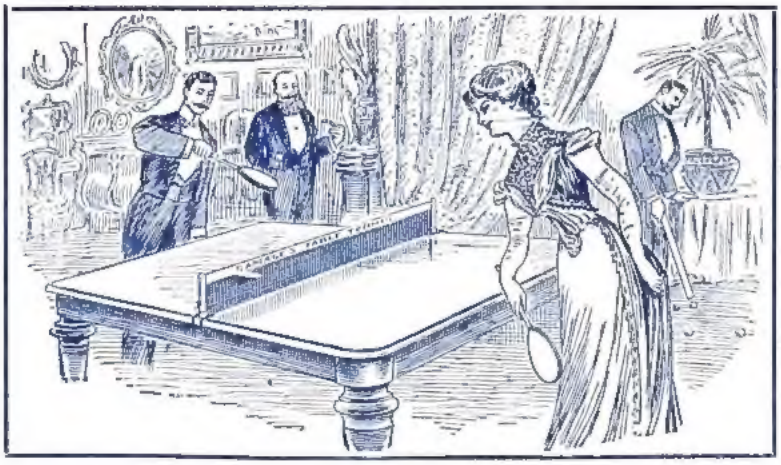

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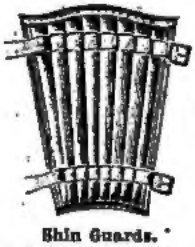

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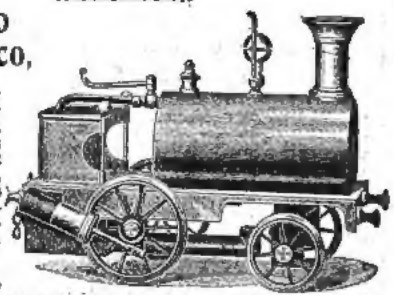

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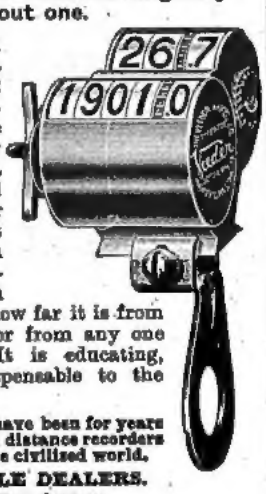

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THE CAPTAIN.

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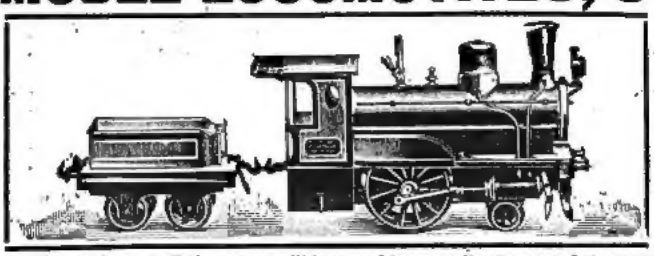

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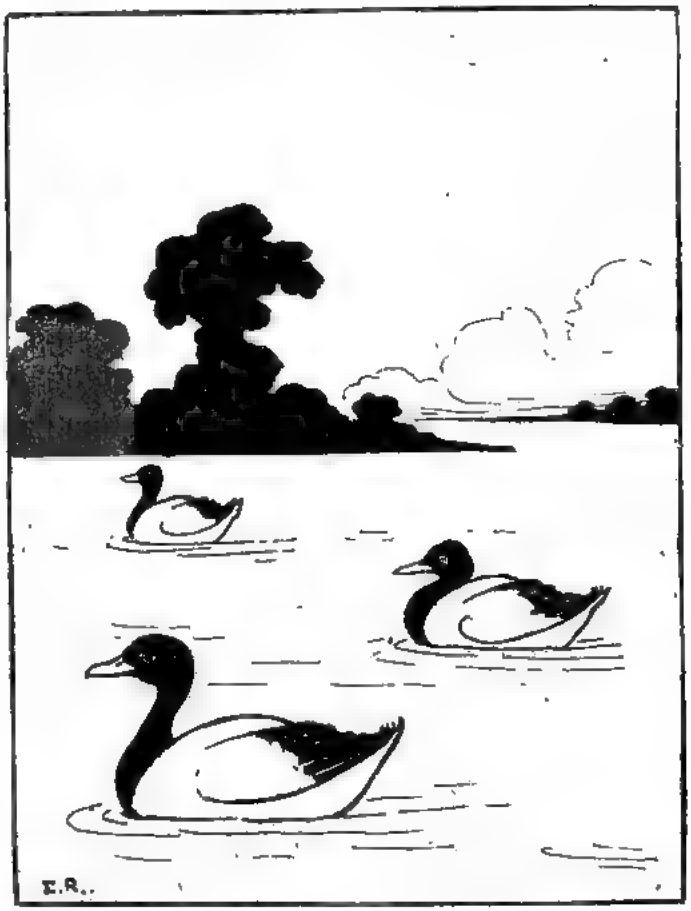

Here are three ducks. Make them into six without adding anything to the picture.

Trace the ducks, omitting the landscape, and make the necessary alterations. Do not tear this page out.

(For further particulars, see "Competitions for January, page 379.")

"THUNDER! WHO ARE YOU?"

(See page 198.)

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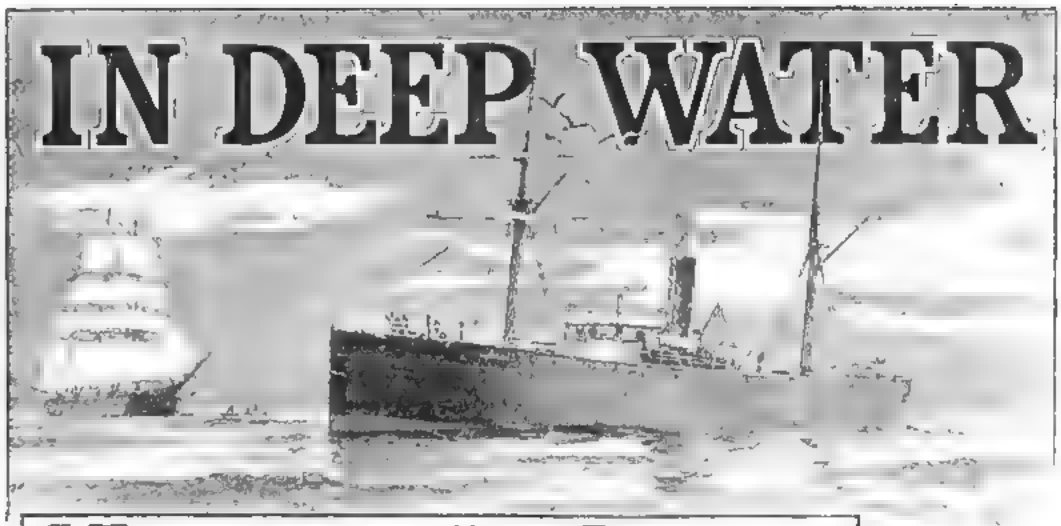
IN DEEP WATER



A Tale of the Mid-Atlantic.

By Stacey Blake and W. E. Hodgson.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

This story concerns the fate of the ss. *Creole* (belonging to the well-known shipping firm of Grimm, Channing & Grimm) and of the *Creole's* second mate, Grant Heath. Hudson, captain of the *Creole*, undertakes to get rid of Grant Heath, against whom Martin Grimm, junior partner in the firm, bears a grudge, and afterwards scuttle the *Creole*, which is heavily insured, in return for a bribe of £3,000. While Martin Grimm and Hudson are discussing the scheme, their conversation is overheard by Edith Hopewell, niece of Mr. Channing, the senior partner, who is lying at the point of death in his house at Hampstead. Grant Heath goes aboard the *Creole* at Cardiff. Finding the ship in a great state of disorder, as the crew, having signed on, are spending their advance notes ashore, it is with difficulty that the two mates get any of the men to come and work. Captain Hudson, arriving just as the ship is ready, sees the new second mate and treats him roughly. Once the voyage has begun the crew find they are to be almost starved, and mutiny—but as they are calling at the Azores the captain gives them money, which they spend in drink, and the voyage proceeding, the crew neglect the ship, and Grant Heath, when taking in awning poles, is knocked overboard by Captain Hudson. From this time all on board drink heavily, and navigation is neglected—when a barque, the *Stella*, heaves in sight flying signals of distress. Getting no answer from the steamer, the captain and one of his men come aboard the *Creole*, and finding the whole crew in an unconscious state, the captain of the barque transfers the crews, he and his men taking the names of the *Creole* people (which he finds on the ship's papers), and leaving the *Creole's* crew to shift as best they can on the leaky sailing-vessel, where they recover their senses. When Captain Hudson finds himself on a strange ship he attempts to shoot Talbot, his first mate, but is himself severely wounded in the struggle that ensues.

CHAPTER XII.

SAVED!

When Grant went down, as Hudson believed, to his death in the foamy wake of the *Creole* that dark night, half-stunned by the blow he sank impotently for a second or two; then the cold bite of the water brought full consciousness to him again, and he struck out till his head bobbed above the surface.

Almost instantly his arm struck something, and, as his hand caught hold, he perceived that it was a life-buoy. It did not occur to him to wonder just then why it should have been flung to him, for one has no time for conjectural theorising when the hungry water is gripping one by the throat, but the thought came to him afterwards.

At first, as he swam, his head was more under the water than above it. The great rollers, crested with boiling foam, half suffocated him as they swept mercilessly over him, beating out his breath, blinding him, wearing down his strength with pitiless persistency. But after a while he learned to manage them better, and, instead of trying to rise over them, he dived through their rugged crests, to do which he flattened his chest upon the buoy and put his head down. Then, when the thunderous mountain of water had passed, he would come up again and sink down into the awful black hollow beyond. Up and down he went, with fearsome, sickening monotony. Those liquid hills with their foam-riven sides,

were endless. His limbs were growing numb with the wearying fight.

Presently he found himself almost too weak to dive when the breakers washed over him. His limbs were chilled and aching. He felt a great longing come upon him to give it up; but, when he began to sink, the lust of life broke out in him again, and he struck out with desperate, despairing vigour. Yet even then death seemed imminent, for all his grim perseverance.

Time after time he forced himself from the lethargy and despair that crept over him, but his tired, chilled limbs overcame him, and after a while all consciousness and thought seemed to go out of him and he swam mechanically. When dawn broke he was no more conscious of the lateen-sailed craft that bore down upon him than he was of the hands that pulled him from his death.

When he lay in the little cabin, with the *Creole's* life-buoy—for when he had been seized and taken aboard his fingers were gripped so tightly about it that they would not loosen—still round him, he thought he was still swimming, and he moved his limbs with feeble regularity, while his rescuers poured brandy between his lips.

Then he thought he was sinking, and that death had surely come upon him.

And he was so tired that he welcomed it.

That morning the fishing-boat that had so strangely plucked Grant Heath from the maw of the hungry ocean bore him into a little harbour, called Valdeprado, on the rocky coast of Fayal.

"He will not live," muttered Pedro Tamboga, with a shake of his head, who with Juan Beja owned the boat. She was called the *Santa Maria*, and her owners caught fish in her and traded among the islands.

"It is a job for the priest," replied Beja, crossing himself, and then they sent up to the village, which lay in a valley behind the ridge of cliffs, for the man of God who dwelt among his flock there.

Father Zorita came back with the messenger, who carried the holy oils and articles pertaining to the last Sacrament. He wore an aged cassock, his hat was brown with age, and his shoes had long since been strange to polish; one was tied up with hempen string, because the leather lace had broken. He was one who took no thought of what he should wear, nor was his housekeeper heedful of what he should eat. As he walked along he ate his frugal breakfast of bread and grapes. He was a man who lived simply, roughly, no-wise differing from those whom he ministered unto, save that he could read and had many books, and that he knew something of medicine. He ran his hands and eyes over the unconscious man.

"He will live," he said, "but he is in danger. He must be watched. You have made a good catch, eh, Pedro?"

"Yes, father, but the storm has ripped the sail there, so that it will cost three milreis to repair. I have no luck, father."

"One milreis will do it," replied the priest, gently, "and the church needs repairing sadly, Pedro."

"Ha! do not be hard, father. I gave candles last week."

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, this stranger must be taken to my house," he said.

And, borne on a litter, Grant Heath was carried to the priest's house. There it did not take Father Zorita long to discover that a high fever was setting in, and so he tended him and ministered unto him with his homely knowledge of simple medicines all through the slow, heavy days of the illness, till Grant came back to knowledge and consciousness of himself.

The good priest knew no English, Grant was acquainted with but a word or two of Portuguese, so that it came into Father Zorita's mind that the British Vice-Consul at Villa da Horta was an individual with whom a consultation might be useful. Accordingly he wrote a letter, giving his patient's name, for this he had elicited, and the name upon the life-buoy. Then he sent the letter over the hills to the port town, promising to come himself the moment circumstances would permit.

Two days later, through an open door, Grant lay watching the sunlight play upon the vine-sheltered *patio* adjacent to where his room lay, when on the silence—for the priest's house was beyond the village, whence few sounds reached—there came the murmur of horses' hoofs beating on a distant road, and presently the rumble of wheels.

He listened with curious interest, speculating, after the manner of an invalid who has exhausted all the interests of his immediate surroundings, on who might be coming or going. He heard the jingle of bells as the roll of the wheels grew louder, and then the sounds ceased—the vehicle had stopped. After a bit it went on again, uneasily grinding over the rough road, with bells jingling, and the pound of hoofs. There were footsteps in the *patio*, then the priest's shadow crossed the speckled sunlight, followed by another.

"The senhor has a visitor," he said in his soft-voiced Portuguese.

Then, as the sound of the diligence grew duller

in the distance, the sick man looked up in wide-eyed astonishment.

"A visitor?" he repeated, wonderingly.

For answer a shade fell across the doorway as the priest stepped aside, and Edith Hopewell walked slowly into the room.

There are some moments so intense that words seem trivial and ridiculously inadequate. An eloquent silence rested between these two. They looked at each other in a sort of unconsciousness. It came to them both that they were playing a part that destiny had written for them. They forgot that the priest was there; they only saw each other.

"I tried to see you before I left," said Grant simply, "but you were not there."

It never occurred to him to say how near death he had been, to tell her anything else, or even ask why she was there.

"Did you?" she answered, "and I wondered why you went away without a word."

"You were sorry?—you wanted to see me?" He half lifted himself on his elbow.

She took his hands, and he looked deeply into her eyes.

"Yes, I wanted to see you," she whispered.

She saw him there, pale, sick, helpless, in a strange land, wanting care, love, aid. The woman rose up within her. There was a tenderness in her eyes, such as, resting on men, oft brings them nearer to Heaven, and then she took her place by the sick-bed.

"Yes," she said, "I wanted to see you. I was in great trouble—it was men's work and I am only a woman——" and her voice faltered.

The priest went out to snip a dead leaf he saw in the vine that overhung the *patio*.

When he came back they were talking intently, and there was a briskness about his patient that he had not seen before, but though he knew no word of the language they spoke, he understood

Grant Heath heard with growing amazement the story of the villainy of Martin Grimm and Sam Hudson, and of the plot which had for its purpose the sinking of the *Creole* and his own death.

She told him all that had happened from the moment she overheard the dastardly bargain between the junior partner and Captain Hudson, to the time when she arrived at Fayal, only to learn that the *Creole* had left some hours before. Of the rest, in her despair, applying at the British vice-consulate for advice, she had learned that an Englishman who had been picked up at sea by a fishing-boat, and was lying ill at the house of Father Zorita in the village of Valdeprado, had been saved with a life-buoy upon which was marked: "*Creole*, Cardiff," and that the priest had written his name down as Grant Heath.

"This letter," he said, "which you say Grimm wrote to Hudson at your dictation, instructing him that their precious plot was not to be carried through—have you got it?"

For answer she took an envelope from her pocket and handed it to him.

He opened and read.

"And now," he said, gloomily, when he had glanced at the writing, "since you have failed to give Hudson this letter, I suppose the rest of the arrangement will be carried out, and that the *Creole* will never reach port."

"What about the telegram? It was worded more or less like this letter, and it was addressed to Captain Hudson aboard the *Creole*."

"Which I am almost prepared to swear never came aboard. I was at the gangway all that afternoon. No telegram ever came. You may depend it was never sent. Grimm is playing a high game. So I suppose it is good-bye to the *Creole*."

"Unless something happens," she answered, thoughtfully. "For instance, Captain Hudson will already count on a portion of his money having been earned."

"Yes," answered Grant, grimly. "I am supposed to be dead."

"So, if we cannot save the *Creole*, there is at least work for us to do. They must not be allowed to escape. Grimm and Hudson are both murderers in heart, and almost in act. If the vessel be lost, their only reward must be their own ruin."

"Unless you know to the contrary," said Grant, after a little pause, "it seems reasonable to suppose that the scuttling would take place on the homeward voyage, seeing that she might conveniently return in ballast."

"I cannot say. I suppose the moment of the act would depend on the convenience of weather, distance of the ship from land, and other considerations. I think she was not intended to come home, that's all, even as you were not."

"Quite so," he mused, turning his head on the pillow, restlessly. "Then there may be a chance of saving her?"

"How?" she asked quickly.

"If she reaches New Orleans safely, we can catch her there before she leaves. Any day may bring a steamer bound for the West Indies, or some place on the coast whence it would be possible to reach New Orleans. I will go. I shall know what to do when I get there."

"But you cannot move. You are ill and weak."

"Yes, I must. I am growing better every day.

I shall be strong soon. The sea-breeze will pick me up."

"There, you are exciting yourself," she said, as she saw the flush in his cheek. "You must not do so, or you will get worse instead of better. I have already talked too long to you."

She put her hand gently on his forehead and smoothed his pillow softly.

"No, no," he protested, "I have much to say to you."

"You must sleep," she whispered. "I will come again to you when you wake."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I am going to Villa da Horta. I must find out about a passage to the West Indies. I know you are safe. Now there is the *Creole*—and my uncle's honour."

"So you will leave me?" he cried.

She paused, a soft light glistening in her eyes.

"No; perhaps we will go together," she answered.

And a dark-skinned, narrow-faced man, sitting in a London office counting up his prospective gains, little knew how strangely and completely all his schemes had gone astray.

Four days after, the 3,000-ton steamer *Adrian*, bound from Liverpool to Jamaica, took Grant Heath and Edith Hopewell aboard.

Of the voyage there is little to say. To both of them there was nothing and no one on board but each other; to both the hours were spent in a glamour that outshone and shut out all else, for their love was a new thing that had come suddenly and filled their lives, so that there was no room for anything else.

And so the days passed uncounted. A short spell of sunshine and sea breeze sufficed to put fresh blood into Grant, and that and his happiness made him a new man.

The voyage was quiet and uneventful, tedious to the other passengers, serenely happy to Grant and Edith, till one morning there came the unusual excitement of a ship in distress.

To the other passengers it was just a sailing ship with a number of flags fluttering at the yards, to Grant the craft was a barque flying the signal: "We want immediate assistance."

He stood on the forecastle of the *Adrian*, watching the distressed ship as the steamer approached, then he saw, through the telescope which he held to his eye, that the former was preparing to launch a boat.

Presently, when the *Adrian* slowed down and hove to a quarter of a mile away, the boat was already rowing across the intervening water to the steamer. There were five men in her. Grant followed them with his eyes. The four who were rowing had their backs to him, but he could see the face of the man at the tiller.

Suddenly, as he gazed, an exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips. The man who was in the stern of the boat was Talbot, the mate of the *Creole*.

"Then they have sunk the *Creole*?" gasped Grant, hoarsely.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MAN'S DUTY.

AT first grim despair seized upon Grant when the belief came to him that, after all, the machinations of Martin Grimm and the villainous ship-master had in part succeeded, and that the *Creole* had been scuttled. Then it was followed by a fierce and active resentment that quickly shaped in his mind a desire for reprisal, and a strong resolve to strike a blow at the villainy that would render it futile.

He ran below to knock at Edith's door, purposing to tell her of his fears; then, at the foot of the companion, he paused. He would not alarm her needlessly; he would confirm his suspicions before communicating them. So he turned and went on deck again. At so early an hour few passengers were about, though one or two, awakened by the stopping of the engines, came up and joined the little group, by the engine-room skylight, which was watching curiously the distressed barque and the boat that was fast drawing alongside.

Grant hung over the rail. He had little fear of being recognised, for during his illness at Fayal his beard had grown. With beating heart he observed that the other men in the boat were of the *Creole's* crew. Three of them were stokers, who handled the oars clumsily enough for farm labourers, while the fourth was a deck-hand. Now his doubt was changed to certainty, and he was persuaded that the scuttling of the *Creole* had been effected.

He stood at the top of the accommodation-ladder, as Talbot stepped on deck, and overheard the first words that were spoken.

The mate of the *Creole* had learnt his lesson as from a book. He spoke glibly, without hesitation, and told a rapid story of an over-prolonged voyage by reason of storm and disaster; how they were short-handed, low in stores, on a leaky ship, and having no officer but himself to navigate. The skipper was ill in his berth; the second mate had been lost at sea in a storm.

"Who are you?" questioned the captain of the *Adrian*.

"The *Foam*, of Hull," answered Talbot, unhesitatingly. "We are bound for New Orleans, and have been at sea fifty-six days."

Mr. Talbot did not shine at fiction, but he did his best. The absence of all papers aboard the *Stella*, the name scraped out on the ship, boats, and life-buoys, the non-existence of any clue to the barque's identity, necessitated at least some intelligible story to account for their condition.

"And what sort of assistance do you want? I carry mails, so you will understand that I am running against time."

"If you could let your doctor come aboard and look at the skipper, sir, we should be very grateful. He's in a bad way. I think he's dying."

"And you want provisions, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and water. Our tanks have been salted by the seas. And we are too short-handed for safety. We are badly in want of a man or two, and an officer."

"I'm afraid I have no officer to spare you; but I might let you have a couple of seamen, or perhaps three. How is it you are so short of men?"

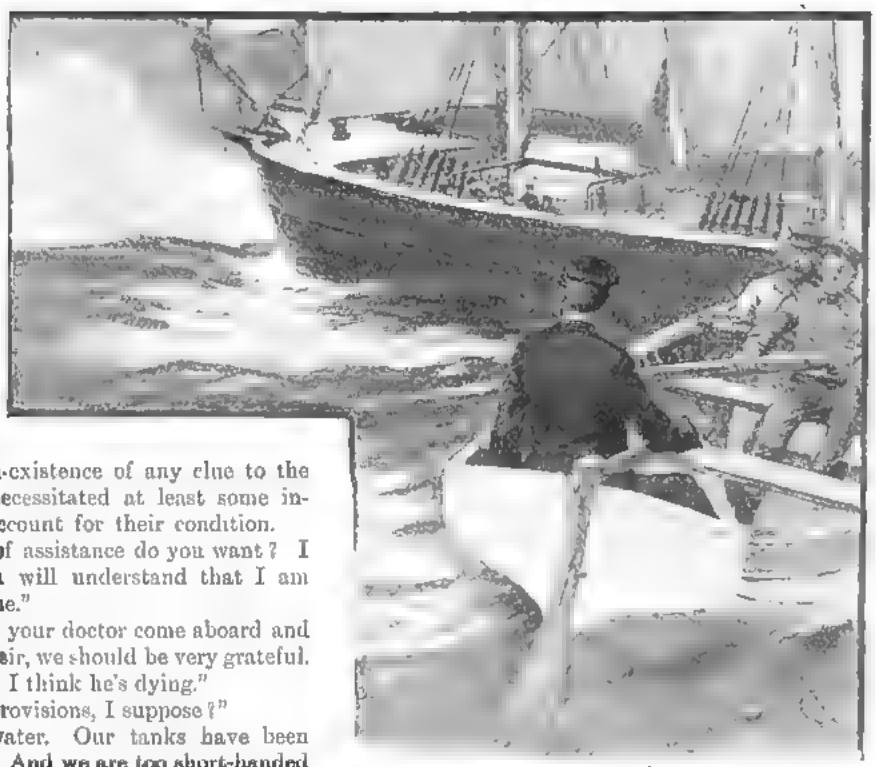
"Lost overboard, sir," answered Talbot, uneasily.

He had not expected to be cross-questioned. He was not skilled in deception; every lie he told burnt his lips. The truth was that, though the number of men aboard the barque should have been ample to work her, no less than five of them were firemen, who, except in the unskilled work of pumping, were no earthly use aboard a sailing-ship; while a sixth hand, the donkey-man, was little better. But all this could not be told.

"All right," assented the captain, "my doctor shall go aboard with you in your boat, and meanwhile I'll send some stores."

He gave an order to clear away the port boat; then he made for the bridge to consult with his chief officer.

Every word of Talbot's mendacious story burnt into Grant Heath's brain. There came a fierce desire in him to know the truth, to learn the worst. Instantly his mind was made up. He stepped after the captain, and begged permission to accompany the doctor aboard the distressed ship.



A ROW OF FACES HUNG OVER THE PORT SIDE OF THE BARQUE AS THE BOAT APPROACHED.

"Why, I had you in my thoughts, Mr. Heath," returned the captain. "They are in need of an officer; you, at present, have no ship. What do you think of the opportunity?"

"There is a lady here who to some extent is under my escort, sir," returned Grant, "so perhaps I cannot serve my own inclination wholly in the matter until I have consulted with her, but, if you will permit me, I will go aboard the barque, and see what I can do."

So Grant Heath went with the ship's doctor down into the boat in company with the first mate of the *Creole*. He was satisfied that the latter did not recognise him; his beard was sufficient disguise, so long as he did not speak.

A row of faces hung over the port side of the barque as the boat approached. With a strange thrill, as Grant's eyes ran down them from end to end, he perceived that this was the crew of the *Creole*. There were no new faces among them; nor were any missing, so far as he could see, though presently it occurred to him that the three engineers were not there.

They reached the deck, and Talbot bade the doctor come below to where his chief lay ill, and Grant followed on their heels with grim thoughts

dancing through his brain. He wanted to know the fate of the *Creole*—how many of them had been concerned in her loss.

Had they got rid of the steamer by scuttling, and pirated the barque in her stead? Had they found this ship a derelict, or seized her from her original owners? In such case, what had become of her former crew?

His mind was full of questions, and there were no answers.

Hudson they found tossing in his bunk in the mad delirium of fever. There were bandages round his shoulder, and these had blood-stains upon them.

"What is this?" asked the doctor. "Has he been wounded?"

"Shot, sir," replied the mate truthfully. "He has been half crazy with drink, and he tried to shoot me in the presence of the men. I struggled with him, and as we fought the revolver went off, and he was hit in the shoulder. The wound turned to fever almost immediately, and he's been growing worse every day."

The surgeon whipped off the bandages, and ran his professional fingers over the wound.

"There is no bullet in," he said, "but he is in a bad way. I will send you some antiseptics for the wound, and a supply of medicines to allay the fever. He must have milk foods, too."

"We have none, sir," replied the mate.

"I will send some;" and he added, "see that he drinks nothing stronger than cocoa."

With mingled feelings, Grant gazed upon the unconscious Hudson, whose face he had last seen that stormy night when murder had been written upon it, and he had cast him to the mercy of that stormy sea.

The sick man talked incessantly in his delirium, voicing all the things his fevered brain had ever known. Now he was signing on crews; now abusing them for skulking. Again he was on the bridge giving orders; and then followed a length of confused incoherent babbling that was meaningless to those who listened.

All at once he began to talk plainly again.

"I'm a steamship captain, I am," he said, hoarsely. "Who's put me on this filthy windjammer? I know, the old *Creole* has been bewitched; she has been changed into a rotten barque. Here, sir, d'yer know, I've got the rottenest crew that ever signed. They've let my steamer turn into a sailing tub."

Talbot stood by with blanched face. "He's wandering in his mind, sir," he said huskily. "He thinks he was in command of a ship called the *Creole*."

The doctor shook his head.

"Yes," continued the fever-stricken man, in a harsh whisper, "three thousand pounds is a good sum, and I reckon I'll do it."

There was a little pause, and then the delirium took him on to something else.

"My stars! wot are you messing about on that taffrail for, you swab? Wot, unshippin' the awning poles? You hound! Take that! Down you go to your death—he's gone—gone into the water——"

Thus the man shouted, in his fevered frenzy.

Suddenly he sat up in his bunk and stared at Grant. His eyes stood out in terror, his lips bared from his teeth.

"Wot are you doing here?" he gasped huskily. "You're Mr. Heath, aren't you?—friend o' the howner's, and you're dead. You're allus looking through the port-'ole at me, an' your face is white and green, and your eyes stare. You're come ter torture me, I know. Go away! go away!" he screamed, and then he fell back into his bunk. His delirium had given him unnatural perception and eyes that no sane man could possess. No disguise could have hidden Grant Heath from him.

"He's jolly bad," murmured the mate. "He thinks you are Mr. Heath, sir, who was lost overboard in a storm a few hours out of Fayal."

The doctor nodded gravely. "Yes, he's in a bad way," he said; "but I'll send him some medicine, and he'll soon be better."

Meanwhile, stores from the steamer were being discharged on to the deck of the barque, and when the empty boat went back Grant returned in her.

Edith was on deck. She seemed to read in his face that something portentous had happened. When his eyes caught her questioning gaze, he beckoned her aside, where they could speak without being overheard.

"You have news of the *Creole?*" she said. The idea was instinctive with her; she seemed to know intuitively.

"The *Creole* is scuttled," he answered under his breath; "at least, to the best of my belief."

"How do you know?" she gasped, clinging to the rail.

"Because the *Creole's* crew are on and in sole possession of that barque. They are in distress, and they are telling a cock-and-bull story to account for their condition. Hudson is ill on board, and Talbot, the first mate, is in command."

"They say nothing of the *Creole*, nor of the lost second mate?"

"Hudson raves of both in his delirium. Talbot is silent, but he begs the loan of an officer to fill the place of the second mate, who was lost at sea, and I——"

She grasped his meaning.

"So *you* will go?" she whispered.

She turned her head, and gazed out across the blue with mouth adroop and colour fading from her cheeks.

He hesitated.

This was a man who had worshipped duty before he had worshipped love, and who could suffer because of either.

"What is my duty?" he asked, huskily.

He knew what it was; but he wanted to hear it from her lips. For when a true man loves a woman, a word from his love will set him doing deeds, my ladies, like unto naught else.

"You do not want to leave me?" she asked, with a little catch in her voice.

"No, no!" he answered quickly, "you know I do not, but it is your uncle's name—the honour of the firm. There is justice to be done."

"Yes," she murmured, looking him full in the face, with courage shining in her eyes, "I must be brave. I will go on to Spanish Town alone. I shall be all right; I have friends there."

"And I will sail in that barque to New Orleans, and those villains shall know what the law is."

"You will sometimes remember me?"

"Always and for ever. Good-bye!"

And so Grant Heath went to the captain of the *Adrian*, and told him that he was ready to sail on the distressed ship as second officer.

With the last load of provisions, in company with three seamen from the steamer's crew, he went aboard.

So the barque's sails were trimmed, and the great liner got under weigh again.

By eight bells, to those aboard the *Stella*, for thus we will continue to call her, in spite of Mr. Talbot's fiction, she was hull down; and in another half-hour she was but a faint smudge of smoke on the horizon. A little later, when Grant mounted the foretop with a telescope in his hand, there was nothing to be seen but blue sky and ocean.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SKIPPER AWAKES.

A THIN ripple shot out in a semicircle from the *Stella's* bow, though what was giving her way was difficult to say, for the light sails aloft hung almost flat, and only half filled now and then. She swung slowly up and down the great, smooth, rolling hills that undulated right out to the limits of sight, where the sky began, rising leisurely as an occasional sea tippled over her blunt bows.

Grant was in charge of the deck, for Mr Talbot, worn out by lengthened duty, was taking a double watch below to recoup his tired energies. Grant looked over the bulwarks and watched the blue-green water slip by the vessel's side, while his mind ran riot among the strange circumstances that had befallen him since he had left Cardiff.

His thoughts seized hold of one thread after another, but each tangled hopelessly when he attempted to follow it. There was so much he did not know—so much to find out.

He took out the letter which, early on the *Adrian's* voyage, Edith had handed over to him, the which she had forced Martin Grimm to write; and he read again the words which might have saved the *Creole* if it had come to hand earlier. For he was convinced now that the ship had met the fate that had been designed for her.

"But now it is too late," he murmured to himself. "For the rest, there is justice to be done."

He early perceived that it was necessary to know who, if any, had been sharers with Hudson in the villainous business, as also it became needful to know what had become of the three engineers. The thought came to him that perhaps they had gone down with the ill-fated steamer. He turned to the man at the wheel, who chanced to be Brady, the bo'sun, and made some ordinary remark about the prospects of a wind.

The bo'sun replied stolidly; he did not appear to recognise the second mate's voice. The few days' voyage from Cardiff to Fayal had not been enough to impress it very deeply on his memory.

The clank of the pumps and the wash of the water into the scuppers began again.

"She's a rotten old craft, sir, eh?" said Brady, inspired to the remark by the sound. "Look how she falls ter leeward. I guarantee she drifts one knot for every five she sails."

"Yes, hardly up to the old *Creole*, with all her faults," answered Grant in an even tone.

"The *Creole!*" exclaimed the bo'sun, quickly, and dropping his voice. "What do you know about the *Creole*, sir?"

"She went down, didn't she?" said Grant, tapping the ashes out of his pipe on the spokes of the wheel.

"Did she, sir?" asked Brady, giving the wheel a quarter of a turn nervously.

"Have you forgotten, then?"

"Yes, sir; everybody's forgotten. Nobody knows wot's 'appened."

"Oh!" said Grant, dryly, "and didn't you know that the three engineers went down in her?"

A look of horror came into the bo'sun's face.

"I didn't know, sir," he said. "We none of us

knew wot had become of 'em. We're all 'ere except McPherson and his two mates."

"And I suppose you are equally ignorant as to how you got on this ship?" asked Grant with irony; for he was persuaded that the bo'sun's attitude was nothing but the clumsy cunning of a man unskilled in the arts of high deceit—sometimes called diplomacy—attempting to conceal the crime in which he had probably shared.

"I'd give a month's pay to know, sir," answered the bo'sun fervently.

Grant laughed contemptuously.

"I fancy you will remember better in a while, my lad," he said, "and a wise saw you might write down and hang over your bunk is, that although it is a generally accepted fact, considering the high authority whence it comes, that all men are liars, it is well to bear in mind that sometimes we find men who are not fools," saying which, he left Mr. Brady in a worse state of mental fog than he had been in since he recovered from his orgies aboard the *Creole*.

Grant did not see the mate till well on in the dog-watch, for that officer had a lot of rest to make up, but when the latter did at last turn out, he found Grant at tea in the cuddy. He came out with the intention of doing the agreeable to the new second mate.

"I'm sorry I've not had a chance to speak to you yet," he said, "but you will understand I was badly in want of a sleep. I've been on deck eighteen hours out of the twenty-four for the last day or two."

"So that part of your story was true, was it?" queried Grant, over the top of his cup.

"What story?" asked Talbot, opening his eyes.

"I mean the one you told aboard the *Adrian*."

"What are you getting at?" questioned the mate, with a suspicious glance.

"I was criticising that imaginative little effort of yours by which you accounted for your condition aboard this vessel," replied Grant, dipping into a piece of the *Adrian's* butter, which was served in a tin pannikin. "You didn't mention, for instance, that you were short-handed because five of your men are stokers."

Mr. Talbot grew red in the face.

"Confound you, sir!" he blurted out. "Have you been talking to the men?"

"No," answered Grant, coolly, "except that I have had a word with the bo'sun, who is either mad or very foolish."

"Look here, my lad," snapped Talbot, plainly disconcerted, "I don't know who you are, and I don't even know your name yet; but I tell you this, you'd better keep a civil tongue in your cheek while you are on board this craft."

"My good fellow," returned Grant, "I am civility itself; but remember I was under no compulsion to come aboard this ship to help you, and therefore, when I am off duty, I take it that I am on the footing of a passenger. We are not on the *Creole* now."

If a shark had suddenly dived through the open skylight on to the tea-table the mate could scarcely have suffered greater surprise. He started to his feet, half spilling the cup of tea he was drinking.

"Thunder!" he cried, "who *are* you? I've somehow heard your voice before."

"I am Heath, second mate of the *Creole*," answered Grant in an even voice.

The cup crashed from Talbot's hand. He clutched the edge of the table for a moment as if he were about to fall, and he went pale to the lips.

"*You—Heath?*" he gasped, with strange huskiness. "How is this? I don't understand. You were drowned at sea."

"On the contrary," answered Heath in an unemotional voice, "I was saved. Now, you will please tell me what hand you have had personally in the scuttling of the *Creole?*"

"Scuttled?" echoed the mate, with a note of horror in his voice. "Was the *Creole* scuttled?"

"Um—m, yes. You are acting that very well," said Grant, dryly; "but—only bearing in mind what I know, don't you think it is rather wasted?"

"What do you know?"

"Everything—at least, all that is most important."

"Then for Heaven's sake tell me, for there are a few things *I'd* like to understand!"

"For instance, how you got on this ship?" suggested Grant, with a little sneer in his tone.

"I would give anything to know," returned Talbot, vehemently.

He looked at Grant with an honest enough gaze. Either his mystification was genuine or a gigantic and impudent piece of dissimulation of a most skilful kind.

For a moment Grant took it for the latter. It was too much to credit that a sane crew could lose a vessel and become possessed of another without knowing anything about it. The story was too ridiculously improbable.

"Do I take it, Mr. Talbot," pursued Grant, "that you wish me to believe that the *Creole* was scuttled—or we'll say 'lost at sea' if you like—without your knowing anything of the occurrence, and that you became possessed of this ship in similar ignorance? Don't you think the story is a little childish?"

Talbot's pale lips worked convulsively. "Heaven knows," he muttered. "The story is as mad as

any out of Bedlam; but if it is the last word I speak, Mr. Heath, I declare to you I don't know what has happened. I don't know what has become of the *Creole*, nor do I know how we got on this ship; and, worse still, there's not a man on board who is any wiser, unless you know."

"After the scuttling of the *Creole*, I take it that you must have seized this ship—or, perhaps, the scuttling took place after you had secured her, finding the craft derelict, or maybe overpowering her original crew—in which case you must have a very ugly story to tell, as there seem to be none but the *Creole's* men aboard."

"No, no—stop!" exclaimed Talbot. "We may not have got very clean sheets, any of us, but we are not murderers."

"I cannot say, Mr. Talbot," returned Grant, relentlessly, "speaking for the bulk of you, but I can vouch for one. The man who is lying in his bunk yonder has been as near writing his name down in red as a man well could be. Go and listen to his ravings. He convicts himself a dozen times an hour. You heard him this morning. He believes I am dead. He was going through it all again, for my fall overboard was no accident. I was knocked overboard by a blow as I stood on the taffrail taking in the awning, and it was Hudson's hand that delivered the blow."

"Is this true?" asked Talbot, with set face and hardened eyes.

"It is true," repeated Grant; "and, further, it was a crime resolved upon before the *Creole* left dock, as also was the scuttling of the vessel."

"By whom?"

"It was a plot between Martin Grimm and Sam Hudson. The latter was to have been paid £3,000 for the double job. The *Creole* was heavily insured," he added significantly; "as for me, I have chanced to come between Mr. Grimm and a dear desire."

"But the *Creole* has not been scuttled!" burst out Talbot, with a little wail in his voice. Then he stopped, for he knew the question that would follow, and he could not answer it.

"Then what has become of her?" asked the other quickly.

"I don't know," answered Talbot, in a hollow voice.

There was a little silence between them, broken only by the lap of the water outside and the intermittent babbling of the delirious man in his berth. The cabin-door was kept open for the sake of fresh air, and Pipp, the steward, watched beside him and gave him medicine at intervals.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you," said Grant, coldly. "You are keeping something back."

"*Aye, in deep water, Mr. Grimm, in deep water,*" cried the fevered voice from the berth; "*somewhere among the islands she shall be sunk, where there's a hundred fathoms, and—this ain't like the usual cheques—fifteen hundred pounds—*"

"I suppose that is my answer, Mr. Talbot," said Grant, grimly, as the voice slipped back again into unintelligible chatterings.

"No, no!" cried the old man, for he seemed to have grown very aged all at once, "not that!" He almost sobbed the words out. His lips were tremulous; he tried in vain to hide his weak mouth with hands that were weaker. "I don't know what has happened. I only know that for days after leaving the Azores there was not a sober man on the ship, and, Heaven help me! I was as bad as any of them. The skipper was in his berth drinking hard, and I was doing no better. The crew got liquor from somewhere, and, Mr. Heath, I don't know what madness we didn't do aboard that ship, for everyone was the same, and the ship looked after herself. I think the engines broke down, but I won't be sure. I don't know what happened next. I woke up to find myself on this craft. I thought I was mad, that the vile liquor had turned my brain. I had gone to sleep on a steamship and wakened up on a rotten barque. And that is all. I am not sure now whether I am quite sane; but if I am mad, then every man aboard is the same. How we got here, we do not know. It is all hopeless, unfathomable mystery."

"And the skipper?"

"His fever is a result of the wound he got from his own pistol, when he tried to shoot me because he thought I had lost him the *Creole*. He knows nothing. Besides, suppose he could bore a hole in the *Creole* without assistance, he could not put us all on this craft alone."

"Then someone else has had a hand in it?" said Grant.

The mate nodded his head despairingly. "As the *Creole* was bound for New Orleans," he said, "we are steering the same course. It is perhaps best. I suppose it means losing my ticket. But," he asked with sudden inspiration, "how have you found all this out?"

Grant Heath told him everything; how Edith Hopewell had overheard the plot of the two villains, of Mr. Channing's illness, of the checkmating of the junior partner by the girl, of her journey with the precious letter annulling the compact between the shipowner and Hudson which she had forced from him, and of her failure to reach the Azores in time.

He felt in his pocket and drew therefrom an envelope. He opened it, and took out a folded paper.

"This is the letter," he said. "Read it!"

And Talbot read :—

"To Captain Hudson, s.s. *Creole*.—In confirmation of my wire of this afternoon, please take this letter as final with regard to the matter we arranged this morning. The special instructions I gave you are to be cancelled. Owing to difficult and unforeseen circumstances, our arrangements cannot be carried out.

"MARTIN GRIMM."

"*I'll risk pilin' up the old Creole, Mr. Grimm, but I draws the line at—Pipp, Pipp, there's a face lookin' through the port-hole at me! Bash it! Knock it off!—It's grinning at me, and it's all green and white, and there's seaweed in its 'air! Pipp, oh my——*"

The voice dropped into a horrified whisper, terror marking each word with horrible distinctness.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT THE SKIPPER SAW.

"I'VE been thunderingly bad, Mr. Talbot, haven't I?"

Captain Hudson sat up in his bunk. His face was yellow and sunken, his eyes prematurely bright, and the stubble sprouting from his upper lip looked pitiful in its grotesqueness. He spoke in a voice that was lifeless and strange in tone. His right hand clutched the blanket nervously.

"You have, sir," said the mate softly.

"What's the matter with my shoulder? It feels sore."

"It was chipped with a bullet, sir. Don't you remember?" answered Talbot, uneasily.

"I don't think I remember. I seem to 'ave a lot ter catch up. Wot's the matter? I don't hear the engines going."

"We are not on the *Creole*, sir."

"Ha! I have not dreamt it, then? We are on a wind-jammer? The *Creole* is lost?"

"Yes, sir," replied the mate, watching the other narrowly. "Lost—scuttled, maybe!"

"Scuttled?" whispered Hudson, hoarsely.

"You have been talking in your fever," returned Talbot, significantly.

"And what have I told you?" gasped Hudson, with a greater paleness stealing over his features.

"Everything," answered Talbot, with set face. "Heath——"

"Was lost overboard in a storm," interrupted Hudson fiercely. "It was an accident."

"No, I know the truth of that."

"The truth?" snapped Hudson, while the fear stole into his eyes. "What is the truth?"

"That you were paid to get rid of the second mate, and that you knocked him overboard the night after we left Fayal."

"You cur!" hissed the skipper, between his teeth. "You eaves-dropping scoundrel! You have been listening to my fever talk! Is that one of the things I said? It isn't true, anyhow."

The mate shrugged his shoulders.

"We might as well understand each other, sir," he said. "I happen to have got the whole business at my finger ends, right from the moment when Mr. Grimm agreed to pay you £3,000 to scuttle the *Creole*, and at the same time to arrange that Heath shouldn't return, down to the present."

Hudson gripped the side of his bunk, but he replied in a firm voice that must have cost him infinite effort :—

"And who is your informant?"

"Heath himself. He is aboard this vessel."

Hudson clawed at his blanket. He slipped back impotently against the panelling.

"But I haven't scuttled her," he whined, huskily, in a childish effort to vindicate himself and show that at least he had not accomplished one of the crimes imputed to him—that he was not as black as he was painted. Then he dropped into unconsciousness.

Talbot, calling Pipp, went out into the cuddy and made his way on deck.

Grant was taking a turn on the quarter-deck. He gave the mate a look of interrogation.

"The old man's found his brain again," said Talbot. "I've been talking to him, and I've told him things. He knows you are on board."

"And how did he take the news?"

"Fainted bang away."

"Ha!"

Grant cast his eyes round the horizon. Little blue flecks of islands were spotted about the far circle of distance southward. He looked up at the bulging sails. The ship, with a full breeze on her quarter, surged slowly forward, parting the toppling seas with thundering blows of her blunt bows.

"I've been sounding the well, Mr. Talbot," he said. "The water's coming in faster. You suggested lying up somewhere and trying to find the leak."

It was the sixth day of Grant's coming aboard, and since that time the water oozing into the ship had steadily gained in volume, till, at that moment, the pumps were almost continually at work.

"Yes, it seems to be the only thing to do," replied Talbot gloomily, "if she's going to be

kept afloat. There are the Bahamas there," he said, screwing his head towards the southern horizon; "but one of the islands to the nor'ard would suit our purpose better. We are making plumb for Providence Channel now. Half a point to the north should land us among the Cays by sunset. There are any amount of such islands to suit us, with soft sandy shores in little sheltered bays, where we might beach her, if the worst comes to the worst. We shall have planks dropping out of her at the first bit of a blow."

"The wind seems to be petering out," said Grant. "We'd better get more sail on her."

The mate surveyed the canvas critically. Then, with lungs of brass, he gave an order for the jib-sheets to be eased and the mainsail set.

The ship heeled over to the extra weight of sail, and presently she began to surge ahead at greater speed, with the green seas dancing round her bows in milky froth.

Marks of deeper blue began to appear on the horizon westward, which presently shaped themselves into low-lying islands.

When they began to get among them, the lead was kept going, but the soundings dodged about most amazingly.

Now the report would be: "No bottom!" then, as suddenly, twelve fathoms would be found, which would shoal away rapidly to six, till their hearts stood in their mouths. But the next cry would be ten fathoms, and then it would drop to unknown depths.

It was dangerous navigation among the islands. The sea was thickly strewn with shoals and reefs, some sunk or just awash; others sprouting up above the water, with surf boiling round their bases, and the Gulf Stream swilling by them at six knots an hour.

But the island towards which Talbot was steering offered both safe and easy anchorage. It was one he had known before, and he declared that there was not another to equal it as a haven in the whole Caribbean Sea.

Without ceasing came the monotonous clank of the pumps. When one set of men was tired out another lot took their places; and so the wearying toil which kept the *Stella* above water went on, till there was scarce a man aboard who was not exhausted. At first the firemen, owing to their inability to do any of the seamen's work, mainly manned the pumps, but afterwards, when the work became continuous, all took a hand, even to Spaander the cook.

When Captain Hudson opened his eyes he was alone. He felt that his front hair was wet, so judged that Pipp had been laving his forehead in order to bring him to sensibility; but he did not call that individual. He wanted to be by himself. He had much to think about, much to decide. He was conscious that a great danger stared him in the face. The reappearance of Grant Heath was pregnant with portentous possibilities of peril to him.

He foresaw that no train of future circumstances could save him; for, no matter which way he turned, accusations were written up against him. The neglect of duty, although equally shared by his officers and crew, which had brought about such disastrous happenings, was enough of itself to dirty his ticket for ever; while behind this lurked the sinister charges that would brand him "Criminal."

In the first all were implicated save the second mate, and perhaps their mouths could be kept closed.

And the man who had returned from the dead to accuse him—could not his tongue be stilled?

Thoughts flashed quickly through his brain. It was no time to let weak scruples paralyse him. His face grew dark, and cunning stole into his sinister eyes.

All at once there rose up in him a desire to see his accuser. He was afraid before; now he was no less fearful, but he wanted to satisfy his eyes, to assure himself that the sea had given up Grant Heath living. He threw off his blanket with trembling hands, and noticed vaguely that he had become dressed in pyjamas during his illness. He moaned querulously because the light was dim in his berth, owing to the approaching night. He lifted one heavy leg over the side of the bunk to the floor, and then the other. He felt horribly weak, his joints were like unsupported hinges that wanted to shut up, and he had to cling to the edge of the bunk for support.

He got his arms through a jacket and his head into a cap; then he tottered into the cuddy and made for the companion. He climbed up, stair by stair, and at last reached the deck, where he gazed round with wondering eyes. The scene before him was strange; it took him some moments to take it in and understand.

Right ahead he saw a flat-topped islet with a strip of amber beach at its foot and a fringe of feathery green crowning its head. It loomed heavily against the roseate sky, the burnished water and the clouds aflame at the horizon, where the great red oval of sun was slipping from sight.

The crew were crowded along the port rail, gazing with strange intentness towards a headland round which the ship was curving. He heard the chant of the leadsman, and the sonorous orders of the mate aft, but he did not turn his head. He was watching rigidly straight forward, where the crew's eyes were fixed.

"YES, IT IS THE 'CREOLE'!"

He saw, just beyond the headland, as the moving ship brought it abeam, a steamer lying at anchor in the shelter of a little bay. The crimson sun was glinting on her decks, the rigging stood like finest tracery against the pink of the middle sky, and she floated on a sea of brightened gold. From her funnel rose the veriest thread of smoke, and there came the *tap, tap* of metal from her, as of a hammer at work, which fell strangely on the silence.

The ship-master looked at her with a queer feeling gripping his throat. He saw on the funnel the familiar "G.C. & G." He took a step forward and tried to articulate something that his tongue wanted to say, but, before he could speak, the men at the rail snatched from his very lips the words that were forming there.

"It is the *Creole!*"

He staggered to the rail; his mouth writhed in excitement and his eyes caught the flame of the sky.

"Yes, it is the *Creole!*" he cried thickly.

Quivering with emotion, he stared wildly at the steamer.

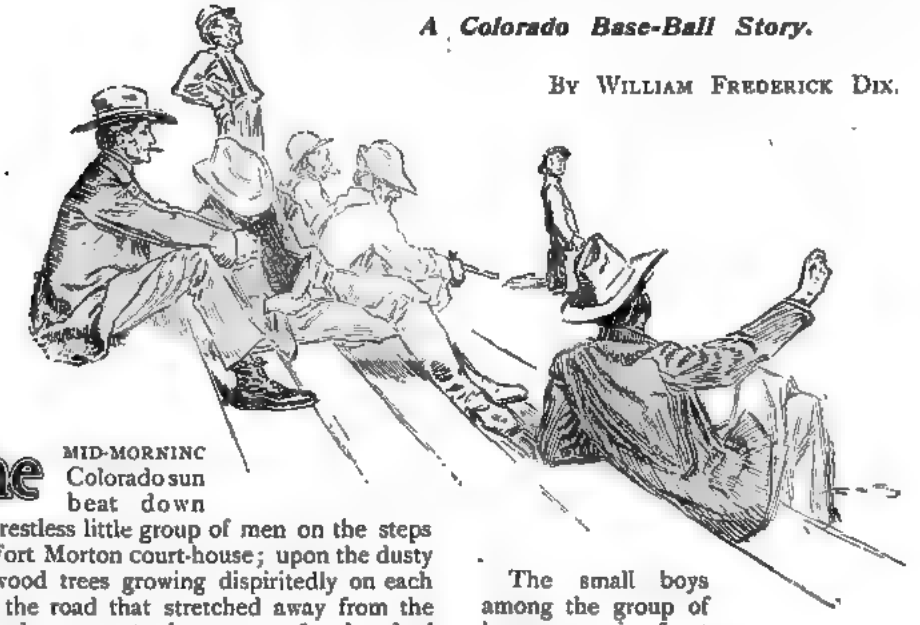
The sky was white, the sea silver; then the tropic darkness swiftly gathered over all.

(To be continued.)

WHILE THE JURY WAS OUT.

A Colorado Base-Ball Story.

By William Frederick Dix.



The mid-morning Colorado sun beat down upon a restless little group of men on the steps of the Fort Morton court-house; upon the dusty cotton-wood trees growing dispiritedly on each side of the road that stretched away from the little sandy square to become, a few hundred yards below, the main street of the town; and upon the tin roofs of the two-storey brick or frame stores on each side of it. The jury had been out over night, and, although it was ten o'clock in the morning, had given no sign. The prisoner had not yet been brought up from the county gaol near by, and the group of men directly interested in the proceedings were sitting and lounging about the steps, smoking and carrying on desultory conversation. The district judge, sitting on the top step, was an Eastern college man, about forty years of age, once an athlete, and still with a trim, slender figure. The only touch of the Western in his dress was the grey slouch hat worn straight and firmly set upon his brown hair.

"A pretty bit of grazing land," he was saying to the sheriff, as he looked out over the level prairie, dotted here and there with an adobe shack and occasional herds of cattle.

The sheriff, a brawny, blue-shirted young fellow of thirty, with unkempt hair and moustache, uncrossed his booted legs, straightened out one of them, pushed his hand deep into the pocket of his corduroy trousers, and yawned. As his coat was thrust back with the movement, the butt of his forty-four calibre "gun" might be seen. Without replying, he drew out a large silver watch and studied it absently.

The small boys among the group of hangers-on in front of the steps were beguiling themselves tossing ball, and the prosecuting attorney, a young graduate from the East who had come up from Pueblo, called out:—

"Here you are, Johnnie, give us a catch!"

The small boy who had the ball grinned sheepishly and threw it at him.

"Harder, harder!" said the young lawyer cheerily. "That's no way to pitch a ball. Throw it this way," and the boy's hands were scorched as he caught the return.

"Say, kin you pitch a curve?" he asked. "Let's see you do it."

"All right," said Hardy, rising good-naturedly and taking off his coat. "Here you go. Hold on," he added, "you couldn't catch it if I did. Here, Mr. Hackett, go out there and let me throw you a few curves."

The others laughed at this, for Hackett, the senior counsel for the defence, also up from Pueblo for the trial, was an enormous, middle-aged Hoosier, six feet two in height, and weighing 250lbs. He had a mass of crisp black hair, and wore a black broadcloth frock-coat and trousers, low turned-down collar, and ready-made tie. He was slow-moving and ponderous, though forceful and shrewd in his profession; deliberate of speech, and anything but an athlete.

"Here, I'll catch you," exclaimed the junior

counsel, Blake, a somewhat lanky, powerfully built Westerner, rising and depositing his rough brown sack-coat beside Hardy's.

"Gee! you've got muscle," he added, rubbing his hands after the first pass. . .

"Hurray!" yelled the small boy, "that was a corker. Git on to them curves, Clarence!" he cried in worshipful admiration.

"Wouldn't mind a little of that exercise myself," said the judge, rising interestedly and hesitating on the steps.

"Why not have a little game while we are waiting?" said Hardy, half jokingly. "Come on, sheriff!"

MR. HACKETT HAD BEEN MADE UMPIRE BY GENERAL ACCLAIM.

Moved by a common impulse, the little group brightened up, threw away their cigar-ends, and moved half apologetically into the sandy square. At the left of the court-house and adjoining it was a small open field of well-trodden, dusty grass, where a scratch ball-game was played occasionally, and where horses were tethered during court. One of the small boys was despatched for a suitable bat and ball and a catcher's glove, and, by the time the sides were arranged, he came racing back with them highly excited, followed by several other small boys.

No one had the slightest idea of being drawn into a game when he left the steps; but the reaction had worked insidiously. The trial had been a particularly exciting one, and those who had followed it were tired after the three days' strain in the ill-ventilated court-room. The sympathies of all had undoubtedly been with the prisoner, although the State had been vigorous in its prosecution and the judge had conscientiously done his duty. Murder had been committed at Jamestown Creek a few months previously, though a change of venue had been obtained to Fort Morton, the prisoner's own town. Copperthwait had always been a quiet, law-abiding ranchman. He was under thirty years of age, big, broad-shouldered, and swarthy, diffident in manner and somewhat slow of speech, though he had been slowly and thoroughly angered in a quarrel over a bunch of cattle. Six or eight steers had been branded twice, one mark over the other, and the dispute arose over this. Duke, the victim of the shooting, had borne a bad reputation, and the village street was unusually more or less uneasy during his infrequent visits. He had killed his man, and had been known to boast of it several times in Flynn's saloon. After this last quarrel, he had sworn to shoot Copperthwait on sight. The quarrel had occurred in the morning. That afternoon Copperthwait had just left the "Eagle Hotel," to mount his mustang tied to the hitching post in front, when Duke happened to turn the corner.

"Here comes Duke!" a bystander exclaimed. Copperthwait started and caught sight of his adversary. Duke stopped short and put his hand behind him, and Copperthwait, quick as a flash, fired once and put a bullet between Duke's eyes. He had offered no resistance to arrest, and was now in the rough little gaol near by, while the twelve good men and true deliberated in the hot back room under the tin roof of the court-house.

HIS HONOUR FOUND HIMSELF COATLESS ON THE FIELD.

"I guess my hands are a little too soft to play," said the judge good-naturedly, feeling a qualm as to the appropriateness of his joining actively in the sport; "but I'll be umpire, if you want me."

The two teams were quickly formed, the "Comanches" against the "Sioux." The Sioux won the toss and took the field, and the Comanches were struck out in one, two, three order. When the sides changed, Hardy, the prosecuting attorney, took the box, and Blake, the junior counsel for the defence, caught him. After much urging the judge had consented to preside over first base, since Mr. Hackett had positively refused to play, and had been made umpire by general acclaim. As soon as His Honour found himself coatless and on the field, he threw himself into the battle with the greatest enthusiasm.

There was many an evidence of "softness" in the condition of the players, and a noticeable tendency to let swift balls go by rather than grapple them with fingers unused to the hard impact. Wild throws to bases were not infrequent, and in consequence there was much base-stealing and hilarious sarcasm from the players in both teams. The official relations of these men were, for the time, lost sight of; they were merely healthy, enthusiastic Americans, feeling the joy of tingling blood in their veins, the zest of friendly competition and of physical exercise.

The runs were frequent and the errors numerous, and at the end of the third inning so many hands were sore, and so many arms growing stiff, that it was mutually decided by the teams to call the next inning the last. The score stood eleven runs for the Comanches (the team made up of Judge Hillier, Hardy, Blake, the keeper of the "Eagle Hotel," and one or two other witnesses), and nine for the Sioux, the battery of which was formed by the court clerk and the sheriff, whose heavy long boots, extending far up inside his corduroys, detracted somewhat from any grace of movement he might have had as he lent his entire soul and mind to the clerk's erratic curves, ably backed up by the assistant prosecutor, the stenographer, and several witnesses.

At the beginning of the fourth and concluding inning, the deputy sheriff had come up with the prisoner, who was not handcuffed, and they became interested on-lookers. Copperthwait's nerve had been superb throughout the trial, and he seemed to take an instant interest in the game.

Just after play had commenced Hardy knocked a hot grounder to "short," who fielded the ball swiftly to first base. The baseman caught it, putting Hardy out, and then quietly remarked:—

THE PRISONER SLOWLY MOVED HIS BAT BACKWARD AND FORWARD OVER THE PLATE.

"That settles me. Look at this thumb."

"See here, old man," Hardy panted, examining it, "it's broken."

"Well, never mind; let somebody take my place. Here, someone—you Mulligan. Come and take the base. I'm out of it."

"Guess not," said Mulligan, the deputy; "I ain't played ball since——"

"Go on with the game!" cried a dozen others excitedly. "Someone, anyone take the base."

"Here, Copperthwait, play first base; we've only got to hold 'em down this inning, and we'll beat 'em easy. There's one out already."

Copperthwait looked uncertainly at the deputy, then at the judge, and quickly pulled off his coat and stepped to the base. His face showed clearly the prison pallor, and this warm sunlight and fresh air seemed wonderfully sweet to his spirit. Taken suddenly away from the active, vigorous life of the ranch, for seven months confined in a dreary prison, the world had seemed gradually to recede from his life. This sudden contrast of green, open field, ringing with the hearty voices of his fellow-men, and the vision of the free, limitless prairie on all sides, was a tragic one to the man. He glanced at the players about him, pausing in the game and thinking only of it.

"Go ahead," he said quietly; "I'll play."

The Comanches failed to make a run during the rest of the inning, and when the Sioux came in they made two runs almost at once, tying the score amid enthusiasm.

As Copperthwait came to the bat it was evident that the psychological moment of the sport had arrived. Everything had been completely forgotten save the game, and so intense was the interest that the approach of the court-house janitor was entirely unnoticed. He had come slowly down from the steps, and, after a few moments of bewildered surprise, stood leaning against a tree near the catcher, watching the prisoner as he slowly moved his bat backward and forward over the plate.

"SAFE!"

"One ball!" yelled Mr. Hackett, mopping his neck with his handkerchief.

"Two balls!"

"Strike one!"

"Three balls!"

Crack!——

The ball flew straight from the bat high above the right fielder's head, and Copperthwait was safe on second before the ball was fielded in.

The janitor began to grow very uneasy, and edged slowly down the field towards the first baseman. The crowd yelled as Copperthwait, still panting, edged off toward third. Hardy turned suddenly and tried to catch him napping, but in his excitement he threw a little wild, the baseman missed it, and Copperthwait reached third amid much uproar. The Sioux were all gathered now in a frantic crowd between third and home, yelling like their prototypes, and the Comanches were also noisy.

"Go it, Copperthwait!" shouted his team mates. "Get home and you'll win the game! Steady, now! Look out, look out! *Don't* let them catch you!"

"Now, Hardy," pleaded the judge, "for heaven's sake, play ball! Don't let him make this run!"

"Steady, Hardy," said the catcher; "watch my signs."

The janitor had crept up close to first base.

"Say, Judge," he whispered to His Honour, who was now dancing like an Indian, and watching every move of the pitcher and Copperthwait with devouring anxiety—"say, Judge, the jury has come in and is ready with the verdict."

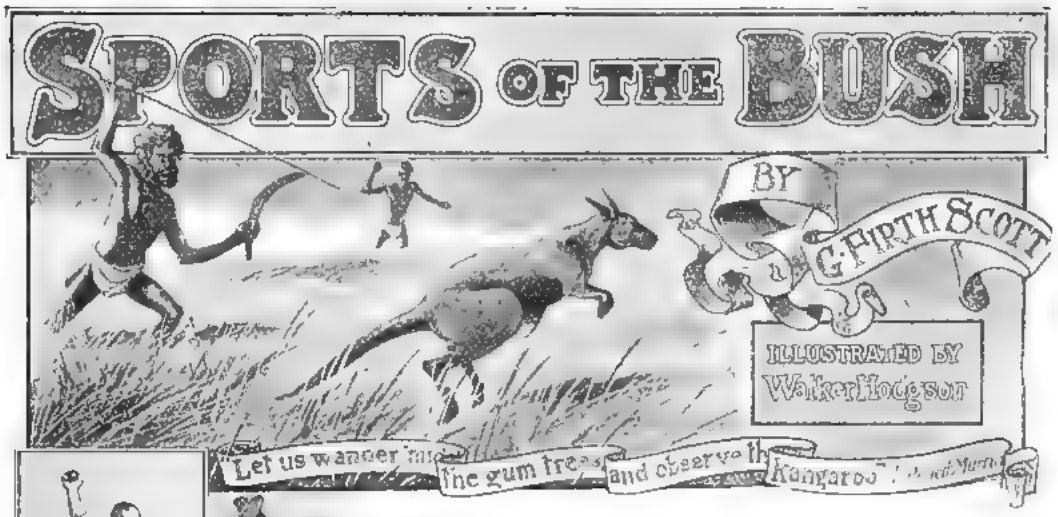
"Oh, hang the jury!" snapped out the judge. "Go on with the game!"

Hardy slammed in the ball straight over the plate, the baseman bunted it for a sacrifice hit, and Copperthwait, who had crept nearly halfway, rushed in and slid triumphantly to the plate at full length.

"Safe!" yelled the umpire, and pandemonium broke loose.

"I guess 'safe' is the word, all right," muttered the janitor to the deputy, who had instantly started for the prisoner. "I had a wink from the foreman of the jury as he came in."

SPORTS OF THE BUSH



ALTHOUGH Australians have long since earned, and well earned, a hearty recognition as being amongst the best all round exponents of cricket in the whole empire, it is not cricket, curiously enough, that forms one of the chief pastimes in the bush. It is played, undoubtedly, in every bush township, and on every station where there are enough hands to make up a team. But when one speaks of the "bush," the term includes a vast area where townships are scarce, and population is mostly floating; where, indeed, before an eleven could meet, the members would have to ride hundreds of miles in the aggregate, and days would have to be devoted to journeying before an afternoon's match could be enjoyed. Therefore, in the bush, in the outlying portions of the continent—or, as it is generally expressed, in the "back blocks," cricket does not rank as a general pastime. Horse-racing does, and, for the matter of that, any other sport in which a horse can take a part, for a bushman without a horse is like a fish out of water, helpless, listless, and dull. It is said, and with truth, that he will walk a mile round a paddock while catching his horse to ride a half-mile journey, for he is not happy unless he is in the saddle, and in a country where movements are not restricted by time or space, a man always does well to have the means of locomotion with him, in case of emergency. Even in such a sport as 'possum shooting, which has to be followed on foot, the shooters ride to a rendezvous where they can leave their horses. So, also, in the case of a raid on the flying-fox; but when a bushman hunts for the emu, the kangaroo, or plain turkey, the horse plays a prominent part in the game, and these branches of bush sport are therefore amongst the most popular.

It is not with the accessories of scarlet coats

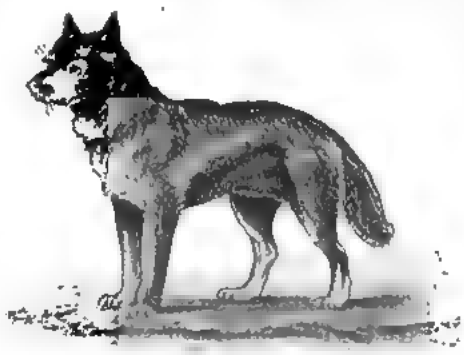
AN ABORIGINAL BAT, WITH A STYLE LIKE STODDART'S.

and trimly cut "cords" that one rides in the back blocks to the "meet" for a kangaroo hunt. Oftentimes there is no "meet," save for the brief yarn and smoke which precedes the start, when two or three "bushies" and their dogs come together for a ride after an "old man." Oftentimes the hunt is arranged on the spur of the moment, without an earlier thought, and so it was when the chase took place which forms the foundation of the following account.

There were three men and two dogs, the former comprising a new chum, a drover with whom the new chum was travelling, and a station boundary rider, whose possession of two kangaroo dogs was the prime origin of the hunt. Camping for the night at the boundary rider's hut—a simple affair with four walls and a roof, and a single interior fitted with bunks like a ship's fo'castle—a start was made with the dawn for an ironstone ridge where the boundary rider was certain of a find. The dogs—big, powerful brutes, a cross between a greyhound and an Irish deerhound—had a local reputation of being perfect "boomers," and the horses being bush-bred stock horses, with all the tricks that only a stock horse knows, it was obvious that if an "old man," as the vernacular has it for kangaroo, was anywhere in the ridge, he would have a hot time when once the dogs were on his scent. The country around was open, timbered land; not quite the style of country that would appeal to one used to the shires, but, nevertheless, capable of affording unlimited excitement during a run. Perhaps it would be more correct to attribute the excitement to the horses and their methods of negotiating the country. A stock horse, to the uninitiated, is not always the most pleasant to ride. From long usage, he knows almost instinctively what to do in the case of a break-away or rush of cattle, or in cutting out a beast from a mob, or rounding up stragglers. He takes his head and leaves his rider free to handle his stock-whip; or, if a new chum, to use his utmost endeavour to stick on. A good stock horse will turn in its stride to head off a bolting steer—a very enviable accomplishment in the horse, but one which is trying to any but an expert rider. Then it also has a deeply rooted objection to changing its course to avoid timber. If it can scrape through between the stems of close-growing trees it will do so, quite indifferent as to the amount of space left for its rider's knees, or whether overhanging boughs threaten to lift the rider from the saddle and drop him, with something broken or fractured, in the wake of his galloping steed. A stock-horse rider has to be prepared for emergencies at all moments under very ordinary conditions; when riding one after a kangaroo, he is assured of excitement from the moment he starts until the hunt is over.

THE COSTUME OF A BUSH SPORTSMAN.

The promise of the ironstone ridge was not verified, and the hours went by till the sun was well up in the sky, and still no sign of the quarry could be discovered. Leaving the ridge, a search was made in the surrounding country, till, on arriving at a water-hole, the hunt called a halt, and set about preparing for refreshment. Pipes were barely alight when there came the sound of the dull thud-thud of a travelling kangaroo. The dogs were seized and held, as between the trees an "old man" hopped in sight, followed by all his tribe, hopping in line behind him, and ranging in size from the full-grown doe down to the veriest "piccaninny feller," as the aboriginals term them. Being to windward, they had no scent of the men, and hopped along in an undulating line, with their heads in the air and their powerful tails curving behind them.



THE AUSTRALIAN DINGO.

DIAGRAM SHOWING FLIGHT OF THE BOOMERANG.

Then the hunt began. As soon as the dogs were let loose, and the men were in their saddles and away, the "old man" at the head of the column halted and looked round. A momentary glance sufficed to show him the situation, and, with admirable pluck, he reared on his hind legs, sitting up like a hare, watching the intruders, and waiting while his family scattered to the right and to the left, and hopped full speed for cover.

Not until they were at a safe distance did he move, though by that time the dogs were close upon him. He evidently trusted to his powers of flight to save himself, and waited as a decoy to save the weaker members of his family. His quality of speed justified his confidence, for when he did move, he sprang off in such tremendous leaps that he out-distanced the dogs so easily that the new chum might have thought the chase was over and the quarry escaped. But the bushmen knew better. The horses were given their heads, and closed in on the dogs in a fine free stride, never attempting to over-ride them, but allowing them the lead, as though they quite understood the rules of the sport and played them fair and square. The "old man" headed straight through the bush in great springing leaps, going steadily ahead through the undergrowth and over dead timber without a flinch or a waver, and with a grace and a power that seemed entirely out of keeping with the ungainly figure of the kangaroo as seen at rest. The big, heavy haunches and long shanks, the pear-shaped body, and the thick, clumsy tail were at the work for which they were designed, and marvellously well they fulfilled the conditions.

The body swayed forwards as the hind legs touched the ground, so as to get the full force of the impetus, when the massive muscles of the haunches sent the hind feet to the ground with a double thud that resounded through the bush, the while the heavy tail, curving away behind, served the dual purpose of a spring to break the force of the descent and a balance to maintain the position of the body in the leaps. Only the quick thud-thud of his feet on the ground and the crackle of the breaking twigs could be heard as he continued his mighty leaps, without a glance to the right or to the left as he went forward, profoundly confident in his power to wear out the energies of his pursuers.

It was a long run and a tough run, and both dogs and horses were showing the strain when the "old man" leaped suddenly aside. There was no trace of fatigue in his movements, and his leaps had been as full of vigour, apparently, as at the start, when he changed his direction and bounded off at right angles to his previous direction, to where a big, old gnarled gum grew on a small rise. As he reached the tree he faced about, and, sitting up on his haunches, put his back almost against the tree, while he raised his forearms with the hand-like claws wide open. The dogs jumped from side to side, snapping and yelping, but keeping well out of range of the heavy hind feet. The "old man," with his mild eyes keenly on the alert, watched them as they capered round about him, until one, more venturesome than his companion, or forgetful of danger in his excitement, approached nearer the kangaroo. Like a flash one of the powerful hind legs went out, and the hound, howling dismally and with blood streaming from a rip in his shoulder, was flung away as easily as a cat flings a mouse in her play. The sight was too much for the boundary rider, for good dogs in the back blocks are worth having, while kangaroos are only valued for the price paid for their scalps. Springing from his horse, he crept round behind the gnarled gum and behind the "old man", then, armed with a heavy stick—waddy, he called it—and at a moment when the remaining

THE MYSTERIOUS BOOMERANG.

dog held the attention of the "old man," he sprang from behind the tree and felled the kangaroo by a swinging blow on the head. A quick thrust with a knife in the throat completed its discomfiture, what vitality remained being quickly accounted for by the dogs, which, injured and uninjured alike, were at its throat almost as soon as it fell.

Of a different order is the sport of wallaby and kangaroo shooting, if the word sport may be applied to what is a matter of slaughter only. As a general rule the inhabitant of the back blocks regards all marsupials as unmitigated evils, and his one hope is to eradicate them. Therefore, he does not waste time in giving them those chances of escape which, in a sporting sense, are the essence of the game. He prefers rather that no chance of escape shall exist for them. If he shoots them he is usually a scalper—a man, that is, who is earning his living by killing off marsupials and other pests, and for which he is paid by the local authorities at a fixed rate per scalp brought in, the price being highest for a dingo, and lowest for a wallaby. The scalper shoots to kill, however, and neither "old man" nor doe has a run for its life. It is marked down and waited for, and shot when the scalper is dead certain of his aim. To one of sporting instincts the method may seem brutal, but it is nobility itself compared with the slaughter of the battue.

When a squatter, or a number of squatters, decide upon this form of entertainment, word is passed round the district, and every available man, boy, horse, and dog are assembled. First a "yard"—corral expresses it better, but yard is the bush term—is constructed, with "leads" running away on either side, from an opening in the yard fence, through the bush. The opening is so arranged that it can be closed with slip rails immediately the work of the hunt is over and the slaughter of the battue begins. The hunt is commenced on the opposite side of the yard from where the opening and its funnel-shaped lane of leading fences are made, and is little more or less than a mighty "round up," the riders scattering over the country in two roughly formed lines, starting marsupials on the run wherever possible, and always heading them off, as soon as they are started, in the direction of the other side of the yard. Soon the rush of the horses, the baying of the dogs, the yells of the men, and the resounding cracks of the stock-whips, turn the ordinarily quiet peace of the bush into a bustling pandemonium. Wallaby and kangaroo, startled and shy, hop hither and thither, forming themselves into mobs by force of circumstances, and becoming more startled and more shy in consequence. Confused by the confusion of one another, each individual loses his independence in the general flurry and excitement. The mobs meet and blend into one big army, all the members of which are undecided as to the way they ought to go, until the shouts of the men, the cracks of the stock-whips, and the snarling of the dogs sound on their ears. Then they go, madly, blindly, desperately forward. The echo of the sounds which terrify them on their right or their left, as the case may be, sends them dashing away through the bush in the opposite direction. An emu, perhaps, may have been caught in the *melee*, but he makes short work of it, for with head up and his curious half-barking note sounding his defiance, he flies over the ground straight ahead, through wallaby, kangaroo, horse, and dogs, until he reaches the open and the safety no one wishes to keep from him. But his movements only serve to strengthen the terror of the marsupials, and they blunder on, believing they are flying from danger, but in reality being driven straight into it. Presently each flying army sees the other approaching at break-neck speed, and the leaders halt in their leaps to sit on their haunches, with ears flicking to and fro as they turn their heads from side to side and try to catch some point from whence the babel of sounds does not come. Those behind, forced on by the press of numbers, are on their resting leaders in a swarm, and the two mobs spring forward at one another and then stop, and then spring forward again, while still the pressure of those behind is enormous, and still the panic grows.

Now is the moment of the huntsman at hand. The mass of terrified animals has been formed just beyond the widely gaping ends of the lane of leading fences. Once started in the direction of the yard the marsupials will rush helter-skelter into the wide opening and plunge onward, pressing closer and closer together as the fences converge and make the lane narrower. Soon the lane is so narrow that they jostle one another as they leap, but even at the same time they see where the fences seem to terminate, and redouble the mad energy of their flight—to swarm into the enclosure. Behind them the horsemen ride, shouting and cracking their whips, and the dogs bay when not busy in killing weaklings that straggle in the race.

The first arrivals in the yard rush on until the fences on the other side stop them. Turning back, they plunge into the ever-growing swarm that pours into the enclosure, and an indescribable turmoil ensues. The noise the riders make forces the last of the stragglers to leap into

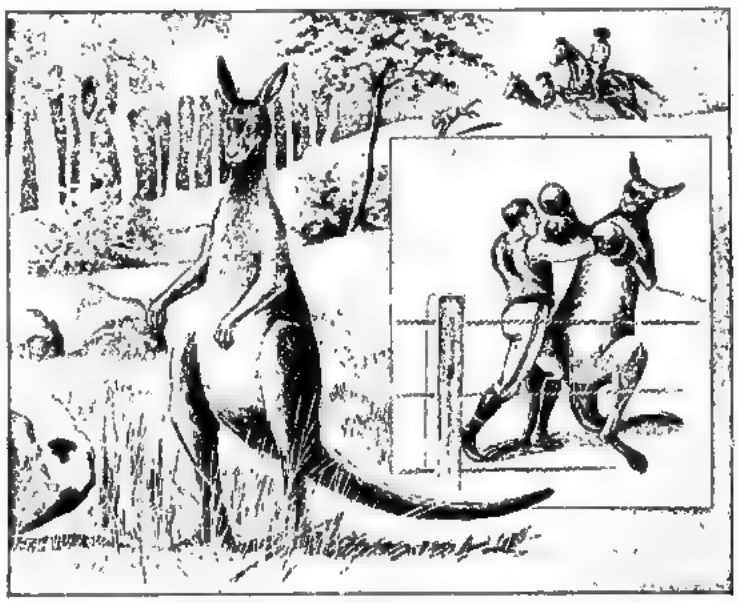
the seething mob in front of them, and without a moment's wait the first horsemen to reach the slip-rails spring from their saddles and close the opening, and so effectually complete the operation of yarding.

The next scene is one of unrelieved slaughter, for the men, armed with thick-headed but handy sticks, or waddies, climb into the yard and emulate the example of the frequenters of Donnybrook Fair, by hitting a marsupial head wherever they can see one. The animals are too frightened even to kick, and so fall an easy prey before the swinging blows the men rain upon them, until not a living marsupial remains within the yard fences.

Of a less murderous nature is the sport of shooting the dingo. As a cross-country quarry for the fox-hunter, this Australian variety of the hen-roost robber and lamb-stealer might offer considerable attractions, but the residents in districts infested by them are more than satisfied to pay half a sovereign apiece for them to anyone who undertakes to kill them, leaving the manner in which they are to be slain entirely for the slayer to determine. Poisoned baits are sometimes used, but the dingo is possessed of a cunning all his own, and poisoned baits are often laid only to be left alone.

Therefore, the man who wants to make sure of earning the capitation grant adopts another course, and one in which there is a slight suspicion of *bonâ-fide* sport. Having selected a comfortable tree, in the branches of which he can pass a fairly restful night, he fastens a bait of dead and somewhat odorous meat at a convenient distance, after having well "dragged" the country in the immediate vicinity with another equally odorous bait. At nightfall (it must be a moonlit night) he climbs into his tree and settles down to watch, rifle in hand, for the advent of his prey.

It is at night, and especially on a moonlit night, that the bush of Australia presents its most weird and mysterious appearance. In that latitude the moon has a luminous power not to be realised by the dwellers in this country. Intense, cold, clear, and white, the light falls upon any object and illuminates it, but where the light does not fall there is shadow profound and impenetrable. The stems of the trees are then bathed in light on one side, while the other is in darkness, but the ground at the base of the trunks is more often in darkness than light, thanks to the shade of the undergrowth. It is at night, also, that the dingo becomes a creature of dreadful import. Two sounds there are which, heard in all the loneliness and indescribable solemnity of the bush at night, weigh upon the imagination, and lead the mind of the solitary bushman into the intricacies of insanity. One is the cry of the bush curlew, a long-drawn-out wailing note, rising in a gradual crescendo as it ascends the scale, until, reaching its altitude, it drops in tone and volume, as though the strength of the creature had been expended in one despairing effort, and had given way before the call could be completed. The other is the howl of the dingo, a howl which so effectually combines the demoniacal with the dismal that one cannot say which predominates; only can one follow the bushman's practice, and give relief to the emotion it calls forth by the utterance of deep, unwritable maledictions. The single occasion when the sound of the howl, coming away through the still, silent



"BLOWN."

KANGAROO: "I wish I only had to fight like my brother in England. Very little danger there, I should think."

night from the mysterious shadow of the bush, produces an approach to satisfaction, is when one is sitting perched up in a tree watching where the evil-smelling bait is fastened to the ground. Eagerly the ears are strained to catch the repetition of the howl, and learn whether one of the trails made by the drag has been found. The note is shorter and sharper when the keen nose catches the scent, and the watcher has need of some nerve now, for an ill-timed shot may mean a wasted night, and a hasty move may mean a scared quarry. But if there is no move to warn the dingo of the trap that is laid for him, the thin form,

A PET 'POSSUM.

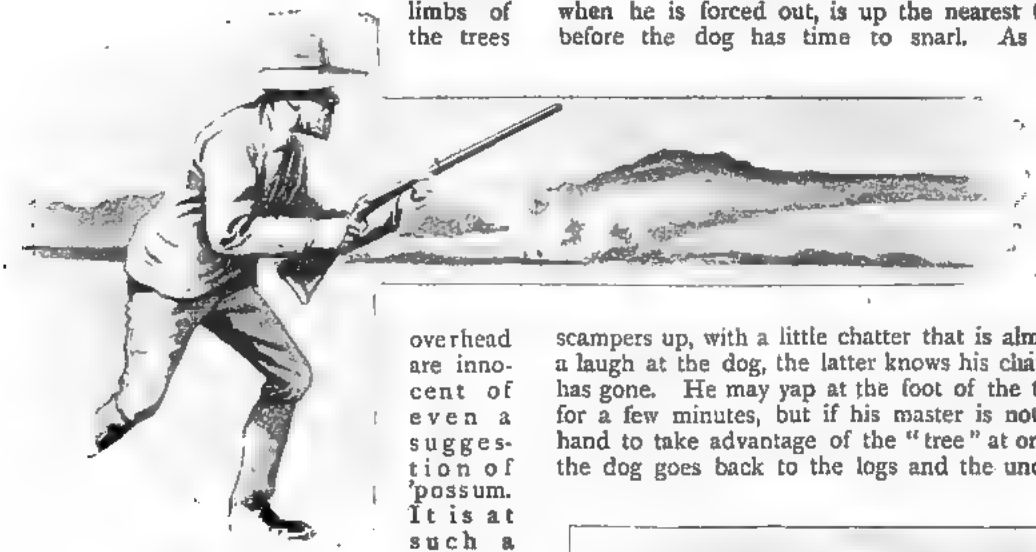
half fox, half wolf, creeps out from the shade, and the moonlight plays over his dun-coloured coat. Crouching close to the ground, he sneaks along until his keen nose, and keener eyes, locate the bait. Then with a snarl and a whine he springs upon it—and, if the watcher knows his work, receives a bullet behind the shoulder, as his fangs meet in the flesh. A clean shot leaves him lying there as an extra attraction for other fellows who may come along the scattered trails, for a dingo will always prefer to rob another dingo rather than forage for himself; wherefore the sight and scent of a piece of meat in the jaws of one will act as a double attraction to another—to the benefit and entertainment of the man in the tree, if he knows his business, and waits with patience.

Yet another form of bush sport which has to be carried on at night is the shooting of the 'possum, for that soft-furred marsupial is a "night-bird" of the most pronounced type, and is never voluntarily abroad by day. When the sun is up he cuddles down away in the recess of some hollow tree or log, wrapped in so deep a slumber that his stupor, on being aroused, has given rise to a saying applicable to one who shams sleep so assiduously as to be more than unwakable—playing 'possum, in fact. But the slumber of the 'possum is genuine when he takes it by day; it is at night, when he strives to escape detection, that he plays his own game of over-simulated simulation. The fur of the 'possum in winter is thickest and finest, and as it is only for his skin that the white man needs him—a taste for his eucalypt-flavoured flesh never having been acquired by other than the aboriginal—the moonlight nights of winter form the time for shooting him, the crisp, clear nights, when the air is as exhilarating as a tonic, and the sky, innocent of the merest suggestion of a cloud, is a dome of deep purple blue, spangled over with stars, and forming a wonderful and weird background to the silver splendour of the moon.

A start is usually made late in the evening, in order that even the most sleepy shall be left ample time to awaken and come out in search of the fresh young gum-leaves that constitute the chief item of their diet. As they feed they play, chattering and scampering up and down the limbs and trunks of the trees, and chasing one another through the undergrowth. Weird and mysterious their chattering sounds through the grim, solemn, moonlit bush; and it is not difficult to understand why the black fellows cling so tenaciously to their camp fireside when once the sun has gone down. Many a sober-minded white man has felt a decided tendency towards "jumps" when, through the silence of the night, a couple of 'possums have danced and chattered along an overhanging limb of a gum, their plump little bodies standing out against the light of the sky and their tails whisking from side to side—the more particularly if he has not a gun handy to profit by the spectacle. And rarely does it happen that a gun is in the hand when such a chance occurs.

When one wants to shoot 'possum it is

invariably the case that in the distance the scampering and the chattering can be heard, but as soon as the shooter arrives at the spot where the "corroboree" was in progress, only silence—dead, oppressive silence—reigns, while the limbs of the trees overhead are innocent of even a suggestion of 'possum. It is at such a moment that the animal is playing his own game. If the shooter is playing his own equally well, he carefully scans the forks made by the limbs branching from the main stem. Right in the fork of the shady side of the tree, a small object may be discovered by the practised eye, and a charge of shot sent in its direction will probably result in a squeal, as a fat, well-furred 'possum falls to the ground with what the cheap novelists would rightly define as a "dull, sickening thud." There would be no other sound. Not a scratch nor a chatter from the companion 'possum that but a few minutes ago was chasing or being chased by the little victim lying on his back by the undergrowth. The report of the shot echoing through the bush may have stilled many a scamper, but it does not produce any. The 'possums are playing 'possum for their lives, some in the forks of the trees and branches, some in convenient hollows in the standing trunks or dead logs that encumber the ground, some in cosy nooks among the undergrowth, but all dead to the world, to judge by appearances. Sharp eyes are needed to spot them, for galls, and fungi, and ants' nests often decorate the trees, and at night a man may empty a score of cartridges into one of these objects before he discovers that he might as well be firing at the moon.



STALKING THE EMU.

In the hollow logs on the ground, and among the undergrowth, unless he has a smart dog with him, he may look the live-long hours through, but all in vain, and even when he has a dog, he must needs be as smart as the animal. A 'possum lies close in a log, and when he is forced out, is up the nearest tree before the dog has time to snarl. As he scampers up, with a little chatter that is almost a laugh at the dog, the latter knows his chance has gone. He may yap at the foot of the tree for a few minutes, but if his master is not at hand to take advantage of the "tree" at once, the dog goes back to the logs and the under-

NATIVE METHOD OF STALKING THE EMU.

This is managed by the hunter carrying a bush, which at the right moment he throws away, and uses his throwing stick or spear.

growth, where more fun exists for him than yapping at a tree'd 'possum. If the man has no dog, he must wait, in patience and silence, until the fit of alarm has passed away and the 'possums come to the conclusion that they are wasting time in lying hid. As they come out of their hiding places, an occasional shot may be had at them, but every time the gun goes off the alarm is renewed, and the shooting becomes sleepy work with poor results as the night wears away. If, however, there is a sharp dog to assist, sport is plentiful and the excitement varied, for as the dog sniffs at the hollow logs and tangled undergrowth, he may rouse more than a hiding 'possum. The Australian snakes are almost without exception night travellers. They are, moreover, timid, save about the month of October, and retreat rapidly on being disturbed, with the result that a man may have one pass uncomfortably near to him as he is standing for his dog to "put up" whatever is holding its attention in the undergrowth. In the scrubs and thickets there are also leeches, which have an unpleasant habit of insinuating themselves into a man's boots and leggings, and sucking so copiously at his blood that he finds his boots filled with it at the end of his night's sport. Ticks and mosquitoes also abound, and are equally attentive to the sportsman, especially if he is a new chum with the tender skin and thick blood of a northern climate. But even with all these drawbacks, and the somewhat pot-shot nature of the sport, there is much to charm, to fascinate and delight in a night devoted to hunting the 'possum.

The aboriginal has the art of taking 'possums by daylight, but it is very exceptional for a white man to be able to boast of such skill. Wherefore, the hunting for 'possum by day will soon be a forgotten enterprise, but while a single representative of the genus remains in Australia, 'possum shooting by night will flourish.

"RATS!"

A School Story, founded on fact.

By W. H. Williamson.

BARRY was exulting. It was his birthday, and a hamper had arrived from home, filled with the savoury and sugary things his soul loved. Of course, he called his friends to him, and Garterre and Blackmoor rejoiced around the well-filled hamper. They unpacked the good things and placed them for inspection.

But at that moment MacFinn appeared. Now MacFinn was big, and in the Sixth, but generally detested, because, it was said, he sneaked, and the small boys knew his temper. He was Scotch, and his accent betrayed him.

"Ha!" he said, catching sight of the good things, and the faces of the three boys. "Cuttin' cricket forr this: but ye'll not enjoy it. Yours, Barry?"

"Yes, MacFinn; will you have some?"

"You're humorous," and he began to scrutinise the eatables. "This will only make you ill. Chocolates — they're bad for you!" and he threw the chocolates back into the hamper. "Biscuits — hideous!" and they went into the hamper. "Sweets—caramels! spoil your teeth." The caramels went into the hamper. "Jam—strawberry! You can't fag on strawberry jam." The hamper held the strawberry jam. "More biscuits—more beeleousness!" MacFinn shook his head and shut the hamper. "Ye're wasteful and ye're wanton. D'ye want to make yourselves ill?"

"We wouldn't mind," said Garterre, with angry wit.

"Then I'll arrange ye can be ill with a stick—not with jam," said MacFinn threateningly, "if ye don't clear out quickly."

"Please, MacFinn," began Barry, "help yourself. I meant to give you some; but it's my birthday, and——"

"Yerr birthday! Many happy returns, young-'un. I'll mak' ye a birthday present of the hamper when I've finished with it," and, smiling at his joke, MacFinn strode away, carrying the hope and longing of Barry and friends under his arm.

"I'LL MAK' YE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT OF THE HAMPER WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH IT."

"Sneak!" said Garterre savagely, when MacFinn was out of hearing.

"Beastly cad!" said Blackmoor. "He's always doing some dirty trick like that."

Barry was biting his lip severely to keep back the tears.

"I wonder if he'll send any back?"

"The greedy old guzzler!"

"Never mind, Barry! We'll pay him out some day."

"We should have pitched into him—the three of us might have managed him."

"That's no good," said Barry, finding his voice at length. "The Sixth'll call him a sneak though, if they hear of it."

"Shall you write home and tell them?"

"No fear!" said Barry, with pride. "I'll tell them it was a ripping hamper, and all that. So it was, too. Just imagine that beast of a MacFinn stuffing himself with those ice-biscuits."

"And the caramels."

"How can we pay him out?" said Garterre, with ugly intentions.

"Let's drink the lemonade," suggested Barry. "It's lucky he didn't see that, or it would have gone too. He's an old Boer!"

They drank the lemonade out of the bottles, and swore confusion to MacFinn. But they were very sad at heart, nevertheless, and Barry had to drop a tear at last. They walked disconsolately over the playing fields, with their hearts burning with anger, and magnificent projects for revenge on their lips. They had read Indian stories, and wondered if they could apply them. MacFinn would have ended his career in torments if the three desperadoes could have had their way at that moment.

A suggestion was made that they should inform Leonard, captain of the school; but they at once decided not to sneak, and determined on a lovely revenge in due season.

MacFinn went in joy and haste to his study. He called his friends Tinklar and Leach together, and they had an extensive feast.

The following day, MacFinn told Barry to fetch the hamper from his study, and Barry went with hope. He found a third of a cake, much broken, some chocolates scattered loosely in the hamper, and nearly half-a-bottle of sweets. The three friends disposed of these fragments, and swore more vengeance on the empty biscuit-tins. But the conspirators could not fix on a plot.

"At any rate," said Garterre, the next day, when they were still full of indignation towards MacFinn, "we had better keep mum. Let's say nothing about it—play the slim game. We'll just sham we've forgotten his rottenness, and lull him."

For almost a week Barry and his friends tried in their spare moments to devise some means of getting even with MacFinn. They did forget their grievance during cricket, and frequently during lessons. But the box room, with its empty hamper, was full of mute reproaches.

Garterre ran to Barry and Blacky, as they were coming from the bath.

"Got him!" he said.

"Who?"

"The MacDoodle!"

"How? Come to the Elm; we can be quieter."

They went under the spreading tree, and Garterre unfolded his plan, while the other two listened with satisfied longings.

They laughed till they shrieked again.

"Won't he be wild when he finds it out?" cried Barry.

"And he daren't do anything. If he does, we'll split."

"*Insidiae lupo*—snares for the wolf. Oh! they'll spoil your teeth," said Blacky in delight, with a superfluous accent.

Barry was in ecstasy.

"The MacFinn in a fit! Let's sing 'Rule Britannia,' 'Hold the Fort,' and 'Gaudeamus,' all in one. We shall laugh till the end of term."

They rehearsed the act on the chosen ground, and lived on the tremor of a glorious excitement till the next day.

MacFinn had to be tempted to the box-room, to fall into the pit.

At the appointed time, Blacky and Barry, fielding for MacFinn, bolted ostentatiously to the box-room the moment he had finished batting.

MacFinn observed the manœuvre, and holloaed. The two innocents were deaf to his appeals. So, after taking off his pads, MacFinn walked to the box-room.

Garterre, standing outside and out of sight, chirruped.

As MacFinn entered, Barry and Blacky looked guilty, and attempted to hide the remnants of a tart with only ill-success.

"Ho!" said MacFinn, as he saw the crumbs. "So there's another hamper, is there? An' that's why ye can't play cricket. Na! Na! We'll have to put a muzzle on yourr mouths. Moreover, we'll lead ye away from temptation. Hand over the spoil."

"Please, MacFinn, we thought you had finished batting——" began Barry.

"The spoil," interrupted MacFinn.

"We haven't got any, MacFinn," said Blacky, brushing away a crumb somewhat pointedly.

MacFinn took hold of Blacky by the arm, and screwed it till a groan was uttered, and Barry attracted the attention of the bully by adding:—

"No, MacFinn, we haven't any left, really, except—but no, we haven't any; there's no except."

MacFinn turned to Barry.

"If the two of you don't turn out all the tuck you have in the place at once, I'll pump-handle an' then roast you."

Barry looked at Blacky, and Blacky looked at Barry. The game was going on beautifully.

"We haven't any left, really, MacFinn, except this," said Barry; "and that isn't ours at all—it's Garter's."

"Garter's!" said MacFinn, with scorn. "What's his is yours, and what's yours is his. I fancy you've been eating Garter's, if the truth were known. Where is it?"

Barry, looking very like a martyr, walked slowly to a box and opened it.

"Of course, I've only shown them because it's you, MacFinn."

"Of course," was the reply, in irony. "Tarts—let me see if they would be bad for your stomachs." He took one, and finished it speedily. "One isn't enough," he said, and took another.

Blacky was trying to keep his face straight, and Barry was gazing through the window.

"I'm no sure," continued MacFinn. "I think I'll convince myself," and a third tart disappeared. "I'm sure they'll disagree with you abowminably; you'll no be able to work or fag with them," and he reached for the last tart.

Garterre appeared at that moment. If the truth be confessed, it was the psychological moment, and Garterre had been waiting for it.

MacFinn was standing before Garterre's box, and held the tart in his hand. He evidently saw humour in the situation, for he balanced the fourth tart neatly, and spoke kindly to the newcomer.

"Well, Garterre, have you had a good game?"

"Yes, thanks, MacFinn," replied Garterre, with a great chuckle, hidden very deeply.

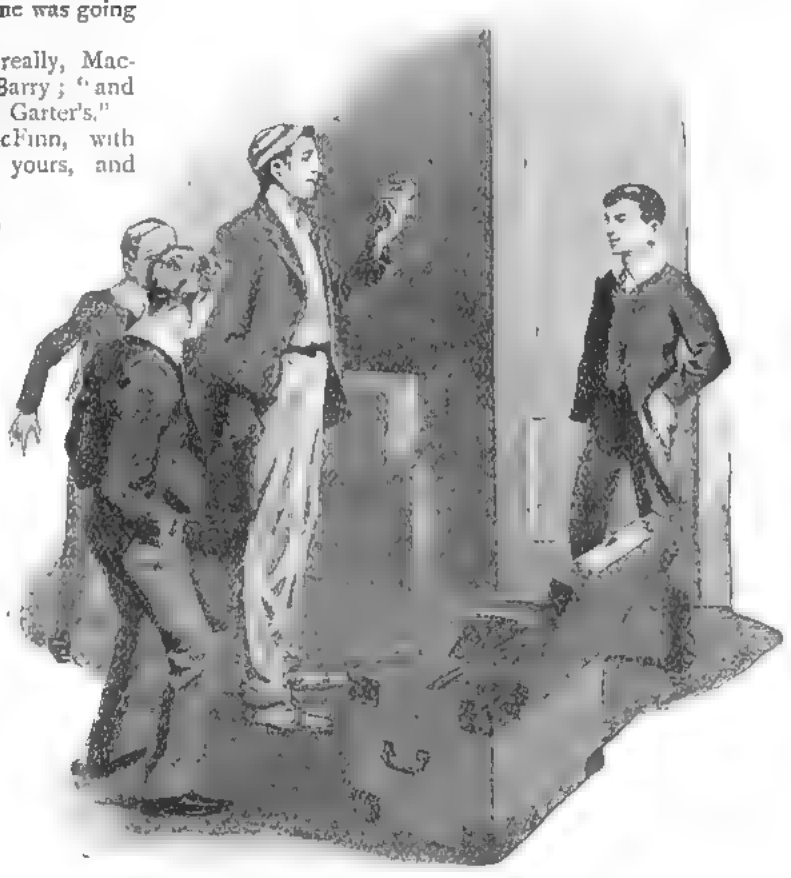
"An' now I suppose you're goin' to have some tuck?"

"Is somebody giving it away?"

"Ye're sly! Where's your little lot?"

"I haven't got any—wish I had!"

MacFinn was hurt by the seeming duplicity.



BALANCED THE FOURTH TART NEATLY.

"What!" he exclaimed, in upbraiding.

"Well," replied Garterre, while Blackmore and Barry were struggling desperately to repress their feelings. "I have had some, of course."

"Have had!" repeated MacFinn. "You have none left, I suppose? You're bereft o' your cakes?"

"Bereft! What's that, MacFinn?" asked Blacky, with assumed solemnity. MacFinn

took him by the arm and twisted. Blacky howled. "That's bereft," said the big boy. "Ye're bereft o' your cheek now."

Garterre interrupted.

"MacFinn, do rats ever get into your box?"

"Rats!"—this was repeated with humour, accompanied with a laugh that was taken up with a strong suspicion of boisterousness by Blackmore and Barry.

"They do into mine," said Garterre. "The beastly things are always nibbling my cakes and that."

MacFinn, being dubious of the remark—probably on account of his conscience—hesitated whether to take it seriously or as a hint. He decided to raise the conversation to a more unambiguous level.

"Have ye ever seen the rats?"

"I've never caught them flagrantly, as old Shaver says, but they are rats, I'm sure."

MacFinn was still uncomfortable. He cast a glance at Barry and Blackmore to see if he could gleam an index to the situation from them. He was probably baffled, for he fished with this: "How do you know they're rats?"

"Dunno," said Garterre, "I 'spect they are, because mice wouldn't make so many crumbs."

Blacky and Barry laughed outright, but MacFinn still felt uncertain, and did not wish to make a false move. He was obviously ill at ease, for he essayed a high note and said, ostentatiously holding out the tart in his fingers, "Do you like these?"

"Could eat a million!"

"Would you like this?"

"You're awfully kind, MacFinn," said Garterre, playing his *rôle* with touching innocence, and looking as though the one thing he desired before all others on earth was the tart in MacFinn's hand.

But the Scotch boy was *fin*. "It 'ud mak you ill," he said, and popped it in his own mouth.

Barry and Blacky almost choked with laughter, and MacFinn thought they were amused at *his* joke; which was a bad deduction.

"I have some tarts like those," said Garterre.

"Now you've broken the commandments. You declared just now that you had no tuck whatever," and MacFinn assumed a correcting attitude.

"But I'm not going to eat them myself, MacFinn," said Garterre.

The big boy was once more tickled in fancy.

"Ah! that's geenerrosity! Garters, you'll have quite a respectable funeral oration when you die. Some Demosthenes will say nice things about ye—an' yere fondness for tarts."

"Not for those," said Garterre, with splendid assurance; "they're for the rats."

This recurring phrase annoyed MacFinn

Garterre continued:—

"A chap told me the best thing for rats was arsenic, or something like it—the stuff you get out of fly-papers, you know. So the rats are going to have a cayenney time."

MacFinn listened in fear and trembling, for a dreadful suspicion was taking possession of him.

Garterre continued:—

"It's a rotten kind of death, I believe—awfully rotten. There's so much pain, you know. It takes two or three hours to kill, and they say the legs of the rats, and their backs, are doubled up all ways, like a bicycle accident. It sounds Chinese-like, and beastly horrid, but you can't have an afternoon-tea sort of poison for rats. Just look at the tarts in my box, and I'll show you the lovely stuff mixed up in the jam. But don't put your fingers on the poison, because that's almost enough to give you the collywobbles."

MacFinn was white.

"Is that true, Garters?" he mumbled, with his hand resting on his waistcoat.

"You can read it in a book in the library—it's a beastly caddish poison."

MacFinn groaned.

"Oh, Garterre! I'm poisoned then! I took those tarts. What shall I do?" he cried out in great agony, beginning to feel pains already.

"MacFinn!" cried Garterre, in anguish; and he rushed to his box to receive dreadful corroboration.

"Poison!" ejaculated Blacky and Barry in a breath.

"Oh! what shall I do?" groaned the victim. "I can feel something working inside me now."

"Poison!—and so painful, too!" said Garterre, in a voice filled with emotion. "Do you feel hot in the mouth?"

"Yes—a bit," replied MacFinn. "Hadn't you better tell the Head? No! no! Oh! do something—I can feel the pain coming on." And he began to execute manœuvres unknown to the drill-sergeant.

"Salt and water is a good thing when you've taken poison," said Barry.

"Get some," said Garterre, anxiously.

MacFinn was now groaning horribly.

"I can feel the pain getting bad," he said.

"Lie down, MacFinn," said Garterre, in deep sympathy. "Let me undo your collar. You aren't feeling faint, are you? Fetch a bucket of water, Blacky."

Barry returned with a quantity of Epsom salts and a mustard-pot—somehow those things were handy.

"Be quick! Be quick!" said MacFinn in moans.

So they mixed a liberal dose of Epsom salts.

"Put mustard in too?" asked Barry.

Garterre nodded.

"Drink!" he said to MacFinn, who recked little of the composition of the cure—till he had swallowed it.

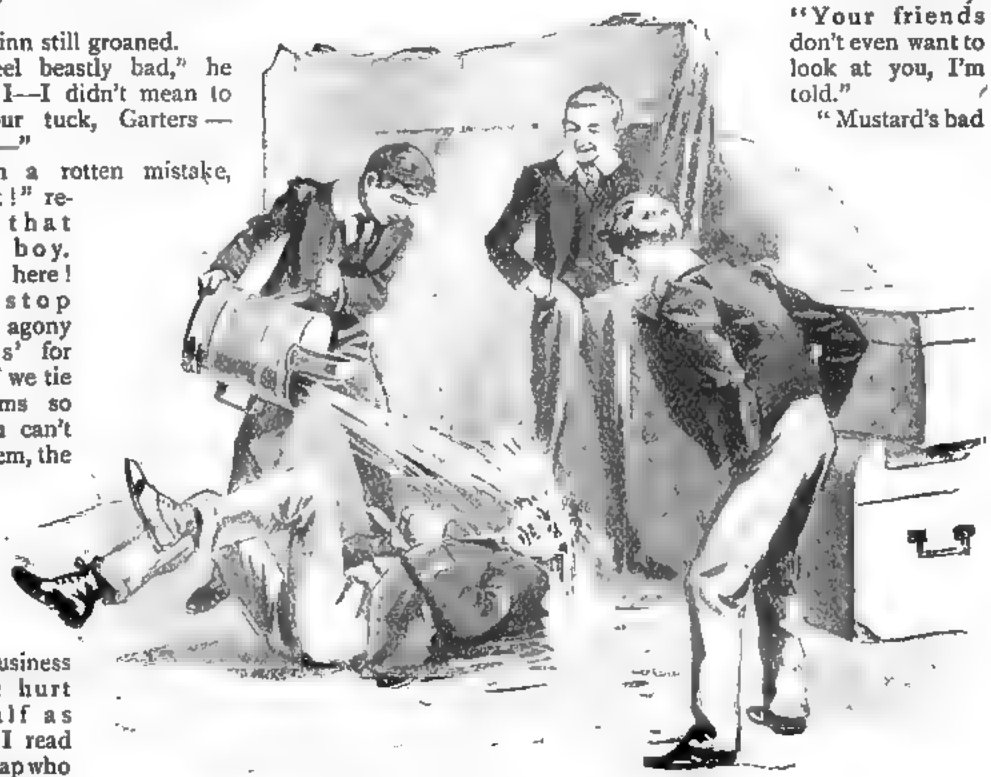
His distress grew terrible as the mustard did its work. He began to look very ill, and Barry and Blackmoor almost feared for the worst. But Garterre was optimistic.

"You're getting better, MacFinn," he said, comfortingly. "It can't kill you *now*. You may have a few knifey digs that will make you curl up; but that won't *kill* you."

MacFinn still groaned.

"I feel beastly bad," he said. "I—I didn't mean to take your tuck, Garters—really——"

"Such a rotten mistake, wasn't it!" replied that bright boy. "Look here! Let's stop those 'agony columns' for you. If we tie your arms so that you can't move them, the knife business doesn't hurt you half as much. I read that a chap who was held, and had water just put on his face, was cured of some beastly torture. It can't do any harm, can it?"



GARTERRE DASHED A CAN OF WATER IN HIS FACE.

Under the circumstances MacFinn would have submitted to anything. He not only had the fear of death before his eyes, but also the disgrace of his end. Poisoned through stealing another boy's tarts! What would the school say?—the Head?—the Prefects?—the Sixth? He shuddered, and submitted.

He was tied very securely, with one scarf round his wrists in front, and another round his elbows at the back. Then they gently laid him on the floor.

"You'll be better after this, MacFinn," said Garterre, in his deep sympathy. "I'm sure that the danger's over, only it's better to stop the torture."

MacFinn being prostrate, bound, and fearful, merely groaned. But he lost his breath for a moment when Garterre dashed a can of water in his face. "Oh-h-h!" he gasped.

"You'll be better now," said Garterre, and he nodded genially to Blacky and Barry.

"I'm glad MacFinn won't die," said Barry, loudly.

"Poison does make a mess of you, doesn't it?" said Blacky. "Your friends don't even want to look at you, I'm told."

"Mustard's bad enough, *sauve-vous*," said Garterre, with significance.

"Doesn't this teach us that we shouldn't take other people's tarts?" said Barry, in the tone of a preacher.

"It's a terrible warrning, an' tarrts are so beeleous too," said Garterre, with such audacity that both Barry and Blacky shrieked with laughter.

"You were a very foolish virgin, MacFinn." And the three friends danced with delight round the prostrate youth.

"Bereft! I'd forgotten bereft," suddenly

said Garterre, as though he had found a jewel of great price, and meant to make the most of it. "In bereaving me of strawberry tarts, you nearly bereft yourself, MacFinn. That was courrageous . . . Oh, my jaw! How do you manage your worrds—eh, poisoned one?"

The comic tyrants were revelling in glee.

MacFinn was recovering amazingly under this stream of gentle irony. But the mustard had certainly upset him.

"To think that we blamed the rats!" said Barry.

"I shouldn't think MacFinn was so very like a rat when he's dry. Of course, now——" and Blacky accompanied his remark with an appropriate gesture.

"You are cads," said MacFinn at length. "It's a beastly shame to make fun of a chap who's been nearly dead."

"You've broken the commandments," said Garterre, "an' ye'll have no respectable funeral oration when you die."

"You wretched sneaks! You wouldn't dare to do this if I were not fast and ill," said MacFinn. "Untie me!"

"Shall we wash his face again?" suggested Garterre, who was rejoicing in his *rôle*.

"If you do——" began MacFinn.

"Well?"—this very suggestively.

"You are cads! You won't dare!"

"You're getting better, Mac! But, for one who has been very nearly dead, you are very 'full of rowdiness,' as Shaver says. Suppose we call the Sixth to see you—in this new kind of picture frame. What do you say to that?"

"You would be cads to do that! Don't be so beastly! Untie me!"

"You're abowminable!" said Garterre. "Blacky, fetch water!"

Blacky responded with alacrity.

"Now for your catechism, MacFinn. Wash him first, Blacky."

Blacky threw a handful of water in the face of MacFinn, who gasped and breathed threatenings of slaughter.

But Garterre, as grand inquisitor, was a great success.

"MacFinn, of the Sixth, you are convicted of having most criminally and abowminably bereft me to-day of three strawberry tarts. For that offence you have been obliged to swallow mustard and water, and wallow in the mire. It is only our goodness and loving kindness to you that prevents us from exposing you in your present picture of unloveliness to the rest of the school. But we have agreed to spare you if you will answer some questions politely and nicely, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you understand, Mr. Cronje, this is an unconditional surrender? Question No. 1: 'Shall you take any more tarts from Barry, Blacky, or myself, unless we offer them to you?'"

"You cad! Untie me!" said MacFinn in reply, feeling very deeply the hopelessness of his position and the audacity of his tormentors.

"Bring forth the River Thames, Blacky."

Again MacFinn gasped and was wet.

"I'll give you beans for this."

"He'll give us beans! Ho, there! The prisoner in the dock says he'll give us beans. Thou art insolent, sirrah! What ho, guard! without there! Constable Barry, call the Sixth Form!"

Barry stood erect, wheeled in military fashion, and was going on his errand, when MacFinn said hurriedly: "Don't call the Sixth! Don't be cads! Of course I won't take your tuck."

"That's better," said Garterre. "Now, there must be no ill feeling between us, you understand, MacFinn?"

"Yes." It was clearly the voice of humiliation.

"You won't try to hit any of us?"

"Loose these things."

"Promise, or——"

"All right! I don't want to touch you—you little beasts!"

"Oh! He must be polite," said Barry. "Let's make him call us 'mister'!"

"Oh, chuck this fooling! I won't touch one of you. I don't want to hurt you. Untie me and let me go, before some of the other chaps come."

Garterre, Barry, and Blacky looked at each other, and decided to release their victim.

"I say," said MacFinn, when he was free, "was that really poison? Do you think I'm all right now? There's no danger?"

"You're all right now," said Garterre. "I don't think you need be afraid, except on account of the mustard."

"You little cads!" and MacFinn rushed at Garterre as if to hit him.

"We'll split if you do," cried the three in a breath. "We'll tell all the school about it—how we put some tooth-powder in the tarts—and describe your struggles, if you bully," said Garterre.

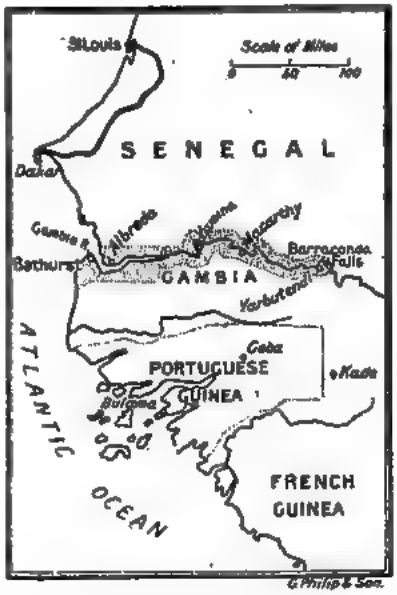
So MacFinn, looking white and angry, gave one nasty look at the dauntless three, and went away feeling very much humiliated.

And Garterre, Barry, and Blackmoor danced the dance of exultation once more, and it is reported, when MacFinn threatened to "slump" one of them the following day, the audacious boy merely answered:—

"RATS!"

GAMBIA.

WHAT we stamp collectors call Gambia is more correctly known as "The Gambia," for it is the great waterway, and not the adjacent territory, that is the valued possession of British enterprise. It is to guard this possession that we have annexed the islands in the estuary, and the banks of the river for some six miles inland on each side for a stretch of 250 miles from the sea to the trading port of Yarbutandi, not far short of the Barraconda Falls, which mark the limit of navigation.



MAP OF GAMBIA.

Bathurst, the capital, is situated on the island of St. Mary, a sand-bank three and a half miles long and one and a half miles wide. The settlements in the estuary have an area of only sixty-nine square miles, but the extension of territory along the banks of the river increase the area of the little colony to about 2,700 square miles, and the population to about 50,000. The capital has a population of 6,000, but Europeans are almost conspicuous by their absence.

The history of the colony dates back to 1816, when some British traders, driven out of Senegal by the French, established themselves on St. Mary's Island. Since then the colony has been variously administered, sometimes as part of one group, and then of another. But it has practically had its own local government since 1843, and from 1888 it has been administered as a separate Crown Colony.

The colony is surrounded by French territory, and there have been rumours that it was to be given up to France for some *quid pro quo* elsewhere; but it is very unlikely that this country will ever abandon its key to one of the three great waterways of West Africa.

From the stamp collector's point of view, Gambia is a most tempting little country. Its issues are confined to five simple series, and all but the last are of the self-same beautiful, unaltered design. There are no complications, no puzzling varieties, and only one perforation throughout, from start to finish. Wealthy specialists collect the embossed series in complete sheets, for the sheets consist only of fifteen stamps each, arranged in three horizontal rows of five. There are no priceless rarities to bar the way, and most of the issues may be said to be within reach of the collector of moderate means, whilst the young collector can get a very fair sprinkling of the later issues in an unused condition for a few shillings.

Unfortunately, they are not to be had much cheaper used, for used copies are scarce. The first two issues are gradually rising in price. Indeed, the solid popularity of the country is evidenced by the fact that its stamps are amongst the very few that have not suffered from the severe reductions which had to be made in 1897-9 from the inflated prices of 1896-7. Here, for instance, are the figures for unused copies from 1896 to 1902 :—

1869.—No Watermark. Imperf.

	1896.	1897.	1899.	1900.	1902.
4d. brown...	15s.	20s.	24s.	24s.	32s.
6d. blue ...	15s.	40s.	40s.	40s.	40s.

1874.—Crown C.C.

4d. brown...	15s.	35s.	35s.	35s.	50s.
6d. blue ...	24s.	20s.	22s.	25s.	30s.

GAMBIA, 1869.

The first design, or the "embossed series," as it is generally called, is one of the prettiest, if not even the prettiest, in the whole range of postal labels. The deeply embossed head of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, in sharp, pure white profile on a ground of solid colour, belongs to the period of very limited printings. Such exquisite medallions would be far too costly, and involve too slow a process, for the long numbers now required to satisfy the demand for current stamps. The early printings, it is true, have advanced in price, but the 1886-7 printings from the same plates are to be had at three times face, and are likely to remain at those rates for some time, because dealers bought up the stock of remainders on hand in the colony in 1898, when the current surface printed series displaced the embossed stamps. When those dealers' stocks are exhausted the little medallions will be treasures worth having.

1869.—Embossed head. No watermark and imperforate. Two values only, each in two recognised shades of pale and dark. Really fine mint copies are rarely to be had. In most cases the embossing is flattened or the gum is missing.

No Watermark. Imperf.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
4d. brown	32 0	35 0
6d. blue	40 0	35 0

GAMBIA, 1898.

1874.—Same design, with paper marked Crown C.C. Also the same colours and values, and still imperforate.

Crown C.C. Imperf.

	Unused.	Used.		Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
4d. brown ...	50 0	—	6d. blue ...	30 0	30 0

1880.—Same design, same watermark of water Crown C.C., but perforated, and several new values added.

Watermark Crown C.C. Perf. 14

	Unused.	Used.		Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
½d. orange ...	0 6	—	4d. brown ...	35 0	6 0
1d. marone...	1 0	8 0	6d. blue ...	20 0	15 0
2d. rose ...	10 0	5 0	1s. green ...	60 0	50 0
3d. ultramarine	3 6	4 0			

1886-7.—Same design, but with the watermark changed to Crown C.A., perforated 14 as before. Some of the colours changed, the ½d. from orange to green, the 1d. from marone to crimson, the 2d. from rose to yellow, the 3d. from ultramarine to grey, the 6d. from blue to olive green, and the 1s. from green to a rich violet. A 2½d. value was added to provide for the new postal union rate of postage.

Watermark Crown C.A. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.		Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
½d. green ...	0 2	0 3	3d. grey ...	0 9	—
1d. crimson ...	0 5	0 3	4d. brown ...	1 3	—
2d orange ...	0 6	—	6d. olive green	1 6	—
2½d. ultramarine	0 8	0 5	1s. violet ...	2 6	—

1898.—In this year the embossed stamps were displaced by the ordinary De la Rue Colonial bi-coloured type, familiar to collectors of Seychelles, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, etc The perforation and watermark are the same as before. The sheets, instead of being convenient little pictures of fifteen stamps, are now made up of four panes of sixty stamps to the pane. Still, despite the enlarged sheets, many specialists collect the panes. It is a sumptuous method of collecting, in which even old boys can rarely indulge. There is, however, a modified form of bloating to which I confess I am very partial, and that is in top strips of six stamps across the pane, taking in the top margin with the control number. Old boys who can afford it will find sets of new issues of a favourite country in strips of six stamps make a gorgeous page, but the younger generation with limited pocket money should not be tempted into such an extravagance.

Watermark Crown C.A. Perf. 14

Name and value in second colour.

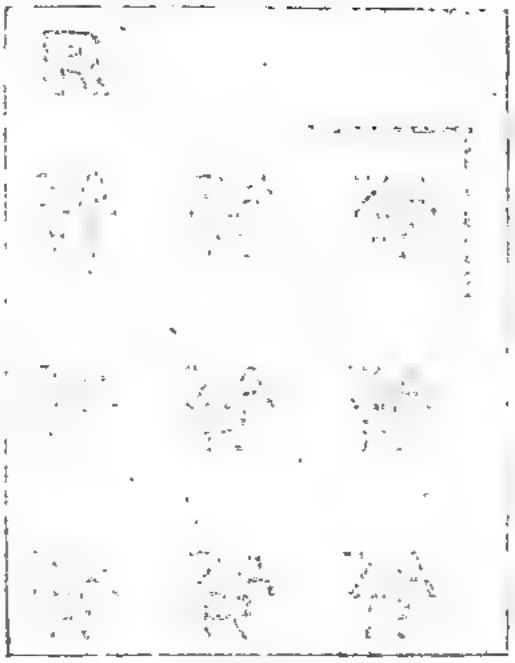
	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. green	0 1	—
1d. carmine	0 2	0 2
2d. orange and mauve	0 3	—
2½d. ultramarine	0 4	—
3d. mauve and ultramarine ...	0 5	—
4d. brown and ultramarine ...	0 6	—
6d. green and carmine	0 8	—
1s. violet and green	1 4	—

One word of advice as to the preservation of the embossed series. The young collector cannot be expected to go in for costly albums with sunk mounts, in which to protect the delicate embossing from the flattening which takes place when these stamps are kept in an ordinary album, but he may, by using the simple and cheap little albums we recommended in the May (1901) number of THE CAPTAIN, keep them fairly well protected if he will be careful not to let any heavy weights rest upon them.

Old boys who can afford it should get for this country Stanley Gibbons' sunk mount album, in which the embossing will be quite safe from flattening. The beauty of a collection of Gambia will always lie in the condition of its delicately embossed stamps, and as the general collector, and even some wealthy specialists, do not seem to realise this, the young collector who has taken a little extra care of his stamps will find some day that the scarcity of mint unflattened Gambias will add very materially to the value of his possessions

A BOER POSTAL RELIC.

Just before the war broke out in South Africa the Boer Government had decided in future to print its own stamps instead of having them printed in Holland. Designs for the new stamps were approved and engraved by a local engraver in Pretoria. One of the two designs contained a portrait of President Kruger, intended, some say, to "stagger humanity." The paper, watermarked "Z.A.R.," *i.e.*, "Zuid Afrikaansche Republiek," was ordered in this country, was made and sent out. A scrap of this identical paper has just fallen into my hands, and I have had the watermarks photographed as a curiosity for the readers of THE CAPTAIN.



BOER POSTAL RELIC.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

We have a few more novelties this month than for some time past. The most notable is the fine new portrait series issued by Bulgaria. Of our forthcoming King's head stamps it is now stated that the printing of the ½d. and 1d. values has commenced. The ½d. is in a sage green. The 1d. is similar in design to the ½d., and is being printed in a deep carmine on white paper, not on coloured paper as was expected. The similarity of design in the first two values is thought by some folks to indicate a series of one design.

BAHAMAS.

BAHAMAS.—Here is an illustration of the new 1d. stamp chronicled last month. The scene depicted is in the vicinity of Nassau, the capital of New Providence, the chief of the Bahama Islands. It is a great passage-way, cut through the solid coral rock. The cut is about an eighth of a mile long, 40ft. wide, and about 70ft. in depth; at the end is what is called the Queen's Staircase (cut in the rock), which leads to Fort Fincastle, built about 150 years ago, on high land just above the stairway.

BULGARIA.

BULGARIA.—We have received the promised new set, with portrait of King Ferdinand. As our illustration shows, the portrait is an effective one, and the design (which is the same throughout the series) a pleasing one. The figures of value in the upper corners are uniformly in black ink, and are evidently separately printed from ordinary type, for the impression shows distinctly at the back of the stamp. All the values are bi-coloured, or rather, if we include the separately printed

corner figures, tri-coloured. The values and colours are as follows, perf. 12½:—

1st.	purple, portrait oval,	dark green.
2st.	green, "	dark blue.
3st.	orange, "	slate.
5st.	green, "	sepia.
10st.	carmine, "	sepia.
15st.	crimson lake, "	dark green.
25st.	blue, "	slate.
30st.	bistre, "	slate.
50st.	blue, "	sepia.
1l.	pale red, "	dark green.
2l.	carmine, "	grey black.
3l.	grey and mauve "	"

CHILI.—A 50c. value has been added to the current series. It is of a red-brown colour. To bring the series up to date we reproduce the illustration of the type, and add a complete list of the values already issued

CHILI.

1 centavo, green
2 centavos, red.
5 centavos, blue.
10 centavos, mauve.
30 centavos, orange.
50 centavos, brown-red.

HOLLAND.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 3c. of the current series changed from orange to olive green.

JAMAICA.

JAMAICA.—Mr. J. W. Jones sends me the 1d. red pictorial stamp with a view of Llandovery Falls, which has been printed in two colours, the Falls in greenish black and the frame in lake.

MAURITIUS.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send us the 1c. of the current Arms type in black, and a 4c. in purple on yellow paper with value in carmine.

WATERMARK CR. C.A.
PERF. 14.

1c. black.
4c. purple on yellow paper, value in carmine.

MAURITIUS.

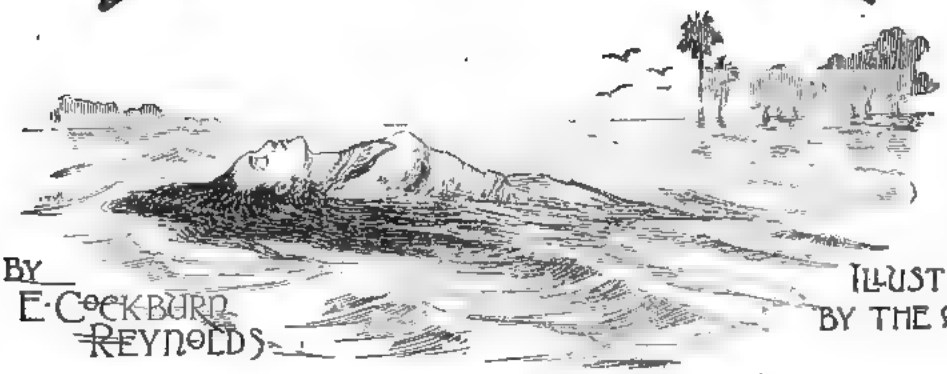
NEWFOUNDLAND.—We are indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. for a copy of the much-talked-of 4c. value with portrait of the Duchess of Cornwall, in celebration of the recent royal visit to that part of the world. It has been designed, engraved, and printed in a rich violet by the American Bank Note Co.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. A. D.—In the whole plate the stamps should be worth double catalogue prices, but dealers in English plates generally make them up for themselves, and do not buy them made up. **H. G. Uglow.**—Yes, perforations frequently make a difference in value of stamps. The issue of a stamp is told in various ways, sometimes by design, sometimes by watermark, etc. Plate numbers are small numbers incorporated in the design. In the red penny English they are in the scroll work on each side of the head. Letters in corners are of no account except in plating a sheet. Forgeries are told by faults in the endeavour to imitate the original, mostly in the design, but sometimes by the absence of the watermarks, difference of paper, or perforation. **Natal.**—Thank you very much for specimens of the new ½d. E.R.I. Transvaals. I have seen a large collection of Pietersburgs. They are interesting if a genuine issue. Gibbons' monthly journal for September contained their full history. **C. H.**—Of Transvaal and Orange River Colony V.R.I. stamps, it is impossible to say yet whether used will be rarer than unused. Up to now the supply has consisted almost entirely of unused. Stanley Gibbons publish a colour chart, which they call a colour dictionary, at 2s. 6d. Gibraltar, 1 peseta, 1889, used, is catalogued at 3s. 6d. It is a rising stamp. **H. L. Levy.**—Your black Finland is simply a mourning label, issued by the opponents to Russian control, and not a postage stamp. Value *nil*, except as an historical curiosity. **A. H. G. S.**—Your New South Wales 8d., "square shape," watermark 8, is catalogued 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. **Stampist.**—English 1d. red is catalogued at 1d., used. Stamps overprinted "specimen" are worth little. **W. H. I.** (PLYMOUTH).—Plate numbers of ½d., English have bottoms of figures towards the circle. Ivory heads show up at the back of the stamp. Fine copies are worth several times the value of an ordinary copy. **R. H. C.**—Catalogue value of large size India 2r. used is 9d.; 3r., 1s.; and 5r., 1s. 9d. Gwalior's: 3p., 3d.; ½a., 1d.; 1a., 2d.; 1a. 6p., 8d.; 2a., 5d.; 4a., 2s. Without Gwalior: ½a., 1d.; 1a., 2d.

THE WOOING OF JUNGLY



BY E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS

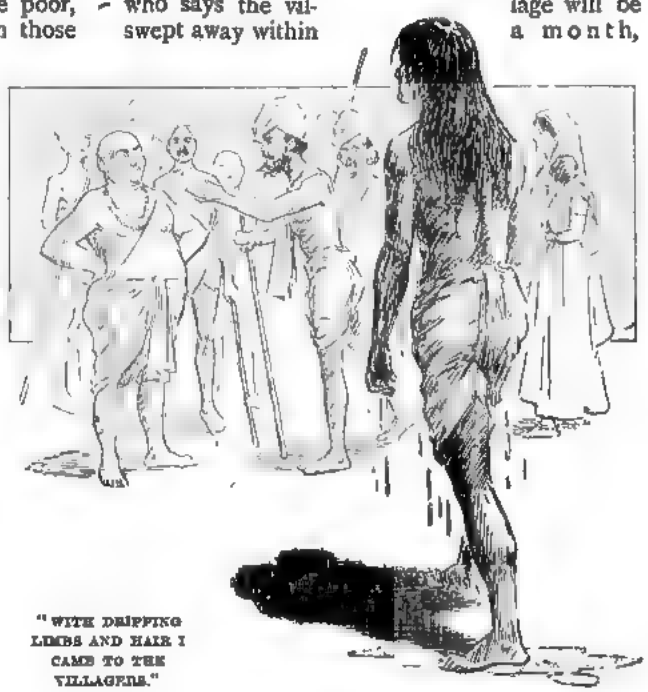
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

"SEE, sahib, the muggers lay their eggs above high-water mark this year. There will be a great flooding of the river before the time of hatching. It was even so these ten years gone, when the great flood came and swept away many villages, and men and cattle past all counting. In those days, sahib, I was but a youth of nineteen summers, a jungle child, knowing naught of the world. Yet the memory of that time is sweet in the mouth—sweet as sugar-cane juice. For, protector of the poor, I, who am a lone man, had a mate in those days, a mate I fought a village to obtain, and saved from the raging Gunga in flood time.

"The sahib would hear the story of that courting? The sahib has a great heart, else what should he care for the joys and sorrows of his slave, who is only a black man?

"It fell that on a day I was standing on the banks of the Gunga, and there I noticed the muggers laid their eggs a full 10ft. above the highest water mark, which I had found meant a flood, and a great one this time it was going to be. Across the river lay the village of Chunnia, but 5ft. above high-water mark, on a tail of land which would be utterly washed away in such a flood. Therefore it arose in my mind that I would warn the headman of the village about this matter, though by choice I scarce went near a village, being a man of the woods from my birth. The river was shrunk to a stream of some hundred cubits. This I swam, and with dripping limbs and hair I came to the villagers telling them of their danger, and the flood that was to come, but I told them not how I came by this knowledge. Me they took, wet and dripping, to their village temple, where their offerings for good rains and harvest were piled before the fat priest of Vishnoo.

"'Ho! priest of Vishnoo! Here comes one who says the village will be swept away within a month,



"WITH DRIPPING LIMBS AND HAIR I CAME TO THE VILLAGERS."

and our lands flooded. What sayest thou to it? Thou hast taken our money, and promised us good and prosperous times,' cried the angry crowd.

"The fat priest's yellow skin put on a grey shine about the temples and cheeks when he saw how angry were the villagers, and also because he feared some priest or astrologer of the city had made the prophecy, but when he saw me in their midst he was reassured, and laughed.

"'Where did ye catch this wild beast? Did someone say it could speak?'

"'Cease thy jesting,' spoke the headman, in great wrath. 'He is no more wild than thyself, and there is more truth in his face than was ever uttered by thy tongue, thou father of liars.'

"'These are evil times, indeed,' whined the priest, shrinking from the anger of the headman and addressing the people, 'when the word of a priest does not count in the balance against the jabbering of an ape.'

"'Then apes know things which are beyond the knowledge of the priests,' answered the headman. 'Remember ye not, O my brothers, how the engineer sahib who came this way three years ago told us that the river was undercutting the bank, and that the village would be no safe place in a heavy flood, and the council would have decided we should remove to the village on the ghat, only for the cunning talk of this priest, who would lose his fat living thereby. And week by week, and month by month, he takes our offerings of money and food, and gives promises of prosperity to come, when he knows of the danger that hangs over our heads.'

"'I said naught against the man of science,' answered the priest, glad to draw the villagers into a discussion in which he was sure to win, 'for the knowledge of the white race is great in such matters; but I am minded that he spoke of a danger far distant, whereas this man speaks of sudden destruction. Now, seeing that he is wholly unlettered, his words must be a prophecy.'

"The people made a sound of assent.

"'But who among men can prophesy unless he be instructed by God or the devil?' asked the priest.

"True, oh priest!' cried the villagers. 'There are none.'

"'Then it behoves us to find out whence this man received this knowledge. If it is from above, then we will desert the village as a thing accursed, but if we find it is from the evil one, then we must treat him as such are treated, and let him perish amid such torments as we can devise.'

"'The priest is right,' cried several voices; and even the headman had naught to say against the proposal.

"NEVER HAD I SEEN A BEING SO FAIR."

"Then they asked me the question, and I, understanding nothing of the guile of priests, and the madness of the people in religious matters, told them how I came to know these things.

"'Said I not so,' screamed the fat priest, with joy. 'He received the knowledge from the beasts of the river. Can a man talk with reptiles and serpents unless he have dealings with their master, the archdemon? No! Then I declare his prophecy is false, and as by his own showing he knoweth witchcraft, let him be destroyed as ye know how to destroy such.'

"Then the mob seemed to have gone mad, and howled like jackals. They surrounded me, and, seizing me on all sides, yelled, 'To the burning ghat with him!' and while some went for rope to bind me, and others to bring firewood, I made no resistance for a space.

"For, sahib, while the discussion was going on I had seen a sight which was to me the most wondrous in the world. Hearing the disturbance, many women had left their work and come running to join the crowd. Amongst them came a maiden from the priest's quarters, who, I could see, was the Brahmin's daughter. Never had I seen a being so fair; she seemed a

dream maiden that had forgotten to vanish with the night. Of what avail to describe her? Many words could not tell how beautiful she was. Yet more wonderful than her wondrous beauty was the strange memory that came to me at the sight of her, for there seemed to awake in me a dim recollection of a time, years and years ago, when I knew and loved that face. And I, a lad of nineteen, felt like a very old man trying to recollect what had passed scores and scores of years ago, and presently, as I struggled to recollect, the dark fog of forgetfulness was rent for a moment, and I saw a bright picture through the mist, a picture of a man and a woman living happily in a forest home. The man was myself, and the woman the maid before me.

"Then I knew I had found her who was to be my wife. 'Twas but for an instant that picture lived, and the fog of forgetfulness closed again. And I looked into the eyes of the maiden and I spoke in my heart these words, 'Dost thou remember?' And in the dark eyes of the maid came the answer, 'I also remember.' And a great joy came to me, so that I forgot where I was, and scarce knew what the crowd meant by shouting, 'To the burning ghat! To the burning ghat!'

"Then I began to understand they were about to burn me for dealings with the evil one, and with that thought I awoke like a man from a dream.

"They bound my arms with a cord, and brought me near a pile of faggots, on which they poured oil to make it burn the better. The mob danced round me yelling like furies, the women more frenzied than the men. My love alone stood aloof, looking on with sorrowful eyes.

"In those days, sahib, I was strong; my muscles were as springs of steel, and my strength was as the strength of a jungle bull. With a blow of my fist I had broken the skull of a black panther, and there were no two men who could have overcome me in a fair fight. But against fifty what can a man do, however strong? Yet the eyes of my love were upon me, and I desired greatly to show her I was a man worthy of her love. So I quickly cast about in my mind how I should escape. We were on one of the piers of the burning ghat, which was some 20ft. above the water. Could I but break my bonds, burst through the crowd, and dive into the river! None could catch me once I was in the water.

"Putting all my strength into my arms I strained against the rope just as they were making ready to put me on the pile, and to my joy the grass ropes gave—first one, then the other—yet they hung about my chest and arms, and none perceived in the excitement I was free.

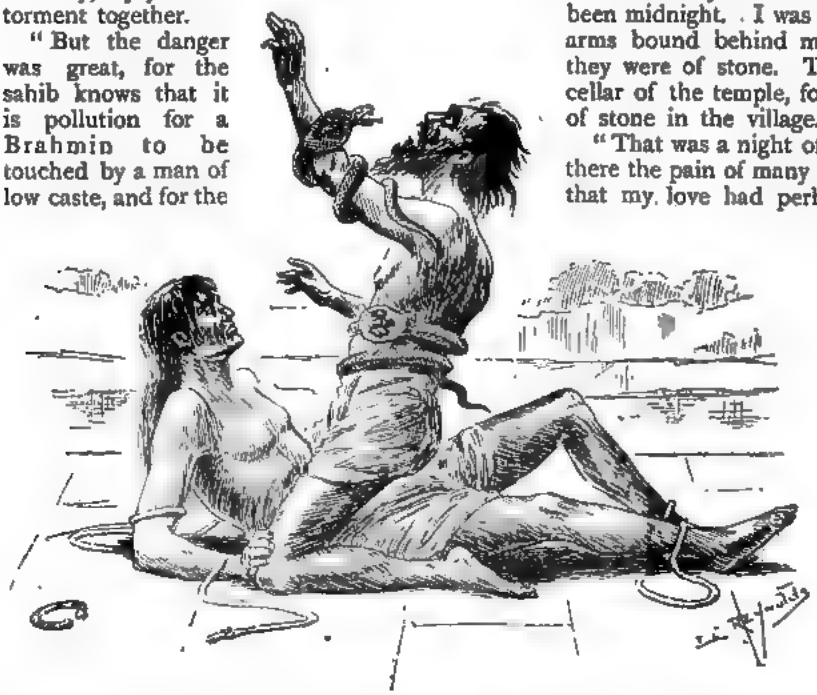
"Putting down my head I charged the crowd between me and the river, and with a sudden rush I bore down five men; then with blows I felled two others in my path. There were only some four or five between me and liberty, but these now saw how matters stood and came at me in a body. The first was a small man, and counted as nothing against me. Him I took by the legs, and used as a club. I swung him round my head, skull crashed on skull, and I had felled a man with him; two only remained, and I felt I had nearly gained my liberty when an old hag ran at me, and, twining her bony fingers in my long hair, hung on to it, shrieking hideously, and before I could shake her off I was overpowered by numbers. I was soon on my back with a heavy man kneeling on my chest, while others held my limbs or ran to fetch cord to bind me with. Overhead the sun shone on the dancing leaves of a sacred peepul tree, and I saw two cobras playing on a withered branch above my head. How I longed they would fall among my enemies and put them to flight! The old hag came and stamped on my face with her foot, screaming curses. Wrenching an arm free I dragged off the soft white-metal anklet she was wearing, and, with a sudden movement, flung it at the branch overhead. It is hard to throw when one is on his back, but I was well practised in those days, and even now I never miss. The anklet struck the branch full, and at the shock the entwined snakes fell and hung like a necklace on the neck of the man upon me. Then the snakes turned in their anger and bit him, and he cried aloud with pain and terror. None having seen where the cobras came from, 'twas thought it was due to magic, and the crowd fled, screaming aloud that I was helped by the devil and produced snakes at will—all except the man who sat on me; he staggered a few paces and fell dead, for the snakes had bitten him repeatedly.

"I was now free, so I sprang up, and, seizing one of the cobras by the tail, I put my foot upon its back, pulling it through the hollow of the foot quickly till the head stuck—as the sahib has seen me catch snakes. Then I took it behind the head in my fingers, the snake coiling and uncoiling its tail about my arm. The people ran shrieking from me as I went. All but my love, who stood fearlessly where she was, and laughed to see me hold the snake like a plaything in my hand. Her I kissed upon the mouth, and, telling her to meet me at nightfall near the bamboo grove, I flung the snake

into the village temple, sprang into the river, and swam to the other shore.

"On that day, and for many days after, I swam the river at nightfall and met my love within the bamboo grove. Those pleasant days of courtship, sahib, will ever live in my memory, a joy and a torment together.

"But the danger was great, for the sahib knows that it is pollution for a Brahmin to be touched by a man of low caste, and for the daughter of a Brahmin to have married me would have been a crime unspeakable. Had her father knowledge of our meetings he would have killed us both; therefore we had to observe much caution.



"THEN THE SNAKES TURNED IN THEIR ANGER AND BIT HIM."

"Great was the love the woman bore me, for she would forsake caste and creed, friends and home, to live with me in the jungle. And because the flood was now due we planned a flight; thus she should leave the doomed village and the foolish people who took no heed of my warning. That day I saw signs that the flood would come between the setting of that sun and the next, and in the night, when I swam the stream, there was a whisper of the coming rush of waters in the voice of the river and in the quickening current.

"But the crafty priest had found out our secret. That night I went to the bamboo grove at the appointed hour, but she was not there. As I sat on a log waiting, something stirred amid the leaves of the mowah tree above. I raised my head to look upward, and on that instant a net fell about me, such as they take deer in, and before I could escape, some ten jawans, all picked men and strong, came out from among the bamboos and fell upon me with their clubs; till I, helpless in the net, swooned under their heavy blows.

"When my senses came again it must have been midnight. I was in a dark room with my arms bound behind me. I felt the walls, and they were of stone. Thus I knew I was in a cellar of the temple, for it was the only house of stone in the village.

"That was a night of torment; not only was there the pain of many wounds, but the thought that my love had perhaps been killed by her evil father, or was suffering some inhuman torture of his devising, pained me like the clutch of iron fingers about my heart.

"Then, sahib, something happened that changed my thoughts for a space. A little tremble went through the walls and floor of the temple. After a time again the floor trembled under me like a horse as he scents a tiger in the jungle. Up near the roof was a gap in the wall — a breathing hole. Through it I heard a distant wailing, which changed to a loud roaring sound, and I could see in my mind's eye the huge wave of water, with its yellow crest of foam, a mile or more in length, rushing over the dry sand —Gunga's charger thundering down the river bed, racing for the sea. The temple shook to its foundations, as a bridge shakes on the passing of a heavy train. Then I thought of my great danger should the temple fall into the water, as I was sure it would do. I tried to break the cords that bound my arms, but this time they were of great strength, and held me fast. I stood up and walked round the walls till I came to a projecting corner; against this I rubbed the cord, and after much rubbing I cut the rope which bound me, and my limbs were free. But the door was locked on the outside, and I could not burst it open. In the distance I could hear a loud boom! boom! and I knew the banks were caving in as the great flood grew in strength. Then there were other sounds—the falling of village huts

alongside, and cries of drowning ones. Suddenly the walls of the temple rocked from side to side, like a man rocks on the back of an elephant, and with a great noise the outer wall rent and stood apart from top to bottom, and the waters, rushing in with great force, flattened me against the farther wall, and held me helpless there till the water could rise no farther. Then I made haste to swim through the rent, but found to my grief that I could not pass through the crevice. I swam round and round that small cell for a long time, the water climbing with the rising flood till it was only a foot from the ceiling, against which I sometimes struck my head as I swam, fearing that my last hour was now come. Then, without any noise, part of the outer wall sank away and I swam out into the flood; but I had not made many strokes when I heard a grinding and rending behind me, and the tall spire of the temple leant towards the river and fell in, and I swear to you, sahib, by the sacred Gunga, so great was the force of that fall that I was lifted up on the crest of a wave full 15ft. high, for the falling temple had almost struck me. After that I drifted with the stream, for to swim was hardly possible. The current drove me along with great force, and I came against many creatures, living and dead—wild animals and cattle, and now and then a man—for there was light to see, it being about two hours to sunrise.

"I looked back to see how the village had fared, but there was no sign of the place; even the trees had been uprooted and swept away. A fat man was struggling with the stream a short distance from me, one who could not swim, but his fat kept him afloat for a space. A drowning jackal tried to find a footing on his back, and pressed him under water, but the stream tore it away. The man, seeing me, cried for help, and then I knew him for the priest of Vishnoo.

"'Let him perish,' thought I, but the agony in his face softened my heart, and I tried with all the force of my body to reach him. I was succeeding, and there was but some 6ft. left between us, when the long black locks of a woman's hair and the gleam of fair skin rose between me and the priest, and I knew I had found my love, spent and dying, in the raging waters. Her I took on my bosom, and, turning on my back, swam in that fashion down stream. I looked again at the priest, and the fear of death in his face was frightful to see. Knowing his last chance gone, he cursed me with vile curses, yet the flood hurried us on for a time side by side till a whirlpool took him and he spun like a top in those waters, until he was slowly drawn down into the nether current, and so disappeared from sight.

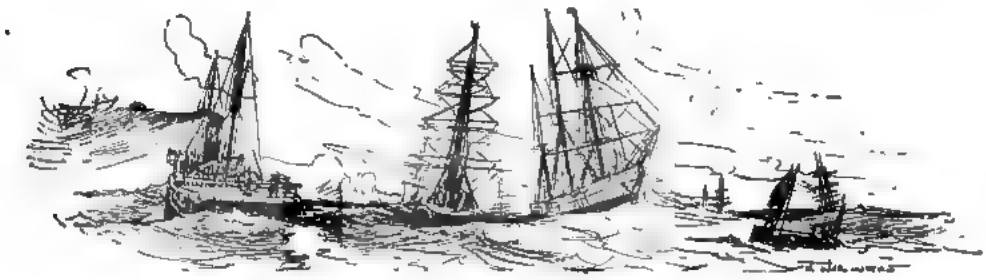
"Two hours was I fighting with the flood. Several headlands had I been swept by without being able to land, so great was the strength of

"THEREON I TOOK REFUGE WITH MY LOVE."

the river; yet it buoyed me up, for who could have swum in still water so long with a burden such as mine?

"At one time I felt I could swim no more and must sink, so wearied was I fighting with the waters, but then a great mango tree drifted by with its torn roots and wide-spreading branches; thereon I took refuge with my love, still unconscious, which rested me very greatly. Then we got into sluggish water, and again I essayed to swim, and this time, being out of the current, I managed to reach the land.

"Thereafter followed many happy days, living in our jungle home. But, alas! great sir, that year of happiness passed like the shadow of a cloud in the desert. For Parmeshwar, who without doubt knows what is good for a man, took her; and as the smoke of the faggots rose into the skies above, my heart followed also."



"CURIOUS CUSTOMS."

"CUSTOMS AMONG THE RED INDIANS."

By Beatrice Paya Le Sueur.

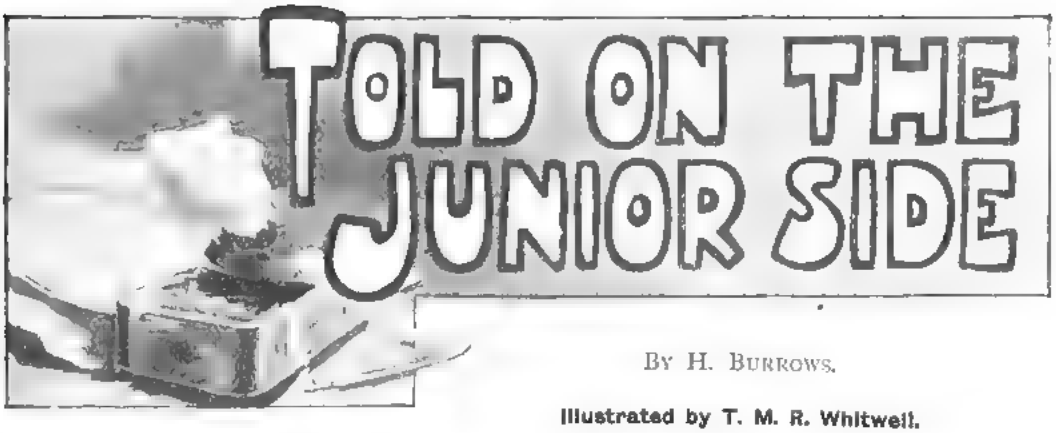
These are very strange people. They seem to feel neither heat nor cold. The men dress in great heavy blankets, winter and summer alike. Some of the more wealthy have beautiful beaded buckskin suits, which would cost a great deal of money if bought from them, and are only worn on great occasions. The squaws and girls wear clothes of the brightest hues and the strangest combinations — such as orange and purple, red and blue, yellow and bright green.

They have a very strange way of travelling about with all their possessions. An Indian is seldom seen going any distance without a train of cayuses, his squaw, a number of children, and several snarlish, wolf-like dogs. They make a very amusing picture, especially when several ride on one horse. I have seen as many as four children riding behind a great squaw, all on one horse. It looks very ridiculous, especially as they have such ugly piebald horses.

In summer they all live in tents, which look very dirty and blackened with smoke. But in winter they live in log shanties. After "Treaty Day," in August, they leave their "reserve," and go hunting in the mountains. When they come back, about Christmas time, their horses are laden with furs and venison, which they trade off for blankets, provisions, and trinkets.

They are extremely lazy, and it is almost impossible to get them to do any kind of work. The women do all the work about the camp; chopping wood, carrying water, and picketing the horses, while the men idly lounge about and smoke.

It is the custom for the Indians to celebrate May 24th, the late Queen's birthday, by a large picnic. This year (1901) they spent the day the same as usual. They meet on a large flat piece of country, and have dinner. They erect little bowers, made with branches of trees, to protect them from the heat, and cook their meat by hanging it on a tripod arrangement, and building a fire underneath. Later on a collection is made for prize money, and races on horseback and on foot take place, besides various other sports.



By H. Burrows.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.—ABOUT A COUNTERPANE.

WHENEVER I see you youngsters indulging in various kinds of sweetmeats, my memory always flies to those old school feasts which we used to have in the bedroom. Why we invariably pitched upon the bedroom for a feast may not at first sight be quite apparent. It was exceedingly uncomfortable, you made your bed in an awful mess, etiquette forbade you to invite any of your chums who did not sleep in the dormitory, and, generally speaking, the banquet was attended by every possible disadvantage. But then it possessed one great attraction, which is ever dear to the youthful mind. It was strictly forbidden. And this circumstance was, of course, sufficient to outweigh all other considerations.

To begin with, the difficulty of smuggling the grub upstairs was a source of delightful excitement. There are limits even to the capacity of a boy's pockets, and it is not easy to conceal things underneath an Eton jacket. You see, they were never meant to button, and masters are so suspicious! I recollect that for a long time our custom was to manifest a sudden affection for our top hat, and to insist on carrying it up to bed with us. And this succeeded very well until on one sad occasion—but I will reserve that anecdote for another time. The particular feast that is present in my mind happened in this wise:—

Carter's mother had been ill-advised enough to send him a hamper, which included, amongst other dainties, two or three tins of sardines. Now, at a time all small boys are supposed to be asleep, we were getting on very well with these, and were all quite happy except young Lewis, whose knife we had borrowed to open the tins. I think it took three of us to borrow that knife, and when we returned it Lewis complained that we had broken two of the best blades, and converted the third into something like a saw. Some fellows never will sacrifice themselves for the good of the company!

So young Lewis sulked, and, being sulky, it occurred to him to accuse Bannister of helping himself out of his turn. There was a hot denial, a bit of a scuffle, and over went the sardines. Carter and I rushed to restore peace to the room, and the fish to their box; but though we were successful in pouring oil on the troubled waters, it was quite another matter to pour the oil back into the tins. You should just have seen the counterpane. And on my bed, too!

And then there ensued many recriminations, followed by an anxious consultation. And a brilliant idea occurred to Bannister. "Let's wash it!" said he.

Now, we did not know much about washing such things, but we did know there was a pump in the playground. So a rope was knitted out of sheets and blankets, and one by one, Carter, Bannister, and I were lowered out of the window, and then the counterpane was flung down to us. Carter took hold of one end and I held the other, and Bannister pumped with might and main, whilst a dozen eager youths watched us from the window, and shouted encouragement and advice.

At last Bannister ceased pumping.

"How is it now?" asked Carter anxiously.

"I am afraid it is not much better," confessed Bannister ruefully; and, as far as we could judge by the light of the moon, that was a very mild way of putting it.

"Here, come out of it, young Bannister," quoth I—he was really a few months older than myself, but I could always lick Bannister,

so, of course, I called him young —"let me have a go."

Forthwith I went to work with vigour, when suddenly the window of the master's bedroom opened and an awful voice thundered forth the inquiry: "Who is there?" And, would you believe it?—those beastly sneaks hauled up the rope and shut down their window, leaving us to shiver there in the playground.

"Who's there?" repeated the master; and for answer we made ourselves as small as we could, and crouched in the friendly shadows.

Bang went the window, and we guessed a warm time was coming.

"Let's bolt for it!"

"Where, where?"

"The schoolroom?"

"That's locked."

"The field?"

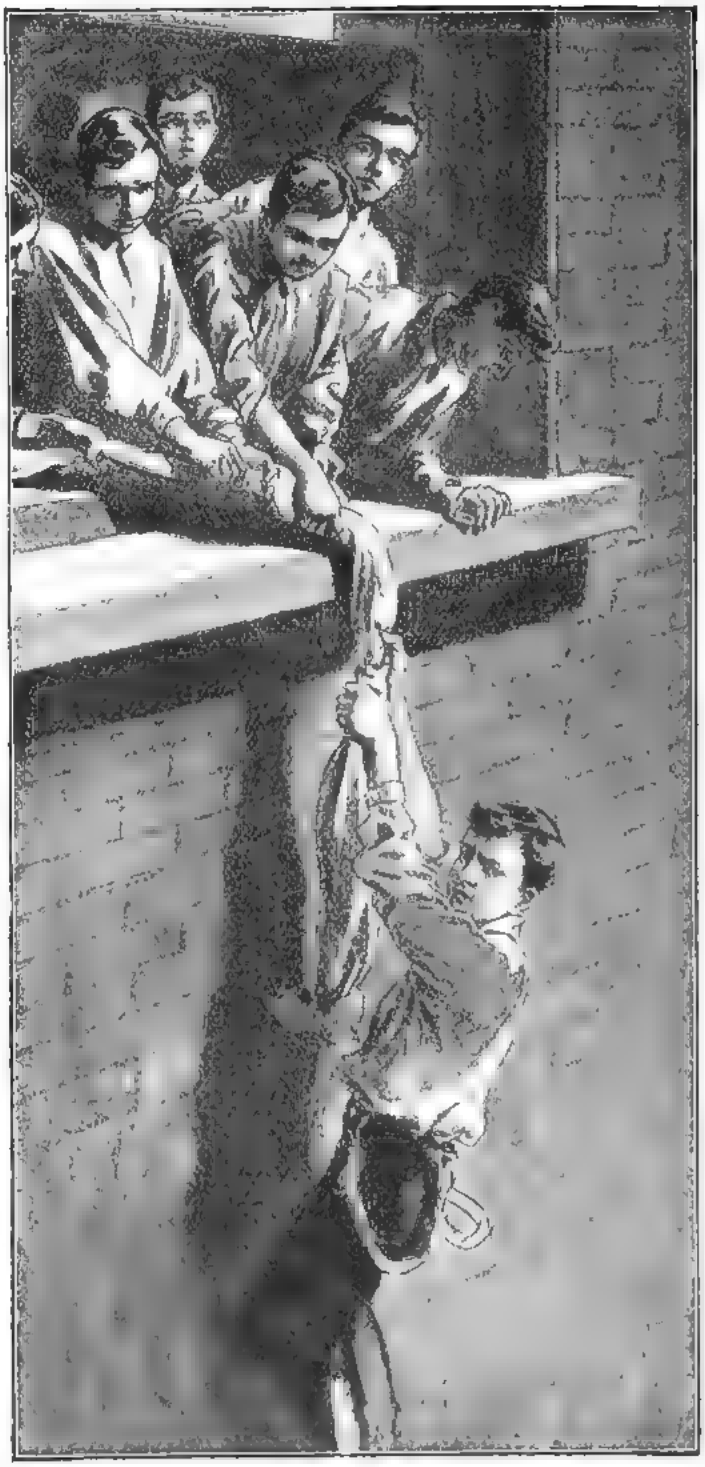
"He'll spot us climbing the wall."

"The stable?"

"Ah, that'll do! Come on!"

Off we went, dragging that wretched counterpane with us, and were sheltering in the stable in a trice. But there a fresh danger awaited us. The fool of a horse commenced to neigh. We seized a nose bag, and simply crammed his head into it. Poor horse! I am afraid, in common with other scholastic institutions, he suffered many things at our hands; but I doubt if he was ever quite so astonished as he was on that occasion.

Thud! thud! thud! and peering through the stable window we saw a procession of three emerge from the master's house. First came the butler, carrying in front of him a huge carriage lantern at the end of a pole. Next came the house master, armed with a life-preserver in one hand and a poker in the other. We were relieved to note that it was not another instrument. Last, and a good bit in the rear, came the senior classic. He seemed rather



CARTER, BANNISTER, AND I WERE LOWERED OUT OF THE WINDOW.

nervous, and kept well behind the others. I fancy he did not care very much about the job.

We watched them make for the schoolroom, heard the key turn, and saw them enter.

"They will be here next," quoth Carter; "where now?"

"Up in the loft?" queried Bannister.

"They'll search that, stupid!"

"Suppose we bolt back through the master's house?" said I.

For a moment Carter and Bannister were aghast at the idea of entering the enemy's camp, but it was clearly the only thing to be done. So away we fled, luckily forgetting in our hurry to close the stable door, and made our way through the master's house with that miserable counterpane still trailing after us. As we reached the house-master's room we crept steadily in, and peered out of the window for tidings of the foe. We were just in time to see them emerge from the schoolroom, and, the open door of the stable attracting their attention, the procession at once proceeded in that direction, whilst we resumed our retreat.

But before we could reach the comparative safety of the boys' dormitories, it occurred to us with horror that we should have to pass by the bedroom of the German master. Suppose he had been awakened by the noise? With our hearts in our mouths we crept up to the room, but the sonorous grunts which saluted our ears gave us courage to peer in. Without doubt he was sleeping, and that right soundly; although, judging from appearances, he was not one fond of warmth. The sheet was thrown lightly over his body, the blanket kicked ignominiously off the bed, and there, neatly folded up and put away in the corner as an article never used, *was the counterpane.* Obviously it had been there for weeks, and would probably remain unused till the end of the term. At once the same thought occurred to all three of us. Dare we?

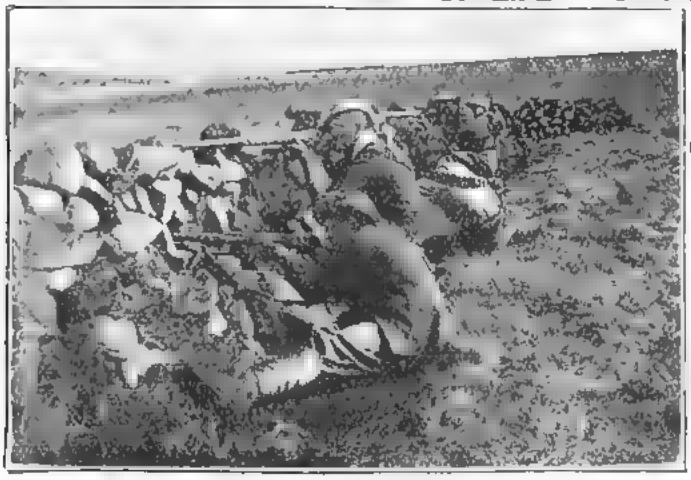
Well, we could not make matters much worse, and if we did not get rid of our tell-tale burden somehow, the morrow was bound to be a sad one.

Quickly we folded up our counterpane, taking care to put the only clean corner upwards. Cautiously we stole into the room.

One swift glance at the sleeping master to make sure that he was not shamming, and then the exchange was effected, and we were scampering off to our room. Not a moment too soon! Scarcely were we in bed when there came the sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened, and once more the now familiar procession appeared, and perambulated suspiciously round the dormitory. But, dear me, how soundly we all slept, to be sure!

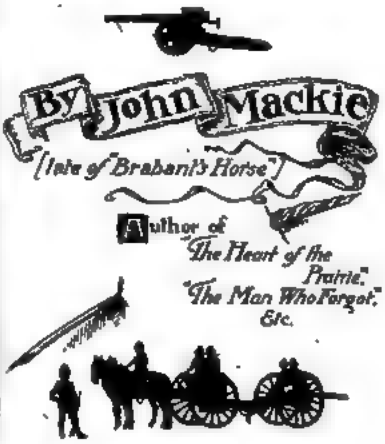
And the next morning at breakfast the master cleared his throat, and remarked that he had something to say to the boys; whereat we felt rather uncomfortable, for you know what it is to have a guilty conscience.—Ah! you do, do you? I must make a note of that!—But there was no cause for alarm. He had got it into his head that the school had been raided by tramps or burglars, and that his valour had frightened them off. So he said he thought he had better tell us, as it was sure to come to our ears, and he felt he could trust us not to be scared. And we all arose as one man, or I should say as one boy, and said we weren't frightened, we weren't; we were British boys, we were. And the dear old gentleman was so pleased with our pluck that he then and there decreed a special half-holiday!

Tales of the Trenches



THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE [redacted].

From a snapshot by O. R. Prance, R.H.



Illustrated by George Soper.

VII.—MICKY NOLAN.

I.

TERENCE MACNAMARA'S eyes became thoughtful and reminiscent before speaking.

"Faix now," he said, "an' if only Micky Nolan wir here, be'd raise a plum-duff sthuck thick wid raisins an' sich like dilicacies in less than no time whativer!"

"But, you see, he's not here," commented the matter-of-fact Macpherson, "an' as the morn's Christmas—though I prefer to haud the New Year mysel'—I'm thinkin' it's time to ha'e the kettles on the fire, an' something in them."

"Some of those Wepener pumpkins for instance," suggested Devine with a tinge of sadness in his voice. Then, with a sigh, "And, by jove, they were pumpkins—weren't they, Macpherson? and to think we had to leave them behind us after all!"

Our little mess, consisting of those who had just spoken, the Long 'Un, Reynolds, and myself, were discussing the prospects of a Christmas dinner on the morrow, and, considering what we then knew, or rather did not know, concerning the enterprise of our comrades in the commissariat line, it seemed the prospects were all we were ever likely to discuss.

True, the resourceful Macnamara had entered the tent on the previous day with a furtive air and a truly noble goose wrapped in a blanket, but, as we knew he could not have been out of camp, we forbore to ask questions with a delicate consideration for his already overburdened conscience. We had all agreed to contribute to the banquet, but, as yet, little seemed to have been done in the matter. Macnamara had promised to supply the pudding, so that now his regretful reference to the eternally quoted Micky Nolan was surprising and disappointing. We were all heartily sick of hearing about his wonderful friend, whom secretly we looked upon as a species of Mrs. Harris. As for the goose, I admit I was secretly uneasy about our being able to retain legal possession of it until it was finally disposed of. I had to visit an outpost that afternoon, and thought I might be able to supplement our larder on the way. I asked the others what they had been able to do in the catering line.

Then Macpherson, of Wepener and football fame, disclosed how he had been able to come by two bottles of what he called "Mountain Dew" of the famous "White Horse Cellar" brand.

"The dacent man it belongit to," he said, "had guid judgment in Scotch, but he's a teetotaller just at preesent."

This unexpected and agreeable piece of news seemed to liven up the company. Reynolds announced that he had bought a couple of fat chickens at a Kaffir kraal on the previous day;

the Long 'Un had somehow secured a nose-bag full of oranges, and Devine pleaded guilty to having purchased a few pounds of cheese from a source he neglected to mention. The pudding was the only thing wanting.

From where we sat we could see the Provost-marshal's cook at work a hundred yards or so away. We saw him with something in his hand resembling an old-fashioned cannon-ball wrapped in white cloth. He then approached a large bucket on the fire and dropped it in.

"There's corn in Aigypt!" exclaimed Macnamara, with that old light in his eyes which I always associated with inspiration.

"You don't mean to say you've got designs upon the police officer's pudding, Mac?" inquired the Long 'Un.

"He'll want to be as invisible as his friend Micky Nolan if he has," chipped in the Kid uncharitably, and with an astuteness beyond his years.

"Shoo!" lightly said the Irishman, "an' d'ye think it's a man like Micky Nolan wud be throublin' his head about sich like? No, me bhoys, he laves that to the likes av you!"

It was generally a mistake to measure words with Terence.

As if to avoid further controversy he went over to a biscuit box and took therefrom a square piece of unbleached linen and a can of rice which had evidently gone bad and was full of all sorts of horrors. He put the latter into a tin dish, added some coarse mealie meal, baking powder and water, mixed the lot together, and tied the whole up in the cloth.

"If you think you're going to palm that off on us, Terence dear, you're making a big mistake," remarked Devine, who had been looking on disgustedly. "Ugh! and you used a dirty tent-peg to stir it with—I saw you!"

But Terence only smiled in a way which from former experiences of him satisfied me that he was justified in his actions. He might certainly be excitable, and have a trick of doing all the talking in the course of a projected conversation, but he was discretion and reticence itself when he had one of his little schemes on hand. Those who knew him best now watched his movements with no little interest.

He took the box, knocked one board from the bottom of it, put therein his unspeakable pudding, and covered the whole with his cloth. He then put the box under his arm and prepared to stroll out.

"Macnamara," I said, "I know what you're up to. You're going to ring the changes on the Provost-marshal's pudding. He's a fussy sort of customer, I'll admit, and, like a few more of those chaps, doesn't quite understand colonials and volunteers, but that's his inexperience."

"Who took them ducks t'other day from us whin we wir comin' in from pathrol?" asked Macnamara in no way abashed. "He'd have run us up before the colonel only he wanted them for his own blissed self, shure!"

I remembered the ducks, for which we had paid four shillings apiece to a Dutch vrouw, and how the imperial officer on meeting us had confiscated them. The others seemed to remember this also, for as one man they cried out:—

"Good old Macnamara! Remember the ducks!"

When twenty minutes later Macnamara returned, still carrying the box under his arm, I knew by the light in his eyes that his talented friend Micky Nolan could not have executed a certain little job more successfully.

REYNOLDS HAD BOUGHT A COUPLE OF FAT CHICKENS.

II.

A couple of hours later I took Macnamara and Devine with me to visit the outpost. The country was very hilly, with high precipitous cliffs, deep wooded kloofs, and unexpected little valleys branching off and running, goodness only knew how far, into the plateau. They were generally splendidly grassed, and I noticed that a wagon track led up to each. As we had lots of time we followed some of them up a little way, and on one or two occasions saw picturesque and comfortable stone-built farm-houses and homesteads nestling in sheltered nooks, surrounded by orchards of quinces and other fruits. All those houses, we noticed, flew

something resembling a white flag. This was the invariable custom in South Africa whenever British forces were in the neighbourhood, whether the house might be peaceably inclined or full of ignorant, fanatical assassins.

We reached the outpost in good time, waited there an hour or so, and then prepared to go back to camp. The non-com. in charge told us that although the main laager of the Boers was only some half-dozen miles away, they had not seen anything of them—not even their scouts of late.

"Macnamara," I observed, when we had left the outpost about a mile behind us, "don't you think we took a roundabout sort of way to come here? If we followed up this narrow valley, for instance, and could manage to cross over on to the head of another running north, I fancy we'd save half the distance."

"Faix, an' it was juist what I was thinkin meeself," observed Terence, "an' maybe at the same time we'd strike a bit of a place where we'd git a few egga. If Micky Nolan were here now, it's 'xactly what he'd be advisin'. Shure, an' a rare feller for eggs was Micky!"

THE DOOR WAS SLAMMED IN MY FACE.

I resented this unsolicited testimonial on behalf of his absent friend, but merely suggesting that we'd better keep our eyes about us, I led the way along the slight waggon track that skirted the creek and travelled up the valley in question.

"By the way, Macnamara," I observed, as at length we rode shoulder to shoulder, and Devine followed close at our heels, "I've heard you talk a good deal about your old mate Micky Nolan—how is it you came to separate? I understand he came with you to South Africa."

I don't know that I really had any interest in his friend. In point of fact I felt just then in no particularly gracious mood towards one who was for ever being flung at my head as a superior being.

"Throth now, an' it's that ye may well be arskin'!" was the reply, with a show of awakened interest. "It's somethin' I'd be givin' meeself to find out where Micky Nolan might be. It was in Johannesburg we both wir when the war bruk out. We wir to have met and comed away together wid the last thrain goin' south, but Micky he niver turned up, an' it's onaisy in my mind I am about him, shure!"

"Perhaps he joined the Boers, Mac," suggested the Kid unguardedly.

But Macnamara turned on him such a torrent of scathing abuse at the mere mention of such a contingency that Devine was sorry he had spoken. So was I for the matter of that, because for the next quarter of an hour we had the high-souled principles and many virtues of the god-like hero hurled at our diminished heads in every shape and form. If there was a loyal man in South Africa, it was surely Micky Nolan.

It was a painful speech, but we had brought it all on ourselves. It was providentially cut short by Devine.

"By jove, Mac, look there!" he cried, as if lost in admiration. "If that's not a sight for sore eyes!"

We looked, and about a mile off, among the

trees, and facing down the valley, we saw one of the most picturesque farmsteads it had ever been our lot to witness. The valley just before us widened out surprisingly, and there were two or three splendid fields under crop fenced in with barbed wire and stone posts. The farmhouse, which peeped from among the trees, was built in the old Dutch style with quaint gables and chimneys, and little dormer windows peeping from the heavily thatched roof. In front was what was evidently a fine garden. It was a very superior sort of place indeed, and it seemed strange to find it hidden away in such an out-of-the-way spot. The most promising feature of the situation was that there was no white flag displayed. With my splendid large size Zeiss glasses I could detect a faint track behind it leading upwards along the face of the valley to the plateau above. It was very unlikely that this place had been visited by our troops, and therefore we should require to be cautious in approaching.

It was decided that Devine should made a détour so as to avoid observation, and striking the track again some distance behind the farmstead, hide himself among the trees, and there await our coming. I gave him the glasses so that he might keep an eye on the situation generally. If anything happened to us he could ride to the camp, and let them know of it. When I think of it now we took too many risks in visiting those outlying places.

Macnamara and I waited for half an hour or so until we thought Devine must have reached the rendezvous we had agreed upon, and then made for the house. We kept as much as possible out of sight until we got close up, and then went quickly towards it. We thought it strange that there was not as much as a dog or Kaffir about. We jumped off our horses at the back door, which stood wide open, and I knocked.

In less than a minute a fat Dutch vrouw with an expressionless face stood before us.

What did we rooineks want? she asked. Did we think that the Dutch were as deaf as the consciences of the English folk that we should hammer upon her door so? Had we come to beg or to steal? Ach! but all the English were thieves. Her uncle Pieter had been in England, and he discovered that what he had mistaken for palaces were gaols; so it must be true.

It was very rude of me, perhaps, but I could not help laughing in her face. I had heard it all before, and felt sorry for the ignorance that bred such absurdities. The reference to the palaces had proved too much for my gravity. It put me in mind of the story of the American who went home happy in the belief that the Calton Gaol in Edinburgh was the castle!

"Madam," I said, as sweetly as I could, "had we wanted to steal we need not have knocked at your door. I came to see if you could sell us any fowls, or eggs, or mealie meal. We will pay you your own prices for them, if they are in reason."

Ach! might the good Lord forgive us, but did we think she was a fool? Did we think that she, whose cousin Jan was an elder of the church, would take the word of a blasphemous rooinek! But perhaps if we paid beforehand at the rate of five shillings a head for the hens—to be chosen by herself—and four shillings a dozen for eggs, she might perhaps accommodate us.

We were just on the point of wishing her good afternoon when a girl came from an inner passage and stood on the doorstep. As soon as I saw her I knew at once that we had been talking to a servant of the house, and that this was the real mistress. I confess to having been considerably taken aback at seeing such an altogether smart and beautiful girl buried in such a remote valley, albeit the house and outbuildings spoke of good taste and comparative wealth. She was dressed simply, but in perfect taste; it was obvious that her dresses were not cut in that part of the world. Her dark brown eyes were in strange contrast to the delicate bronze tinge of her hair, which was gathered up over her small ears in a fashion that she certainly had not learned from her neighbours in the Orange River Colony. It was a strikingly mobile and refined face. As I mentally concluded then, and afterwards learned, she came of good old Huguenot stock. Instinctively Macnamara and I lifted our hats.

"You wish to buy some things," she said in perfect English. "I suppose that means you will 'commandeer' if we do not sell? You English have a knack of adding handy words to your language."

She smiled, and spoke, as I thought, with just the faintest trace of irony in her voice.

"It is a compound language," I observed, "and is still growing. I am sorry you should have such a poor opinion of us. In our regiment, or in any other for the matter of that, if we catch any men 'commandeering' on a farm where there are only women, I can assure you it goes very hard with them. I am sorry we made a mistake in coming here, but, believe me, your live stock is quite safe—we sha'n't touch a feather."

"Not a feather, marm, an' you kin watch us safe off the premises," seconded Macnamara, who was a knightly admirer of the fair sex if he was anything.

The girl looked up at him quickly; her eyes lit up, and there was laughter playing about the corners of her lips. I paused in the act of turning to look at her; it was many months since I had

seen anything so fair. The smile faded from her face as quickly as it had sprung into life, and something that I could not help thinking was foreign to its expression took its place. Still she said pleasantly and easily enough :—

"Stay a minute—if there are only you two——"

"That's all, marm, an' not much to look at neither, I'm afraid!" Macnamara hastened to say, with what I thought at the time was unnecessary warmth—and candour.

"But the prices your housekeeper asked I'm afraid are a little beyond us. You are very good, but I don't think we ought to trouble you." Somehow I felt as if we ought not to be lingering there; still, I could not help thinking what a beautiful picture the girl made.

"Well, marm, if you could let us have a little mealie meal, it's very much obliged to you we would be," chipped in Macnamara again with his best company manners.

"Well, you can have that," said the girl, whose years might have numbered nineteen or twenty, "and you can give Tante here just what you are in the habit of giving."

In two minutes more we had tied our horses in the shade, and the girl walked with us over to the stone store. She unlocked the door and walked in. She talked pleasantly enough, but I fancied she looked thoughtful, and there was an almost apprehensive expression in her eyes when they met mine. In my innocence I thought that she found the ways and manners of the rooineks strange. Poor girl, I felt really sorry for her, living in a place cut off from all the rest of the world!

She went to the far end of the gloomy stone store, and pointed to a four-bushel bag of meal.

"If you can find a bag," she said, "you can fill it from this."

We speedily found one, placed our rifles against the wall, and while Macnamara tilted over the sack of meal in his brawny arms, I held the empty bag to receive it.

"Cautious, Mac," I said; "you're spilling it."

The light seemed bad. I lifted my eyes to the doorway, and there, just slipping out, was the girl with our two rifles. In another moment, before I could reach it, the door was slammed in my face, and the key turned in the lock.

CHAPTER III.

As we sat in the darkness, for there was no window to our dungeon, our thoughts were indeed too deep and bitter to be put into words. How I had allowed myself to enter that store against my better judgment and instincts was maddening to contemplate. As for the dark eyes of that girl, was it not strange that once when she lifted them to mine with that half-shy, apprehensive expression, she should made me think of some beautiful siren?

"Macnamara," I groaned, "we're two of the biggest idiots who ever drew the breath of life!"

"Shure now, ye can kick me until ye don't know me face from me back. But, sarjint, dear, wasn't she altogether a swate crathur?"

"Oh, confound her!" I cried; 'you're worse than I am! I'd like to kill her!"

There was a gentle tapping at the thick door.

"Oh, come now, you surely wouldn't go so far as that," said a soft woman's voice. "It's not very pleasant in there, is it—wouldn't you rather be outside?"

"It's well for you we're not," I said stoutly. "You're on the other side of the door, so you can afford to give your real nature a treat. You put me in mind of a tigress that has tasted blood."

"You don't understand me—or won't," she rejoined quickly, and with a hint of resentment. "I really don't come here to mock you—I'm not quite so bad as all that."

"Then what do you come for? And what are you going to do with us?" I demanded.

"My brother was killed by one of your men last week when he might have been taken prisoner instead. My father is commandant of this district, and there will be a man here shortly who can identify the murderer. If neither of you is guilty, I will perhaps ask them to let you go; if you are guilty my father must decide what is to be done with you when you are taken to the laager."

"Then I wish your witness would hurry up, for our regiment only came here three days ago. Why do you ask us if we feel comfortable in this place when you know we're not? Why don't you go away and leave us alone?—we've had enough of you!"

Her beauty now only filled me with an insane hatred of her. If she did not go away I should say something I might be ashamed of afterwards. She had evidently neither a heart nor conscience. I would never believe in woman again as long as I lived. But she tapped, and spoke again :—

"I really am glad to hear you say your regiment only came here three days ago. Still, I must keep you till some of the commando come up; they won't be long. Will you give me your word of honour that if I let you out you will stop with me and wait until then?"

This offer rather took us by surprise. I conferred with Macnamara, and we came to the conclusion that, as we were effectually prisoners

it might be just as well to make the best of things. Then through the keyhole of that door I promised her on my word of honour that we would not try to escape if she let us out.

Just then the fat Boer woman came and interfered. Was her young mistress mad? They would both have their throats cut the moment we got out. She knew the accursed English well; they were born liars, every one of them. But there was a short, impatient exclamation from the girl, the key turned in the lock, the door swung open, and we stepped outside into the bright sunshine. And there stood our fair gaoler, apparently as cool and unconcerned for our safety, and for her own, as could well be imagined.

She came close up to me with the key in her hand, and looked into my eyes—there was a wonderful glamour in those clear dark eyes of hers.

"You have promised to behave yourself," she said, "and I trust you."

"I wish I hadn't trusted you," I remarked sulkily. "Where shall we sit?"

"In the shade here." She motioned to the stoep in the shadow.

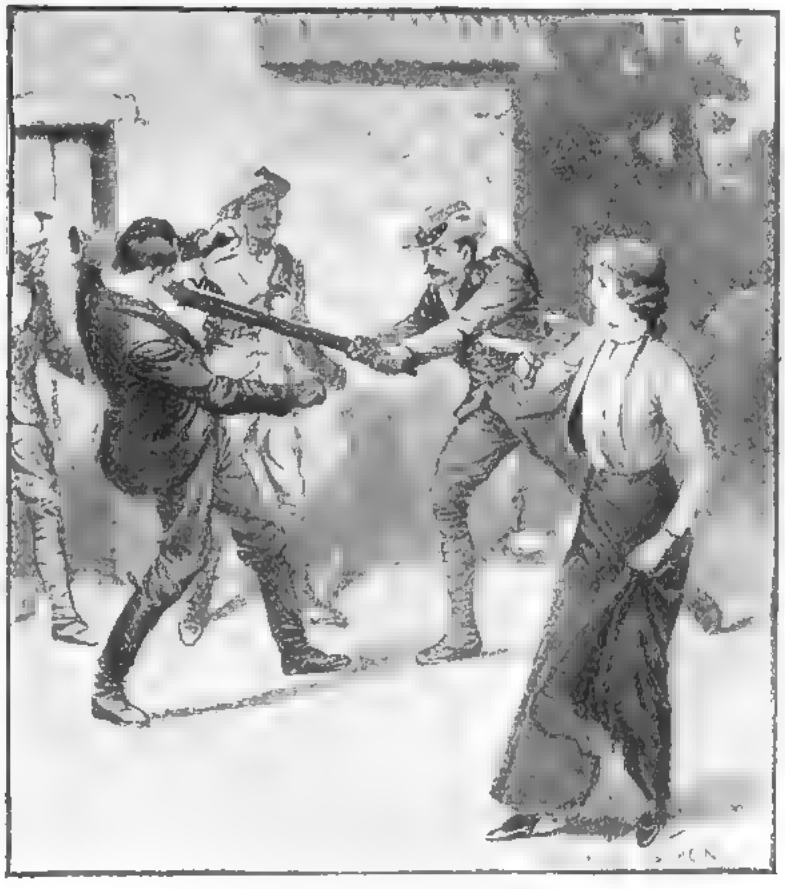
We went over to it and Macnamara and I sat on the edge. The girl seated herself on a low Dutch chair close to us. We might have been two neighbours who had dropped in for half-an-hour's chat, so coolly did she take the situation. My heart was full of anger towards her, but still I could not help admiring her courage and her beauty. Moreover, there was that in her face that told me I had erred when I accused her of gratuitously insulting us. After all, she had only adopted a ruse that probably any English girl with sufficient courage would have done in her place.

She turned from answering some irrelevant question of Macnamara's, and caught me looking at her. I felt annoyed at being surprised, but she only smiled and asked:—

"Were you trying to trace that tigress in me that you spoke about?"

I looked at the opposite hillside guiltily, and she laughed.

"Yes," I said, plucking up courage. "I think you are the most dangerous woman I ever met in my life, for you are either one of the very best and simplest, or one of the deepest. I hardly know what to make of you."



MICKY NOLAN WAS FELLED TO THE GROUND.

"It wouldn't matter, would it, if you did?" she rejoined, as I thought, somewhat coldly. "But would you like some milk or coffee—you must want something after your ride?"

She rose as if to go inside.

"Hadn't you better send someone to keep an eye on us?" I suggested.

"No," she said, looking at me again, but still coldly; "you gave me your word, you know!"

I bowed my head, and felt sat upon. She was the first so-called Boer who had shown me that

one's word was something to be believed in. She came back with coffee and cakes, but did not seem surprised in the least to see us still sitting there. Then we talked about many things, and I found, as I had suspected, that our gaoler had seen more of the world than most country-bred women do—she was certainly a very extraordinary and fascinating character. Suddenly we heard a quick step coming round the corner of the house, and in another moment an armed man, whom I took to be a Boer, stood before us.

"Good-day, Pietrus Vogel," said the girl. "I sent for you. Did you ever see these men before?" She nodded towards us.

Pietrus looked, and an extraordinary change came over his face.

"Yes," he stammered, as if taken by surprise.

The girl regarded me sharply and resentfully.

"Why did you lie to me?" she asked; "and why did you not go when you had the chance? You will be shot now."

"I did not lie," I exclaimed hotly—"and if you made me give a promise not to escape, thinking that I might break it, I do not thank you. But you are jumping at conclusions—you are making a mistake."

FORAGING FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

And she was, for at that very moment Macnamara, who had been staring hard at the new arrival, gasped:—

"Micky Nolan! By the powers of darkness, an' what may you be doin' here?"

And then and there the idol and ideal of Terence Macnamara was shattered and shivered for ever.

Despite my secret sense of supreme satisfaction at thus seeing the vaunted Micky Nolan laid low, I could not help feeling sorry for my poor comrade.

"Micky Nolan," he said in a tragic voice, "ye're a low-lifed scoundhrel, ye are; an' I was thinkin' ye wir a man, shure!"

"An' you, Terence Macnamara," returned his grinning countryman insolently, "are a gossoon an' no end av an ass!"

"It's spiling yer ugly physog I'll be in another minit if ye kape on!"

And I really thought that Terence would put his threat into execution, but the girl interveved.

"Are these the men who shot at my brother?" she asked the newcomer.

"Shure, an' I wouldn't like to swear sartin, but——"

"I see you are not telling the truth," she said quickly; "and, after all, you may have lied about my brother. I only hope you have made some mistake."

She turned to me, and I thought the light in her eyes was indeed beautiful; it was certainly very womanly.

"I release you from your promise," she said. "I will give you back your guns and you can go. You will find your horses where you left them."

But just at that moment a slight figure appeared round the end of the house, and Micky Nolan was felled to the ground. It was Devine who had followed him up, and would have come just in the nick of time had the girl not been the true woman that she was.

Before we left we handed over the still stupefied mercenary to the tender mercies of the Dutch woman, and I noticed that Macnamara was unaccountably silent. We agreed to say nothing at the camp of what had happened.

When I turned aside with mingled feelings to say good-bye to the girl, I asked her if there was anything I could do for her.

"When Prinsloo's army is taken—as I fear it must be sooner or later—will you look out for my father?" she asked; "and will you try and find out if it is true about my brother having been shot?"

I promised, and took her father's name, which was an old historical one, well known in South Africa. Two months afterwards I met him at Witte-Bergen, and even now we occasionally correspond.

I lifted my hat and bade her good-bye.

"You are one of the best women I ever met," I said, and meant it.

"Won't you shake hands?" she asked, looking at me reproachfully.

And when I had done so I lifted her fingers to my lips and kissed them.

Our Christmas dinner next day was a great success, but my mind would hark back to that

lonely house in the valley, where the girl with the soft voice and the wonderful eyes was keeping her own thoughts company.

But the great event of the day was when the Provost-marshal himself came round to our tent, carrying a large pudding tied up in a cloth.

"Comrades," he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas. I commandeered your ducks the other day, but I had to do it as General Rundle, whom you perhaps didn't see, happened to be looking on. If you don't mind accepting this pudding that I got sent from England, I'll make good those ducks at the very earliest opportunity."

And in all innocence he handed us the vile concoction of rice and meal that Macnamara had slipped into his camp-kettle after purloining the real pudding, which we were at that very moment in the act of eating. It was an awkward situation, but Terence as usual rose to the occasion.

"The saints love ye, sorr, and more power to yer elbow!" he said, "and would yer honour do us the honour of tastin' juist the laist bit av ours?"

He was the best of fellows, the Provost-marshal, when once one got to know him, and I was glad to think he helped to eat his own pudding after all.

John Macha.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was the eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney, and was born at Penshurst, Kent, in 1554. He had only one sister, the Countess of Pembroke, at whose country seat, Wilton, in Wiltshire, he wrote his celebrated "Arcadia." He was singularly gifted, and was one of the most polished members of the court of Elizabeth, who used to call him, "The jewel of her times." He was a very accomplished statesman, and was famed for his tact even among his enemies, of whom he had singularly few. He had many friends, but there was a certain dignity and stateliness of manner about him that repelled the contempt often bred by familiarity. He was possessed of an unlimited fund of that ready tact and sympathy so essential to the success of a statesman. Generous, but never injudicious in his generosity, he was the least selfish of men, and his unselfishness may be traced all through his life, even in his dying hours, when, as he lay on the battlefield of Zutphen, he saw a wounded soldier gazing longingly at the cup of water about to be offered to himself, and said, "No; this man's necessity is greater than mine."

He was a writer of exceptional beauty of expression, and his command of language was more in accordance with that of the present day than most men of his time. He excelled in all manly sports, and was one of the brightest stars of Elizabeth's tournaments. An orator of no mean value, he was, moreover, a very skilful commander in the field, and was adored by his men.

His nature was an affectionate one, and he was very faithful to his friends. Possessing an endless fund of good humour, he could yet be stern and relentless when occasion demanded. His temper was an even one, and he seldom yielded to fits of impetuosity.

He was mortally wounded on the battlefield of Zutphen, and died on October 15th, 1586, in his thirty-second year. Falling in the prime of manhood, he yet accomplished more in his short life than many have done in twice the time. By his death England lost one of her most skilful statesmen, and many lost a friend.

DOROTHY W. JOHNSON.

WHEN I LOOKED UP IT WAS TO FIND THE CAVALIER BENDING OVER ME WITH ANXIOUS SOLICITUDE.

A CAVALIER MAID.

The Romance of a King's Messenger.

By Clifford Mills.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

Etienne Glanvil, an orphan, grand-daughter of the celebrated French soldier, the Marquis de Latour, is living with distant relations—Sir Geoffrey and Lady Stapleton—near Torrington, in Devonshire, when the Parliamentary troops rout the Western Loyalists and drive them towards the Cornish border of Devon. Etienne by chance meets a wounded Cavalier, who is carrying a message from the king to Lord Hopton, owing to circumstances recounted in the opening chapters of the story, it devolves upon her to deliver the King's packet to the Loyalist general. She is suspected of being in possession of the packet by Giles Harrison, a Roundhead officer and suitor for her hand. With the idea of hurrying into Torrington in search of one Stephen Gale, who is favourable to the King, Etienne leaves the Stapletons' house by a secret door only to stumble upon a Roundhead sentinel, who would have detained her but for the intervention of an unknown officer, who proves to be none other than the great Fairfax. Arrived at Torrington, Etienne is so angered by the rejoicings of the crowd at the rout of the Loyalists that she forgets herself, and cries "Shame on ye all, traitors!" Ill would have befallen her had not a huge man carried her into safety at his own house. The man proves to be Stephen Gale. She is suspected of being a fruitress by the wounded Cavalier himself, who escapes from the town and makes for the inn at Langtree. To escape the Roundheads and follow to Langtree to deliver to him the letter, she enters a deserted house, where she finds a young gentleman's discarded dress. This she dons and proceeds on her way. When well out of Torrington she falls in with Sir Harry Burgoin, a friend of Lord Fairfax, who recognises the clothes she wears as having belonged to his young brother, recently murdered at Torrington. She denies knowledge of the crime, but will not explain how she came by the clothes. Catching sight of the Cavalier she is seeking, she gallops on, but Sir Harry brings her down with a pistol shot.

CHAPTER XII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WHEN I looked up it was to find the Cavalier bending over me with anxious solicitude. We were still in the open field. Sir Harry Burgoin stood at my side, his hand on the horse's bridle. Weak and shaky, I sat up and regarded them in some bewilderment.

"Plague take thee, young sir," cried Sir Harry, "for a faithless rattlepate! Thou mayest thank Heaven that I punished thy perfidy no further than by a scratched arm."

"Sir," I replied in tremulous penitence, "I had no intent of breaking my word, and would have returned to thee with all speed, yet, as it fell, none could blame thee for thus using me."

"Marry!" cried the Cavalier, looking from one to the other of us in amazement. "In truth this seems a very comedy of mysteries. In what hath the lad offended thee, Harry?" he asked.

But before Sir Harry could reply I turned to him. "Sir," I said hastily, "I have thy word that thou wouldst not intrude upon my business. Let me beg thee to allow me a few moments' private conversation with this gentleman."

For answer he bowed his head, and, still leading the horse, walked out of earshot.

No sooner had he left us than with all haste I drew the missive from my doublet. Then, turning to the Cavalier, "Sir," I cried eagerly, "here is the letter, the King's letter; take it, I pray thee, while there is yet time."

But he, starting, stared at me in amaze. "What!" cried he, and then his eye fell upon the packet I held out to him, and with a joyful cry of recognition he seized it.

"'Tis indeed the letter, and intact!" he cried, regarding it intently; then, turning to me—"Tell me, my lad," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "who art thou that hath risked thy life to bring me this?"

But I was dumb. Meantime his eyes sought my face eagerly. "Tell me, lad," he asked, "how came you by this?"

Now in all my plannings of the venture I had not accounted for the embarrassment of this moment. One thought alone had filled my mind, and that—the saving of the King's letter from the hands of the rebels. My boy's clothes had been but part of the method by which I hoped for success in accomplishing mine errand, and not a moment's perplexity, except for the best manner of wearing such disguise, had they hitherto given me.

But now, as I sat on the hillside with the Cavalier's eyes upon me, such a sudden rush of shame and startled modesty overcame me at the thought of my attire, that all I could do was to hang my head, and wish that even death

itself would come to spare me such an ordeal as I knew now confession would be.

The Cavalier, thinking my silence was the result of my late swoon, knelt down by my side. "Come, lad," he cried, with kind insistence, "collect thy wits, for time presses, and I may not tarry. Tell me at least who sent thee."

Thus pressed for an answer, I sat in despair, when suddenly an idea flashed to my mind. For one second I hesitated, then, "'Twas my sister," I said, in almost a whisper.

"Thy sister!" he exclaimed with a start.

"Aye, sir," I answered, finding courage under cloak of my new *rôle*, "my sister—a lady whom thou did'st meet by accident in the woods outside Torrington, and afterwards in that town."

Here he sprang to his feet. "Thy sister!" Then, studying my face, "Why, of certes," cried he softly, "thou art her very counterpart! Alas, true maid! Much injustice have I done her!"

With great content did I hear these words, and note with what looks of remorse he glanced at the letter, which, with a sigh, he now hid in his doublet.

"But, my brave boy," he said, turning to me, "much do I thank thee for thy part in this business. It was most boldly done, I warrant." Then into a reverie again fell he. "Now tell me," he cried, rousing himself, "the manner of thy sister's finding this."

"Sir," I replied lightly, "my sister did but inform me that it was by accident she found the missive, which she was unable at the time to return to thee, knowing ye were then both watched by a Roundhead spy."

"It was so!" he exclaimed, starting. "And I did upbraid her for her treachery, and most cruelly frustrated her help in Torrington." Turning, he paced awhile, then back to me he came. "Said she aught of this conduct of mine?" he asked, his eyes upon me with eagerness.

"Why," I answered, remembering with what readiness he had condemned me, "now I think of it, she did mention thee as one prone to judge hastily, and not over smart at conjecture."

I saw him wince at my words, and at that moment Sir Harry Burgoin came up to us.

Feeling monstrous weak, I got to my feet and walked towards him. "Sir," I said, in as bold a voice as I could muster, "I have executed this business of mine, and am now at thy service."

But the Cavalier, mistaking our intents, at this rushed between us. "Nay," cried he eagerly, "fight thou shalt not, for though I know not the cause of thy quarrel, yet let me implore thee, Harry, and you also, young sir, whose name, though unknown to me——"

"Zounds!" shouted Sir Harry. "What is this? If it is true thou art not acquainted with this youth, how came it he risked his life to overtake thee? Is this some villains' plot concerning my brother's fate hatched between you and this pretty stealer of clothes?" and, beside himself with fury, he confronted me, his face full of suspicion.

At his words my heart sank, for after all it seemed an explanation was to be forced from me, and in a miserable shyness I stood, seeing no way out of my difficulty. Looking questioningly at me, and then at Sir Harry, the Cavalier turned to his friend. "There are things one could tell to thee, Harry, that were better hidden from the friend of Fairfax," he said, sadly, and, taking him aside, I heard their voices, at first in high argument, dwindle to quietness, whilst I stood waiting, feeling sick with embarrassment and the pain of my wound, which latter, though but a scratch, as Sir Harry had said, was too uncommon a hurt for a maid to bear happily.

Like a prisoner awaiting judgment was I while the two talked and walked together down in the dell, and much did I wish, now my task was done, that I was back in my room at Stapleton, even to be clear-starching my lady's laces. But, alas! each moment brought conviction that I had, by the executing of my mission, rendered my return to Stapleton impossible.

What excuse, but the truth, could I give for my absence? and to have thus served his enemies would for ever close my cousin's door upon me.

Nor could I ignore the unscrupulous enmity of Giles Harrison, that would henceforth be mine. Who so cruel as a suitor spurned?—and had I not crossed his path and prevented the accomplishment of an undertaking upon which he set hopes of future promotion! Thus there was no return to Stapleton for me. But, this being so, the more anxious was I to keep my secret and its consequences from him I had served, his knowledge of the embarrassment in which I now found myself being the last thing my pride desired. But what to do? One friend alone had I left, and this was my old nurse, who, when ruin befell our family, had returned to her kin in Cornwall. But, alas! even of her existence was I uncertain, for only once had news come to me of her since we had parted. Yet to this frail hope did I now cling, determining that, once out of my present perplexity, I would do mine utmost to reach her and seek her faithful counsel as to what future use to put my life.

But, alas! by my taking of the clothes I had placed myself in a double embarrassment. Sir Harry's dismissal of me was not to be counted

upon, and investigation of the business would bring my true identity to light. Nay, I saw nothing to save me but dishonourable flight, and for that I had no mind. In such a perplexed sadness was I when the two came up to me again.

The Cavalier's face was troubled enough, and Sir Harry's full of sorrow, but in neither of their glances bent upon me did I read anger or ill will.

"Now," said Sir Harry, "having learnt from my friend that the sooner you are both on the other side of the Torridge the better for your future safety, and being desirous, if possible, not to return with ill a kindness done to him, I will trouble thee, young sir, to give me instantly, on oath, a full and perfect account of thy finding of my brother's clothes at Torrington."

Though I scented hope of escape in this command, I found myself in no little confusion. Looking up, and finding their intent and earnest looks upon me, I stammered out that, having been hunted by the Parliamentary spies, who suspected me of possessing—but here I caught the Cavalier's eye, warning me to desist. So I stood silent, staring stupidly in front of me, wishing the ground would open and swallow me to save my confusion.

Impatience was in Sir Harry's tone as he bade me proceed.

"Come, lad," urged the Cavalier gently, "thou canst tell how thou didst find the clothes—so much at least dost thou owe Sir Harry."

But for the life of me I could think of no quick method of acquainting him without betraying the King or my own secret. My head swam miserably, and a lump was in my throat that well-nigh choked me.

"It was for thy better disguisement," the Cavalier said, turning to me encouragingly, "being well known in Torrington? Come, lad, out with it! Has thy wound clipt thy tongue?"

Thus urged, I, in much desperation, and helped with timely suggestions from the Cavalier, described how I had taken refuge in the house at Torrington, and, being watched for, and my person and dress known to mine enemies, I had arrayed myself in my present attire for greater safety, little dreaming harm or trouble would come of it. Also did I tell of the exact position of the house, and the name and description of the man whom I had met on the stairs.

"And to this thou dost swear?" Sir Harry asked solemnly, when I had finished and sank wearily on a hillock. "And now thy name?" and he waited, his stern eyes on my face.

Alas! Here was more deception! but I answered calmly that it was "Godfrey Glanvil," for such had been my father's name. Alack, alack! that a gentlewoman should ever bring herself to lie with such readiness. I could have cried with very shame at the thought; and hang my head I did, feeling as guilty a creature as ever the sun shone upon.

"A right good name, too!" cried the Cavalier, warmly. "Did I not tell thee 'twas a true lad?"

Alas! did he but know, brave soul, thought I, as I sat, sick and weary, answering their questions with calm despair!

"And thou didst leave thine own clothes in the place of these?" Sir Harry asked, his stern eyes upon me. "Tell me then what make and manner of quality were they, that I may note it also, for on this may hang much consequence."

But at this I could no longer endure, so base a thing seemed such deception. "Nay!" cried I, "ask me not!" and I sprang to my feet, only to fall miserably upon the bank again.

Their exclamations of concern roused me, and I strove to rise, but a deadly weakness stayed me, and I could do naught but shiver.

"I have it!" cried Sir Harry. "If I mistake not, the young jackanapes hath ridden on an empty stomach, and is now paying the penalty. Thinkest thou thy friend the innkeeper could be trusted to provide for us? We should all, I take it, fulfil our further duties none the worse if a meal were our next undertaking."

In vain were my protestations that they should not trouble themselves on my account—back we went, the Cavalier a little ahead of us to warn the landlord of our coming, and Sir Harry leading his horse and mine, upon which latter I sat, with as good grace as I could muster.

At the inn's entrance we were met with much welcoming by the innkeeper, in whom I saw a great resemblance to the little barber of Torrington. Much sympathy did he express at my wan appearance, and, leading me into the parlour, he brought me a cup of spiced wine, which he bade me drink.

"Lord love us!" he exclaimed, as he helped me tie up the scratch at my wrist, "what a thing, sir, after all, is friendship! Little thought I, when I saw thee before the inn with Sir Harry Burgoin, that ye would turn out friends to our fugitive—the noble Sir Brian Carthew, than whom no worse enemy hath Fairfax."

"Sir Brian Carthew!" I cried. "Sir Brian Carthew!"—but as I spoke the two friends entered the room in close converse, and our landlord, who seemed vastly amused to see them together, hurried off smiling to prepare our meal.

Dear heart! So this was Sir Brian Carthew, that renowned Cavalier, beloved of the King,

whose valour and devotion to the Cause I had so oft heard quoted. To no less a personage had the delivery of the King's letter been entrusted! Realising this, I almost forgot my present embarrassment in the joy I felt to think that so faithful a servant of His Majesty's had, after all, escaped from the hands of the Roundheads.

Sir Harry, despite it having been his suggestion, partook little of the food that our landlord now set before us, and at length fell into so profound a melancholy concerning his brother's fate, that his friend was forced to rally him. Of a sudden, into the parlour ran the landlord, his face as white as a clout.

"The soldiers!" he cried. "They are upon us!"

Looking through the window, I saw a party of troopers had drawn up in front of the inn. Before we had time to move, one of these had sprung from his horse and strode into the parlour where we were sitting. I felt we were lost, and sat with my eyes cast on my plate, not daring to look to right or left of me, my heart beating mightily the while.

Flinging us a sullen good-day, to which I heard both the Cavalier and Sir Harry reply, the new comer walked to the fireplace, and an ominous silence ensued.

Outside I could hear the champing of the horses at their bits, and the ring of the troopers' accoutrements as they turned in their saddles to exchange a word with each other, or called out impatiently for the refreshments which the wife of the innkeeper, assisted by her daughter, was carrying them.

I soon found that my two companions were continuing their meal with apparent unconcern, but, trying to follow their example, my hand, carrying the cup to my lips, shook so immoderately that I spilt more than half its contents on the board.

A hasty caution from Sir Harry reproved me, and, glancing up, I found the soldier was regarding me intently with his little ferret eyes. This alarming me the more, I set my cup down so hastily that it missed the edge and rolled with a crash to the ground.

"Gentlemen," said the cornet, for such he was, sauntering up to us, "it seems your young friend here hath in his wanderings acquired a touch of the ague. May I be so bold as to ask your business and destination? 'Tis a question smacking of the treacherous times through which we are passing."

"Thy zeal, friend, is commendable," replied Sir Harry, taking upon himself the task of spokesman, "and after our meal shall be satisfied. But confound it, sir," he cried in high wrath, "as I am not yet journeying, but eating, I crave thy non-interference, for though I am justice of the peace, I have as yet heard of no order from the meddlesome Parliament which denies a man the right of satisfying his hunger when he so mindeth!"

At this answer, at which the innkeeper laughed uproariously, the cornet retired, somewhat discomfited. Passing out he called sharply to his men, and two, instantly dismounting at his command, took up their position outside the doorway of the parlour, their officer meanwhile establishing himself at the entrance of the inn.

Blaming myself for having brought this suspicion upon us, I sat disconsolate enough, when a slight noise behind attracted my attention. Looking round, I saw the landlord standing just out of sight of the troopers, gesticulating as for dear life.

On seeing that I had noticed him, he did more than gesticulate. Lifting a curtain near him, he showed me an open door beyond. Only for a second, however; the next moment he had dropped it to its place, and coming to the table busied himself with the dishes.

I found myself in much excitement at what I had seen, but, strive as I would by signs, I could not gain the attention of my companions, who were talking together in a low voice, with much earnestness. But the landlord, having again taken up his position behind us, I waited no longer. Leaning forward, I pulled the sleeve of the Cavalier, and nodded my head in the direction of the landlord behind. The action was not missed by Sir Harry, and I, watching their faces, saw each start, and immediately as before the landlord was at our side.

This time he was, however, anything but silent. "Gentlemen," he said, "I trust my poor fare has given you some small satisfaction. Let me see, before I bring you a cup of spiced wine, if I cannot better arrange the board here. You see, gentlemen, we have all in front—at the back it is empty, which is bad management, but sometimes serves if one comes or goes hastily. Nevertheless, when I return with the wine, gentlemen, will be the time for better arrangement, then quick and to the right with all, and never say I am a poor servitor afterwards." So saying, with great emphasis and much portentous head-shaking, he left the room.

Left to ourselves, my companions first exchanged glances, then looked at me.

"See that you keep close to our heels," Sir Harry said, in a low voice to me, and that moment I felt something pressed into my hand beneath the table. Dear life! it was a pistol. I could but shudder as my fingers closed around

"GENTLEMEN," SAID THE CORONET, "MAY I BE SO BOLD AS TO ASK YOUR BUSINESS AND DESTINATION?"

it, for no doubt it was charged, and what maid that likes to handle such danger-laden weapons? Nevertheless, I was forced to take it with feigned content, and, with heart all in a tremble, waited for the landlord's return. Much did I think of in that brief space, and much would I have given, had it been possible, to enlighten my two companions as to the poor comrade they might find in me if a fight ensued.

A slight noise behind made me look round, and then I saw that the curtain was held back by the girl I had noticed outside. Her face was pale, but she smiled as she caught my eye, and nodded her head to the right.

The next instant, with a noisy clatter, the landlord rushed to the door, carrying a large tray upon which stood a huge jug of hot water and drinking tankards. No sooner had he gained the threshold than, stumbling over one of the troopers, he fell headlong, scattering the contents of the tray over the startled soldier.

Though I knew full well 'twas the moment for action, terror held me spellbound. I saw my two companions pass me and rush through the opening, and must have been lost indeed, but that the girl who held the curtain pulled me unceremoniously through the opening, and pushed me along to the doorway beyond.

Through this I stumbled blindly, and turning, as I had been cautioned, to the right, found myself in a small closet or cellar, in which stood my two companions. Someone from outside shot the bolt, and here were we, faster prisoners than before for aught we could tell to the contrary; while in the house above arose such a hue and cry as made my companions clutch their pistols, and my knees

shake under me. Through it all we could hear the landlord's voice imploring the soldiers to follow our flight.

"Did I not hear them talk of making their way to the river?" he cried.

The sound of their horses' hoofs had barely died in the distance before the shed door was thrown open, and outside stood the innkeeper, his wrinkled face all aglow with delight.

"A close shave, gentlemen," said he, gleefully rubbing his hands. "A venture after mine own heart. Why, my brother in Torrington will be green with envy when I acquaint him of it. For," said he, "the telling of such touch-and-go escapes will make an old man welcome at many a fireside when the King has his rights again. But, zounds, sirs," cried he, "there is no time to lose! Some too honest fool may twit to the soldiers ere they are through the village, and then the inn will be no safe hiding-place."

By this time he had led us across the yard towards the church, and there, behind the stack of wood, we found our horses, tied and ready.

"Up, lad!" cried Sir Harry, but I hesitated and turned to the Cavalier, having it in my mind to offer him my mare, his speedy journey being the more important, but to my surprise I saw that he was already seated on Sir Harry's horse.

Bending from his saddle to Sir Harry, who stood near him, "Nay, Harry," he said, "'tis like thy true heart, yet do I fear the risk to thyself this business means."

"Shall I lose my friend as also my brother in this most cursed quarrel of our country?" cried Sir Harry passionately. "So away, if thou lovest me, for each moment sees thy safety, so dear to my heart, in peril."

Here his eye caught sight of me still standing at my horse's head.

"Zounds!" cried he. "Wouldst thou risk all by such dallying?" and as all with one voice cried out at me, I jumped to my horse, scarcely able to believe I was to go forward untroubled.

"But the clothes, sir?" I exclaimed, regarding him.

"Of these thou shalt from me hear shortly," he cried. "Meanwhile I help my friend's friend, and trust to the honour I have a right to expect from one of thy name, that all thou hast told me is true."

His noble bearing and courteous words broke my heart that was deceiving him.

"Oh, sir!" I cried, bending towards him. "I was sore pressed, and am still—yet a word in your ear, sir!" I cried, desperate, feeling I would die sooner than thus deceive him, but the innkeeper, impatient at this, to him, foolish lingering, struck my horse such a thwack behind with his stick, that off she went in an angry canter after the Cavalier, who was making with all speed in the direction in which I had first overtaken him.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE ROAD.

FOR some moments I rode on, heedless of danger, my mind full of remorse for my treatment of the generous Sir Harry, who had thus, for aught he knew, let slip revenge for the love of his friend.

But though I had been thus careless of risks, my companion, whom I followed, was watching the country with anxious eyes, and cunningly seeking its best shelter. Plunging now into a thickly wooded combe, we found our way through it by aid of a small footpath, which Sir Brian told me had been mentioned to him by the friendly innkeeper as one that would put him on his way to a certain mill at St. Petruch, owned by a man whose good faith we might rely upon, where he hoped to find a guide to a ford across the Torridge. Free of this wood, we rode on in anxious silence, up rounded hills and adown mossy valleys, the sun shining fitfully above us, the soft wind laden with the scent of the furze that all around us decked the moorland with its splendour.

But presently my companion turned to me. "By my faith," he cried, "we have given the crop-ears the slip! Yet see, lad, that thou keepest thy pistol in readiness, for none may say how far we shall ride without interference, and, next sacred to the letter I carry, do I hold it my happiest duty to return thee in safety to thy sister."

And his eyes' kind glance was upon me.

But I cried out heartily that it mattered not, that my safety was naught to trouble about, for in truth I was heart-sick and ashamed of my sister's brother, imp of deceit that he was.

Sir Brian Carthew smiled at my vehemence.

"Youth ever scorns caution," he said. "Yet do I wager so wisely brave a sister hath not sent a brother forth on a journey fraught with such peril without due warnings."

"My sister," I answered, disdainfully enough, "curtails her loyalty by no such caution. Did the sacrifice of my life or her own further the Cause, she would freely yield it, deeming, as she does, such dying most happy. So I pray thee, if thou wouldst please her, let me stay at once my further journeying with thee, lest by such care for my safety thou shouldst place that which thou carriest, and thyself, in greater danger."

"Well, I promise thee," he answered smiling, "that the success of mine errand shall outweigh all other claims. But, as union is ever strength, let us keep together, Godfrey Glanvil, for if thou art not overladen with care for thy personal safety, thou hast by thus overtaking me proved thyself no ill comrade in these troublous times."

Down in a valley we reached from a wind-swept hill, we came upon a farm that nestled in the hollow. From the small garden a homely-looking maid was carrying in an armful of linen. At the sound of our approach a woman looked from a lattice above, and asked our business with no little sharpness. An uncommon big and bony creature was she, with cheeks of a weather-beaten ruddiness, and a more unpleasing face I ne'er had seen.

To her question Sir Brian Carthew replied that we were two travellers to whom the times had not been over-kind, and that we would ask advice upon our further journeying.

"Then ye'll not get it at Durplay," she answered, without hesitation; "the land has seen too many of such as ye, cattle stealers and rogues! Think not because you find two lone women here that ye'll rob us. I have heard tell no person living is safe from your villainies. But mark you, if you so much as lay a finger on me, I'll give the pair of you that which will make you sing a different tune, poor weak woman that I may seem to be."

And shaking her fist at us she closed the window sharply, and we heard her clattering down the stairs to the door, which she barred and locked, scolding loudly the while.

"By my faith," laughed Sir Brian Carthew, "this good wife is much troubled by idle fears! He would be a bold man and a blind to boot, who would dare to take any liberties with such a virago."

And with that he turned his horse's head, and through the farm we rode, until we came to a lane into which two ways branched, showing, however, no hint of their endings.

Choosing one haphazard, "May the good saints guide us now!" said Sir Brian Carthew, "for reason hath no making in these lanes of Devon, and a false turn may land us into the hands of our enemies."

In truth it was a wild, lone place, and the path we rode so narrow and overgrown with boughs, we were forced to bend almost to our horses' heads as we went down it.

I was letting my mare find her best way forward, my thoughts far away on my journey's ending, when I saw Sir Brian, who rode ahead of me, pull back his horse with a smothered exclamation of alarm.

Looking with startled eyes, I saw our pathway had widened suddenly, and there, but a few paces from us, at the base of a steep and wooded hill on our right, half a dozen men were confronting us.

"WE WISH NO ILL SAVE TO ROGUES AND THIEVES," HE SAID, GALLANTLY.

But the next moment came a laugh, and, looking up, we saw a man running down through the trees of the hill above towards us.

At sight of him, Sir Brian Carthew turned to me.

"By my faith, a clubman!" said he. "See the inkle strings in his hat, lad!"

By this time the man, a handsome, sun-tanned youth of most gentlemanly bearing, had joined us, followed by several of his men.

"Why," cried he to the latter, "is it at two such proper gentlemen my foolish fellows raised an alarm? Now, had it been a troop of my Lord Wentworth's horse, or, perchance, a score of hungry Roundheads, they had done well."

Then off he swept his hat, with a fine air of breeding.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in honesty can I serve you?"

"Why," said Sir Brian Carthew, with like salutation, "in truth thou canst, young sir, if thou hast the will. I think I can read thy face sufficiently to see thou art not of that scurvy sort who would give a gentleman into the hands of the traitors."

The young gentleman bowed again.

"You have the word of Michael Cary for it," he replied, proudly. "We wish no ill save to rogues and thieves—and in verity," he said, gallantly, "I perceive none such here."

During this converse his followers, to the number of about two score, had gathered round, surveying us with ill-concealed uneasiness. They were apparently of the yeoman class, stolid, and simple-looking, and unarmed, save for the stout staff each man carried in his hand.

Much had I heard of these men, who, to protect their horses and farm produce from the pillages of the soldiers, had banded together, and, under influential leaders, had proved themselves not untroublesome foes. Though I could but deplore their want of loyalty to the King's cause—for who should set store on house or lands when his most sacred Majesty lacked both?—yet could I scarce blame them, knowing what wicked license some who had led the King's troops had given their soldiers to pillage and plunder the defenceless country folk.

"We do but assemble here," said this leader of clubmen to Sir Brian Carthew, "and the place, as you will agree, allows of much quietness for the purpose. Your pardon, sirs, but with the King's men retreating, and their hungry foes pursuing them, it behoveth those who have anything to lose to be wary and on guard. Still, it is not what is in reason asked that we would refuse. Gentlemen, if I mistake not your looks, you would be where the crimson sashes are gathered together, and as we have no wish to detain any such on this side of the Torridge—against their will," he added, with a sly look towards his followers—"one of my men shall, if you will, put you on a better method of finding your friends than ye have taken in coming hitherwards."

Whereupon, beckoning to one of his followers, he bade him with all haste and care to conduct us on our way to St. Petruch.

Bidding farewell to this friendly leader of clubmen, we rode off accompanied by our guide, who thereupon led us forward by so tortuous, intricate, and miry a path, I no longer marvelled that a conductor had been necessary for us to discover it. Coming at length to more open country, he, with many directions, left us.

No sooner had we crossed the ford at St. Petruch, which we accomplished with safety, thanks to the kindly miller there, than Sir Brian Carthew, who was in marvellous good spirits at our so far successful journeying, fell to questioning me as to the method of my escapement from Torrington.

Alack! much trouble the answering gave me, for, carried away by remembrance of my many difficulties, I was a hundred times on the point of betraying my secret.

Yet, as my tale was told, oft did he cry: "Bravo!" and "Bravely done, good lad!" And of all that which most delighted him was my overtaking the guard of the West Bridge.

"Now, by Queen-Mary," he cried, his eyes sparkling, "if I live shall the King himself hear of this ride of thine! Dear lad," said he, turning to me, "thy sister is happy in her brother."

My sister! Alas, poor maid! Little did he know how his appreciation of so rascally a brother embarrassed her. But with the wide trustfulness of brave souls, he suspected naught.

"Sweet maid!" cried he presently. "So bravely did she keep this secret—I have not heard," musing, he said, "that such is woman's way."

"Oh!" I cried, nettled—for what maiden could have heard the like in calmness? "If thou dost judge by hearsay, this much and other error wilt thou learn of women."

At this he laughed, his merry blue eyes upon me.

"Why, my pretty Solomon," he said, "shall I learn of Nature's greatest mystery from thee?"

"Are women so accounted?" I asked, wonder in my tone. "I had not myself thought it."

And I fell to pondering on his words, for in truth I saw not their reason.

"So sweetly wise a lad," he cried, "should not be sparing of his knowledge. Come, enlighten one more ignorant, and tell me more of woman's ways!"

But here I blushed and tossed my head aside, for I saw he was but mocking me.

"Take care!" he exclaimed, noting my mien

with amusement. "None are in such peril as those who deem themselves safe."

But I answered him not, finding the merriment of his glance hard to encounter.

"Alack!" he laughed, "what a cropper wilt thou come! The first pretty maid who sighs, 'Ah, me! I love thee!' thou wilt believe to thy cost, and thus sweet love will turn to gallish hate and thy faith in truth be for ever broken."

"Now!" cried I, shocked, "how foolish does this seem, that if one maid prove false, a man should doubt all goodness? 'Tis not thus with a true maid—this I know—who, should her lover spurn her, turns her sad eyes heavenwards, and in walking thither sees God in everything, save falsest man."

"Heaven save," he exclaimed, "that thou talkest not thus of thy sister! Say not so pitiless a fate hath thus used her?"

"My sister?" I gasped. "My sister?"

For in truth I had forgot all for the moment. Then up I blushed to the eyes.

"Nay, sir," I said. "I speak not of my sister. Yet what I say, has it not been the way of true maids since the world began?"

Then for a time we rode in silence, while in my heart raged a conflict of doubts and hopes and strangest longings. Upon the grey moor which we were crossing the light fell sharply, the sun shut off from us by a bank of gathering clouds. Not a sound broke the stillness but the thud of our horses' hoofs, on the soft turf, as, scenting the coming rain, the good beasts flung back their heads, and plunged forward through the faded heather.

"Tell me more of this sweet sister of thine," he said, as we slackened our speed. "Such topic would make the longest journey short."

"Sir," I answered, in proud reproach, "take it not unkindly, I pray thee, but I talk not of my sister to strangers."

"So cruel and yet so sweet a lad I have not met," he answered laughingly, "nor is it thy tenderness invites my confidence. Yet would I have thee know, young sir, I do account myself no stranger to this most sweet relative of thine. For am I not, by the favour she did so graciously give me, constituted her true knight? Flash thine eyes, lad, if thou wilt, yet will I hold her still my lady, and one day, if I live, will look into her eyes, aye, and tell her so. Oh, youth, mock me not," he cried, "thy little chin so turned hath caught her very trick. So did she look aside, sweet soul, when mine eyes, more bold than my tongue, praised her rare loveliness.

"Tell me, boy," he added, hastily, "is she yet won by any man?"

Alas! his eyes met mine in fierce entreaty and I, poor maid, though my heart cried out in protest, replied calmly. "Alack, sir!" I said, "thou dost much honour my sister, but 'tis vain, for she is—gone."

"Gone!—dead?" he cried, and caught my bridle. "Have a care, lad—play no monkey tricks with a man's heart."

"Oh, sir," I answered, well-nigh beside myself, "my sister hath gone to her kin in France—or, if not, will be—in truth I know not—save that you love unworthily. For what canst thou tell but she is a maid that would flout thee? Pretty maids do—aye! hast thou not said as much thyself; and why thinkest thou my sister better than others? Let me tell thee she hath a tongue most spiteful, and as for tricks—oh! sir, her tricks do border on low cunning!"

But he let go my bridle with a cry of contempt.

"Enough," said he haughtily. "I was a fool to thus trust a raw youth."

After that he spoke not. Anon, I, watching his face, found it troubled and stern. But though, the more mine eyes beheld him, the oftener did I steal a glance thitherwards, noting each time some new point for admiration in his most manly presence, not once did he look my way, nor notice took he of my being, and in all my life I ne'er had known such pain as his indifference brought my heart.

Ah! if he but knew! What would he think of the maid who under cover of such disguise had stolen from him the secret of his heart?

Alas! what a fate was mine, that must for honour's sake stay the tongue that told me such sweet tidings! For he must never know—such the refrain to all my song of love, crushing its hopes, foretelling its doom.

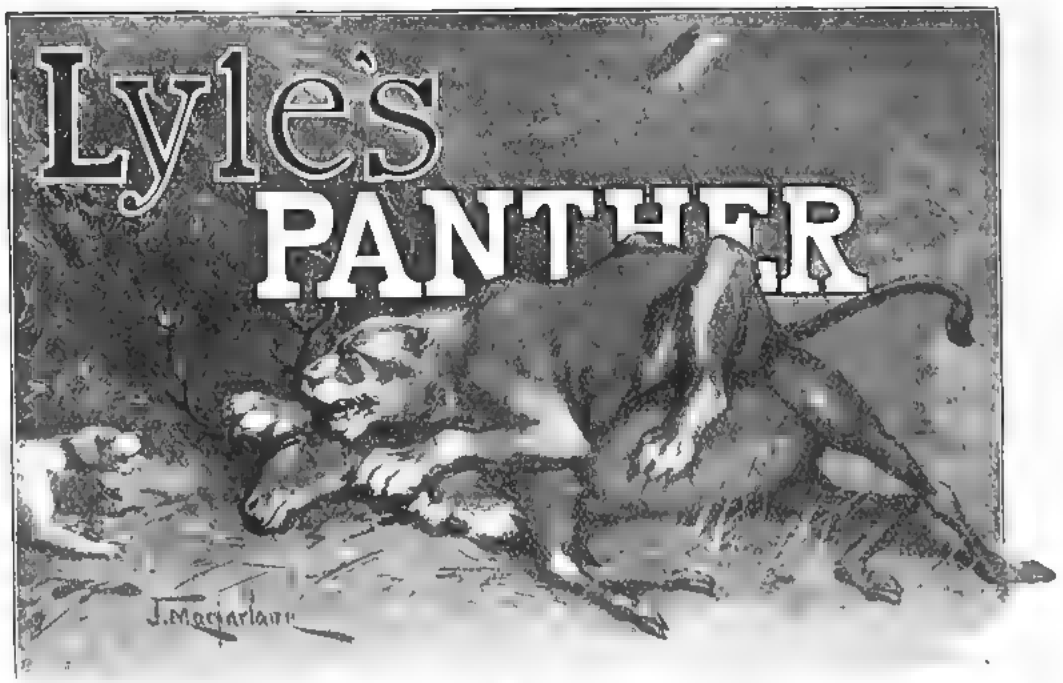
Yet to have been so loved—ah! that was to be blest above all other maidens. In the drear future, should I not in this remembrance find my most cruel joy and happy sorrow? This being so, till we did part, not a turn of my love's head would I miss, nor tone of his voice lose, for such alone would be the food to stay my hungry love till time for me had ceased.

Following him a horse's length behind, I saw all the country dimly through my tears. Alas! I had not dreamed of such as this when, full of hope, I had set out on mine errand for the King

"*For the King!*" Why, here was kindest comfort, for naught had I done save for the King's sake, and if in the serving I had lost more than life itself, should I complain?

(To be continued.)

Lyle's PANTHER



By Harold Bindloss. Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

WE had been unfortunate at Graham's very unfinished ranch, which lay hidden among the redwoods of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, just before Lyle rode in to enjoy a few days' shooting. Returning with some hardly earned dollars to improve his own holding after making a Government trail, Graham proceeded, with my assistance, to burn off his last few acres "slashing," where the great trunks and branches lay piled in tremendous ruin. The wind, however, was stronger than he expected, for the fire, running through the mown undergrowth, burned off his house as well, and we were sitting forlornly and blackened all over beside the charred logs and feathery ashes, when Lyle accosted us. He bestrode a Cayuse pony, which was bleeding in several places, having, he informed us, fallen down repeatedly along the treacherous forest trail, but there was no mistaking him for a very young naval officer out on a holiday.

"The place they call an hotel down at the settlement is full up with timber-right prospectors, but the gentleman who owns it said you would no doubt be able to take me in," he explained, and I saw that Graham was in a quandary. In that country no stranger is ever turned hungry away, and Graham was a well-educated Englishman; but our accommodation was not extensive then.

"Sit down and make yourself at home. Glad to see you, but we're camping over the working oxen in the barn just now," he said. "That idiot yonder has lately burned down my house for me."

We gave Lyle—who said he was not particular, which was as well—the best we had, though this was not very good. Our young friend rose from his straw bed early next morning for a swim, but returned blue in the face, because the river was fed by melting snow, with a story of how he had fallen among great black and yellow water snakes, which are, however, perfectly harmless. Then he set out for the bush, taking the Cayuse pony, an Express rifle, and Graham's terrier, "Trip," which had taken a fancy to him. The Cayuse came back alone, two hours later, while Lyle returned at nightfall in badly torn clothes, very hungry, and doubtful whether there were any deer or bear n that country. He had, however, heard something rustling in the tall fern near another outlying ranch, and was crawling on hands and knees

towards it, when he chanced upon the owner, who said: "Light right out of this. The last time you fellows came up hunting you shot a colt for me, and I suppose it's my plough-ox you're stalking now; we've no use for horse-killers running loose round here."

"I told him I was one of the ——'s company out on a hunting trip," Lyle informed us, "and when, in the same breath, the fellow, who said he might have been a barrister if he hadn't known better, asked me to have dinner, and promised to turn a wolf-dog loose if he heard a shot, I didn't say anything worth repeating and came away."

"He would have kept his word," said Graham, chuckling. "Ormond is a nice man, but he hasn't forgotten how the last naval detachment shot his pedigree horse. You try along the river to-morrow."

On the second day Lyle fell among the terrible Devil's Club, and it took us some time to pick the thorns out of him, but he brought no deer, which was not surprising, though he could shoot well, for the wild deer's fur fades invisible among the tints of fallen branches and withered fern, and it needs some training to see the forest creatures in their native home. Still, when he grew dejected and informed me in confidence that he wanted the skin of a bear or a panther for a present particularly, I promised that on the morrow Graham would try to find a wild beast of some kind for him. We started early, leaving Trip, the terrier, who, though a sensible little beast, was no use in the woods, shut up behind; but he joined us later, and at the request of Lyle, who had grown fond of him, was permitted to stay. Graham was a good bushman, but we only shot a few blue grouse, and at sunset lay down to rest awhile among some dwarf spruce on the edge of a steep descent. Far away in the north-east one could catch the last rosy glimmer of the mainland snow, and close above willows fringed the forest plateau we had just struggled out of. Below, slippery shale and great rock fragments, brought down by sliding snow, covered the slope as far as a heavy belt of timber, and lower still deep water shimmered steelily in an awful chasm. Fleecy trains of mist rolled slowly across the long lines of pines on the breast of the opposite hill, until the river was blotted out and we could only hear its roar through smoky vapour. We were all of us ragged, for the undergrowth of those forests is bad to travel through, and Graham, whose flour-bag jacket was almost rent in half, discoursed upon panthers, which are fairly common thereabouts.

"Don't think they'd attack a man who let them alone," he said. "Still, one turned three surveyors out of a thicket with their chain, and when Faber was riding in along the trail a panther jumped right out of the fern and annexed the big dog close beside him. I was sitting on the verandah of the settlement hotel when one bounded from under the redwoods and took a young hog only a few yards away. Just a squeal and a dust-cloud, and while we jumped for our rifles that porker vanished for ever."

I knew these tales were perfectly true, and could see Lyle's eyes grow eager as Graham talked. There was a longing look in his still boyish face, and I felt almost guilty at not mentioning that I had seen the tracks of a panther in the last hollow. I knew that Lyle would have insisted on following it, but it was far too late to crawl after a panther through tangled thickets, so to save him disappointment I determined to wait until the morrow.

"Get hold of the dog!" said Graham, suddenly, in a hoarse whisper, "Now, Mr. Lyle, can you see anything yonder by the break in the willows?" and seizing Trip by the neck I made out what might be either a horn or branch among the darkening leaves, but, as I expected, Lyle, in spite of his sea training, failed to discern it.

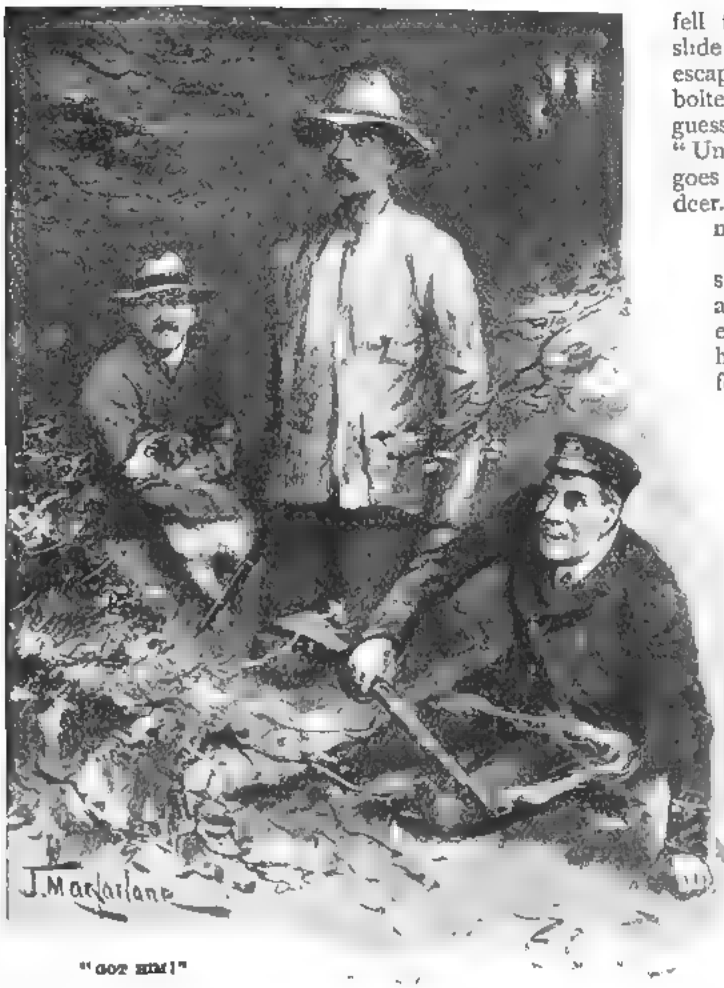
"There!" said Graham. "Under the skeleton twigs. Wind's right way, but you've no time to fool away," and the young man, whose fingers trembled with excitement, answered eagerly:—

"Ah, I see it now! Over a hundred yards, isn't it?"

"Sight full bead at a hundred, and try for 2ft. below it," whispered Graham, and while a rancher would have flung up his rifle and fired forthwith, the naval man settled himself methodically down full length, and crossed his legs. Then he carefully found a place for his left elbow, and his fingers stiffened on the barrel, while his jaw found the stock, and Graham smiled ironically, wondering whether the deer would wait until he was ready. But Lyle could shoot, for when the muzzle tilted and a wisp of blue smoke followed the red flash, torn leaves fluttered down from the twigs he took as mark, and there was a smashing among the willows almost simultaneously with the jarring report which rolled along the rocks above.

"Got him!" he shouted, leaping to his feet, while Graham, who nodded approval, said, "I guess you have, but I think he's going yet. Hold on; if he can't get through the willows he'll break cover this way."

Graham was right, for presently a deer reeled



"GOT HIM!"

out further along the leafy screen, and went down the slope in flying bounds, the loose shale rattling away beneath it. Two bullets whirred harmlessly after it, though the deer, which was evidently stricken, lost its footing and rolled over several times down a steep descent, but it was up again, and vanished among the timber with a crash of undergrowth, while Graham seized Lyle, who seemed bent on running his hardest down hill after it.

"Steady! You'll certainly break your neck that way," he said. "We'll try to pick the trail up if you'll follow me carefully. Stick fast to the dog."

An arduous scramble followed, and I wished that Graham had carried his own dog, for Trip, who would have only kept the wounded deer in flight, struggled hard to get free, and both hands were badly needed in descending that declivity. Still, we progressed safely until I fell full-length among some snow-slide débris, and the dog, which escaped, barked exultantly as he bolted into the timber. "Now I guess you've fixed it," said Graham. "Unless it turns upon him there goes our last chance of finding that deer. Get right up and come along; never mind your knee."

Picking myself up I limped stiffly on with a bleeding knee, and overtook the others on the edge of the timber, burrowing head-foremost through ten-foot ferns, whose withering fronds clung about us like a net as we struggled through. We passed it, however, and stood still presently on hearing a curious yap from Trip, all of us scratched and breathless, listening intently. "It's not a deer," said Graham. "The dog's badly scared of something, as well as in a rage."

Daylight lingers in that region, and a weird green brilliancy still glimmered between the great branch arches high above; but there was deepening shadow among the colonnades of mighty trunks below, while the air was filled with the clean scent of redwoods and cedars touched by the dew. A giant fir had fallen not far ahead, bringing, as generally happens, several others down in its fall. Now, with their lower ends buried in tall yellow fern and branches interlocked, the huge logs lay piled across each other, their upper ends supported against the neighbouring columns of living wood at various heights in the air. The whole, with the undergrowth forced up between, formed one of the horrible tangles common in that country which an axe can hardly open an easy passage through, and we had no axe with us.

Trip growled savagely, somewhere in the midst of it, then howled with fear, after which we heard a deep ominous snarl, and Graham said:—

"Something I hadn't figured on is happening in there. It sounds mighty like a

panther that has pulled down the wounded deer. Get up on the log and see if you can make out anything."

So, trusting to the creeper spikes upon my boots, I took the bushman's usual road—over instead of under—and walked out upon the largest trunk, while a furious yelping commenced ahead; turning a moment, I heard Graham say :—

"Come back, you idiot! I tell you there's a panther in there!"

"It's my deer—I'm going to get it," said Lyle, who was trying to force himself through a mass of interlacing twigs, and Graham's answer came up to me :—

"Well, if you will go, let a man who knows the bush make a way for you."

They disappeared beneath me, and for a time I saw no more of them until, seizing a branch, I swung myself across on to a neighbouring log, from which I could look down into a gloomy pit, perhaps 20ft. deep, filled with tangled undergrowth. There was no way down, for the man who drops unguardedly into such places runs a heavy risk of impaling himself on broken branches, or breaking his leg, and I was not altogether sorry to escape being mixed up in a scuffle with a panther among thorn and fern in the dark. The dog was scurrying about, whining as if afraid. I could see the leaves move under some heavy body, and was unslinging my rifle for a shot at it when Graham's hat became visible beneath.

"You're not going in, Lyle! It's blamed madness when it's almost dark!" he said.

Then a shrill yell of almost human agony broke out, and Lyle's rifle flashed. The detonation filled all the pit with sound; blue smoke curled up out of it; there was a pathetic appeal in the last yelp from the dog, and a loud snarling, while Lyle shouted :—

"I've hit him! The brute's killing Trip. Let go, Graham—for any sake let me get at him!"

I could dimly see him plunge head-first into a thicket of salmon-berry, with, as it now struck me, an empty rifle, for in his excitement he had not reloaded either barrel of the double Express. The fern and bushes rustled, and a suggestive thud, which might have been made by a heavy blow on something that yielded under it, was followed by the plunge of an unseen body through the tangle. Then, almost afraid to think what might be happening in the half-darkness beneath, I wriggled towards a branch that might serve as a ladder. Graham, breaking through the brushwood, flung up his rifle. Red sparks leapt from the muzzle, the branches rattled to the concussion of the heavy report, while something snapped in my hand, and I fell headlong into the gulf.

Rotten twigs snapped about me, giant fern fronds opened out, lashed my face and hands, and closed in again when I alighted free from hurt among matted brambles or other thorny vines. It was quite dark down there, and only those who have crawled through such places know how everything with tendrils plaits about one's limbs. When, scratched all over, I scrambled clear at last, thick, white smoke hung about the trembling needles and drifted athwart the trunks, and the jarring reports of Graham's rifle grew deafening. He was firing at a venture as fast as he could jerk the cartridges from the cylinder of his Winchester repeater.

"The beast's off; I think I plugged him! Are you all right, Lyle?" he shouted, when the din ceased suddenly, and for a moment the silence grew oppressive, until a voice rose up: "All right. I hit him, and here's the deer!" while scrambling forward we found the third of the party seated beside a fallen deer, holding a small white and black object, which whined, tenderly in his arms. There was barely light enough to distinguish this, and when we stood before him only our own heavy breathing broke the silence of the darkening woods.

"Poor little chap! he's badly mauled," said Lyle pitifully. "Much obliged to you, Graham, for coming in after me. It was my first deer, and one couldn't stand by and hear a dog he's fond of screaming out in the grip of a panther, you see. Can't you light a fire while we see where he's hurt, or pick up the trail of the panther? I'm certain I hit him."

"Not without turning ourselves into a fricassée," said Graham. "Ever seen a fire run through a dried-up bush? No; well it's a striking spectacle from a safe distance; and as to the other question, I wouldn't take five hundred dollars to crawl any further head-first after a wounded panther to-night. I'll fix the deer so we can pack it out to-morrow, and the sooner we get home the sooner we can 'tend to Trip. You took a big risk, Mr. Lyle, in saving that dog for me."

For some minutes Graham operated upon the deer, which had evidently been struck down by the panther, for it bore the marks of fangs and claws, and was still warm. Then, and it was quite dark now, we spent, perhaps, half an hour floundering among matted undergrowth, through which we had both to drag Lyle in places. "It's very uncomfortable travelling," he said. "It's curious that when I came in it seemed so much easier."

At last we struck a forest trail, and, though

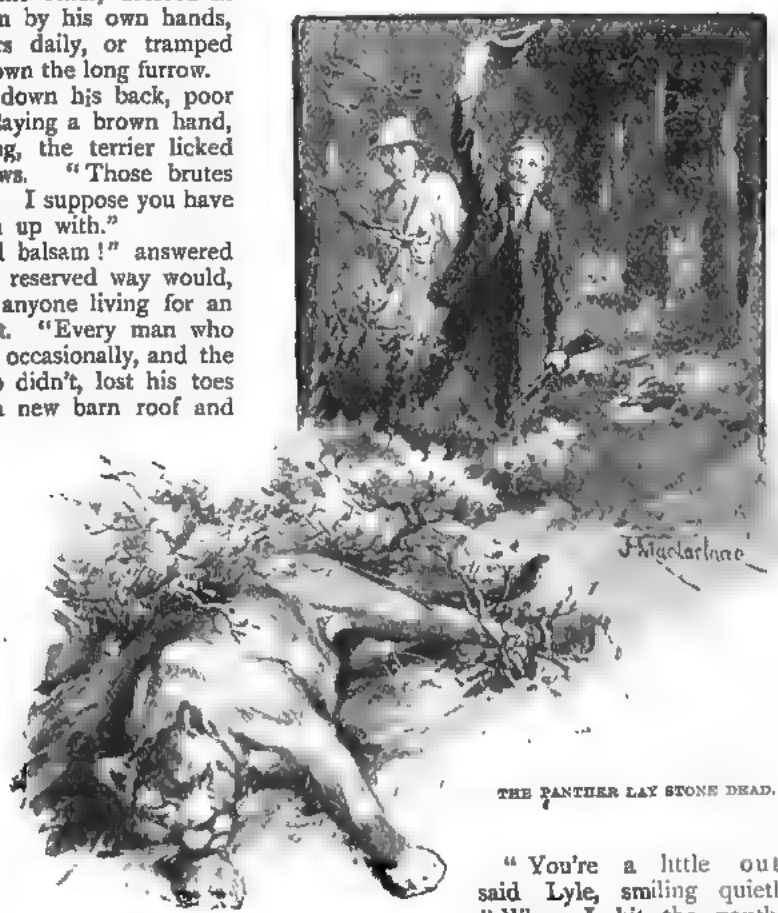
none of these are to be recommended after nightfall, reached our quarters in Graham's barn without any misadventure of consequence. When the owner had lighted an oolochan, which is a fish found off those coasts that burns like a candle, and hung up the kerosene lamp, Lyle sat down, gently stroking the mangled terrier that lay upon his knee. Graham stood above him, and there was a likeness between the two—the gaunt, grim-faced bush-rancher, who, well trained in England, had come out to help in hewing the future of a great province out of the redwood forest, and the young naval officer, who, looking very boyish, soothed the dog. Both had the same steady eyes, and on their bronzed faces the stamp of fearlessness, though one gave orders in uniform, and the other, dressed in hide and flour bags sewn by his own hands, swung the axe ten hours daily, or tramped behind his plough-oxen down the long furrow.

"Torn the flesh right down his back, poor little fellow!" said Lyle, laying a brown hand, which, ceasing its whining, the terrier licked gratefully, on its fore paws. "Those brutes must have terrible claws. I suppose you have got something to tie him up with."

"The usual arnica and balsam!" answered Graham, who in his own reserved way would, I knew, do as much as anyone living for an unfortunate man or beast. "Every man who uses an axe cuts himself occasionally, and the only one I know of who didn't, lost his toes because an axe fell off a new barn roof and cut them through for him. Said he was lucky it didn't split his head. Now!—if you're ready."

I handed him a bottle and a strip torn from one of the cotton flour bags which no settler ever throws away, while presently Lyle, whose face was very pitiful, laid the dog down on my spare jacket saying, "I think he'll do, and it's a consolation that there's one scar at least which will trouble him on that panther's head."

We were tired, and had promised to resume the search at sunrise, so we retired early, and with the melodious jangle of cow bells and the moan of a distant torrent drifting across the solemn silence of the bush for a lullaby, soon sank into sound slumber. The sun had not risen above the sombre redwoods encircling Graham's clearing, while the dew still hung heavy on the fern about the six-foot fir stumps which cumbered it, when we started again, taking an axe and crosscut saw as well as the rifles. None, however, were needed, for it was easier to pass the thicket in clear daylight, and as we crept through Graham picked up the story of the three-cornered affray. "The deer was probably pretty sick from loss of blood when the panther jumped on him here," he said. "Must have dragged him beyond yonder bush, while Trip, who ought to have known better, fooled round outside, yapping, until the panther reached out and knocked him clear. There, if you want more convincing, you'll find the deer."



THE PANTHER LAY STONE DEAD.

"You're a little out," said Lyle, smiling quietly "When I hit the panther that wasn't quite how it was happening."

The deer's throat and shoulder were horribly torn, but another trail of crimson splashes, very plain to such eyes as Graham's, led into the thicket, and, remembering what we had seen, we followed it with due caution. Probably no

one felt quite comfortable when we had to crawl under fallen branches on hands and knees. When we came out into a more open space, Lyle flung up Graham's second hat, which he had borrowed, for, huddled among crimson wine berries, the panther lay stone dead. It was a powerful creature, with flat-topped, cat-like head, and horrible fangs, on which a red froth still hung coagulated, enormously muscular fore-half, and slender flank, not unlike a tiger reduced in size. I could see Lyle's eyes fixed upon it with wonder and pride, while Graham acted as showman.

"I guess you hit it there first shot in the shoulder, smashing the bone, and that's why it stood its ground," he said. "Yonder's the mark of my Winchester," and then, lifting the head, he pointed to a red gash on the scalp, adding, "Here's something I can't quite get the hang of. Now I remember, your gun couldn't have been loaded when you ran in—you said you hit him. Whatever could have made a wound like that?"

"This!" said Lyle quickly, touching the sharp angle of the heel-plate on the rifle butt. "I couldn't wait to get the cartridges out, and the brute would have torn the life out of poor Trip next moment."

"General Jackson!" said Graham. "Mr. Lyle, you have considerable nerve of your own to run in on a wounded panther with an empty gun. I guess you won't run a much bigger one if ever you take a battleship into action."

We packed the skin, and head, and venison home, and next afternoon, Lyle, who prepared to take his departure, said awkwardly:—

"I'm exceedingly obliged to both of you. Never enjoyed a holiday better, and now—you see it has to be mentioned—about the recompense?"

Graham looked at him sternly, and then, while the young man grew uncomfortable, clapped a hard hand on his shoulder.

"I don't keep an hotel, and I hope there'll long be a welcome for any stranger in this country," he said, smiling. "Remember we'll always be glad to see you when the Lords of the Admiralty can spare you, and we'll have better quarters when next you come along. It's not every day one entertains a man who's willing to tackle a panther with the wrong end of a gun."

Thereupon Lyle clambered upon the back of the Cayuse pony, which bared its teeth and kicked, waved the hat he had borrowed from us, and departed, a somewhat ragged scarecrow, up the climbing trail, while there was a kindly light in Graham's eyes, as he said: "There's clean, hard grit in that young man, and if they run our navies with that kind they won't go far wrong. I should say the man who, to save a dog, would hammer a panther's head with the heel-plate of an empty rifle wouldn't hang back much if ever he got the signal that his ship was badly wanted."

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SLANG.

(*Sent by "Bluecoat Boy."*)

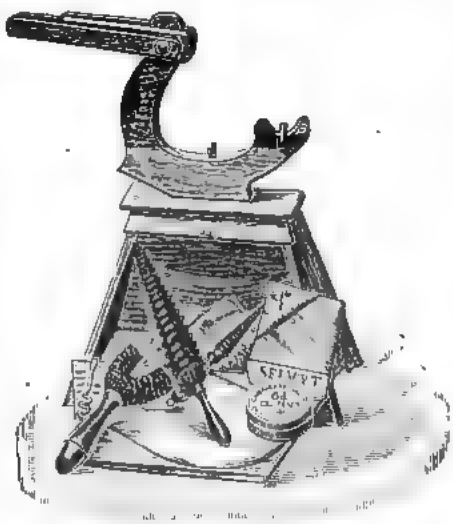
Crug	Bread.
Chaff	Expresses joy or delight.
Shark	To cadge tuck.
Flab	Butter.
Duff	Pudding, and to swindle.
Mob	Move up in class.
Swab	Fag (noun).
Spadge	Walk (verb and noun).
Housey	Christ's Hospital.
Kiff	Coffee.
Titch	Cane (verb).
Pan out	To tell tales.
Buzz	To cry.
Swear out	To accuse wrongfully.
Pock	Pocket.
Scratch	Maid.
Sicker	Infirmary.
Tubby	Labourer.
Pof about	Game with ball, and halloa.
Shuts	Disappointment.
"Bite!"	Cave! Look out!
Haggery	Scullery.
Hags	Scullery maids.
Pepper box	A fives court.
Mull	To fight.
Slogging	Licking.
Biggey	Major.
Littley	Minor.
Shag	Share.
Pub sups	Lenten suppings.

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

THE CARE OF THE MACHINE.

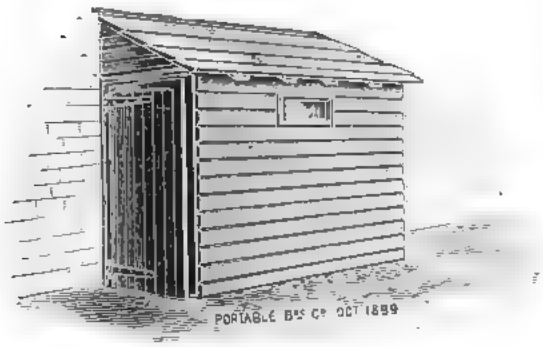
IT would be difficult to find a more important subject, from the point of view of those cyclists who value their machines and wish them long life, than this one of the proper care of the bicycle, as distinct from the proper handling of it when in use. Most important of all, perhaps, is it in winter, when so large a number of riders—quite foolishly as I think—allow their mounts to remain idle, and deprive themselves of the exhilarating delights of winter riding. And yet there are ever so many fellows of my acquaintance who habitually neglect their bicycles at nearly all times, and who, needless to say, when they put a nice one away for the winter, only find when spring comes round that they are in possession of a heavy-running, dingy-looking, and spoilt "old crock"; for age is not a question of time only, but of good or ill usage as well.



GAMAGE'S "CLEAN-ALL" OUTFIT.

I will deal first with the question of external cleaning. To begin with, fix the machine upon a convenient cycle stand. Supposing there be mud on the machine, it must be removed while soft. If, for any reason, it has been allowed to harden before cleaning operations are commenced, it must be softened artificially, or its removal will almost certainly involve the scratching, or even chipping, of plating and enamel. In the case of enamel, a good way to soften is by dabbing with a moist cloth; but another cloth, this time moistened, not with water, but with paraffin, should be employed to soften any mud that may have become caked on the nickel plating. Care should be taken, however, that neither softening material is used in excess. No water should be allowed to trickle anywhere near the bearings, and no paraffin should on any account be allowed to touch the tyres or other rubbered parts. Paraffin is just as well kept out of the bearings too, for reasons I may explain later, although I know that many cleaners and repairers use it habitually and in large quantities, and its use in America is almost universal.

When the mud is all removed, a perfectly dry cloth should be used to get the last trace of moisture away as well as the last trace of the paraffin. The next thing to do is to tackle the rust on the bright parts, in case any should then be discovered. The paraffin itself will already have done something in this direction, but I should not advise completing the process with that cleanser. It is much better to employ some one of the good preparations now upon the market. Personally, I have found the substance sold in tins, and described as "matchless polishing paste," to answer all expectations, but there are plenty of other things that will do the trick satisfactorily. The cloth known as "Selvyt"



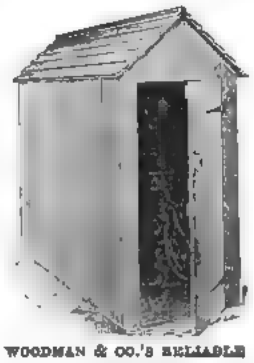
PORTABLE BUILDING COMPANY'S CYCLE HOUSE.

is a capital polisher, and is much easier to wash and soften than is chamois leather. The material called "engine waste" is excellent for the earlier stages of cleaning. Gamage's "Clean-all" is a self-contained cleaning outfit of great value. Having effected the polishing of all bright parts as a first stage of the cleaning, because it is very important, you can make your next task of the kind much easier by employing some rust preventive. Vaseline has long been known in this connection. It takes off a little from the apparent brightness of the metal, but it is a good protector, and makes such an incident as a light shower of rain, or a month's neglect when at rest in the cycle stable, a matter of but little account. But there are other substances which are more easy to handle, and which do the work at least as well. Among them I can speak highly of that known as "anti-rustine," for I have given it a lengthy trial, out of which it has come with honours.

"KLENEEZ" CYCLE STAND.

Let me go back for a moment to the mud stage again, in order to speak of the care of the tyres. Many riders treat their tyres as they might if the latter were made, not of a delicate substance such as indiarubber, but of iron, as in the old "bone-shaker." This is all wrong. The tyre should be cleaned as well as the rest of the machine, and there is, of course, a proper way of setting about the work. In this case there should be no attempt to soften any caked mud which may be attaching. The mud should be removed dry, either with a piece of stiff cardboard, or with a thin edge of wood, or, if great care is used so as not to injure the face of the rubber, the edge of a blunt knife may be employed, this always being held at right angles to the rubber surface. If there are mudguards, they should be made as clean inside as out, and if a certain amount of polish is given to their inner surfaces it will be found that they will not accumulate mud so fast in future. The tyres may be finally wiped with a dampish cloth, but it must not be damp enough to allow of any moisture exuding, for if the smallest amount of water should steal in and touch the woven fabric, trouble may be expected in the near future. Many preparations, both home-made and manufactured, have been recommended for the application to the insides of inner tubes in order to improve or resuscitate them. All of these mixtures are more or less "messy," and I have not found any of them very effectual. But I once knew a pair of very old tubes apparently greatly improved by the introduction of a spoonful of common cold water into each valve. I now hear good things spoken of a mixture called "Tyreine," intended for application to rubber of all kinds, and said to preserve its resiliency, and other good qualities.

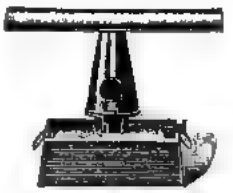
Some people give the finishing touches to the enamel of the frame with furniture polish. I think it is better done with oil. A cloth partly saturated, not with paraffin, but with some good lubricating oil, may be used. The palm of the hand makes a still better polisher than the cloth, but the operation this indicates must be characterised as dirty work, and either "monkey" soap or the soap balls made of sand and glycerine will be needed to cleanse the hands afterwards. Indeed, something of the sort may be required in any case. If the machine is to be used again shortly, it is advisable to clean all the polishing oil away very carefully, or there will be too great a tendency to accumulate dust. The oil on the nickel may or may not be left as a protector. But if the machine is about to be put by for a length of time, it is well to leave the protecting films upon it until such time as it may



WOODMAN & CO.'S RELIABLE CYCLE HOUSE

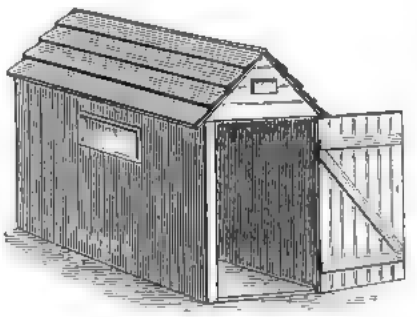
be required again. It will then, after a few minutes' work, emerge quite smart and bright.

A word about the cleansing of accessories. Some riders oil or grease their saddles in order to make them softer, and of those who do so probably the majority oil them too much. To get this oil away then becomes an important cleaning process. It is best done by employing a little benzine, which should be stroked about the under side of the leather. With a bit of patience the saddle may be got right again. But the operation should not be carried out anywhere near a fire or a light, as the spirit is highly inflammable. Of the importance of cleaning the lamp thoroughly, both within and without, I have spoken on a previous occasion, and the bell, although it may perhaps be a trifle duller than the bright parts of the machine, owing to its being less heavily plated, is well worth the bit of trouble required to get it into a condition to match. The cleaning of the chain is so important that I shall give it a paragraph all to itself.



PORTABLE COMPANY'S HEATING LAMP.

I will first assume that the chain is uncased, which, in my opinion, no chain destined for use off the racing track should be. In such an event the best thing to do with it is to detach it and place it in a shallow tray filled with paraffin. It may be moved about for a little while in order to allow all the links to get thoroughly washed. After that it should be dried quickly with a duster, care being taken not to allow any fluff from the duster to remain in the links. A lubricant should then be administered, and for all naked chains I consider a dry one preferable. There are several on the market, but ordinary blacklead makes a very good one. The reason for using a dry lubricant is, that after its application there is less risk of dust and other deleterious substances collecting upon the chain again. If the chain is properly encased no paraffin need be used. The thing to do then is to run off the oil bath, for no gear-case is perfect which does not provide for one, add a new supply of oil, and spin the wheel round. This oil should then in its turn be run off, and fresh oil added.



FRASER'S CYCLE HOUSE.

And now I come to perhaps the most important point of all—the cleaning of those moving parts that are out of sight. I have already spoken disrespectfully of paraffin, and I should on no account employ it in this connection. With a little more time and patience bearings can be better cleaned with some good non-mineral lubricant. Flushing with paraffin is the quick way, but it has a tendency to roughen the fine surfaces of balls and ball-races. Good sperm oil, or highly refined neatsfoot, is far preferable. Many of the patent oils will serve the purpose admirably, but I would employ nothing in the shape of a "double purpose" oil, that is, an oil for which the vendors claim that it is good for lubricating and lighting as well. Such an oil may be all very well in the lamp, but it is almost sure to contain at least one ingredient of the paraffin class. The reason I would treat an uncovered chain with paraffin, as directed above, is that the good such oil does in removing grit, etc., far outweighs any harm that its own contact can possibly do. The properly covered chain will, if run in its oil bath, almost take care of itself. There will be practically no grit to remove.

Lastly comes the question of where to keep the machine when it is not in use. If the periods of lying by are long the question is a vital one. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say to any but the youngest and most inexperienced of cyclists that a cellar, a damp attic, or a washhouse, or any such place, would each be utterly unsuitable as a storehouse. Some quite dry and not too cold place ought to be selected. The ideal situation is a room in which people live and have fires, but that is very seldom convenient, so it is necessary to try and arrive at the same conditions artificially. A cycle house offers us the means of doing this. Such a structure can be had at all sorts of prices, from about a pound upwards. But any fellow clever with tools can make one for himself, and will probably be able to please himself much better in this way than by adopting any of the standard patterns on the market. If the cycle stable is out of doors in an exposed position it should be warmed in some way.

Lamps specially designed for this purpose can be obtained, or a small oil stove will supply the want. But do not forget that a machine put by for the winter, or for any other period, will not improve while at rest. That is true of all machinery, whether it be of large dimensions, such as those of a steamship, a locomotive, or a factory, or whether it be a watch or a cyclometer. A bicycle, then, left alone without work for a long period, is all the better for an occasional visit and a bit of wheel and pedal spinning.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**C. H.**" (London, E.C.).—You ought to give your name and your address, as a matter of courtesy. If you will send them, you shall have a reply. **G. N. H.** (Thirsk).—It is difficult to get grease and dirt out of felt handle grips, and that is one of the greatest objections to them. They are, of course, nice and warm as long as they remain felty; but they soon lose their soft texture as they become impregnated with grease, and after that they are no warmer than the harder forms of handle grip. The velvet that came into use some years ago went out of fashion almost immediately, because of its liability to collect dirt and its general unsuitableness. If the hands perspire at all freely, they will ruin any highly absorptive substance at once. Cork does not absorb the grease very rapidly, but it does in time, and on this account, as well as on the score of its nasty way of chipping and cracking, I do not like it. I know of nothing better than a grip of polished wood, or some similar hard and non-absorptive material. Some recommend the cleaning of felt by means of benzine; but it is exceedingly unsatisfactory unless the grips are first taken off. If this is not done, the real effect of the application of benzine is only to mix up and redistribute the grease, not to properly eradicate it. But if you can get the grips off, you have only to stuff them full of brown paper to act as an absorbent, and then apply benzine until the grease is driven into it. Do not attempt this operation anywhere near an exposed light or fire, as the substance is highly inflammable. The machine you name is trustworthy. See remarks below. **L. F.** (Liskeard).—You should join the C.T.C. Get some member to propose you, and then send the necessary six shillings for the first year to the secretary, at 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Yes, there will be a few changes in the form of the Rudge-Whitworth machines in the opening year. The firm have made the flush joint frames universal as a feature of their wares. It is stronger, and looks neater, than the old joint. They are also offering a new series of handle bars, with forward lugs. These are of such varied designs that whatever position the rider chooses—and I need hardly say I hope yours is the correct one—it is easy to pick a handle-bar to suit. In brakes this company are strong. They give the option of four varieties. You can have a front rim pull-up lever brake, a front rim or a back rim cable-actuated brake, or a pedal-actuated band brake for the back wheel. I should recommend either the first or second, if only one brake is wanted; but, with a free wheel, you should have not only one of these, but the third-named for preference also. The particular free wheel of this firm, by the way, has been slightly improved in this season's design. Apart from the changes I have named, the machines will be as before, practically, except that the V fork-crown will, this year, be fitted to the "Standards" and "Specials" alike. **W. F.** (Todmorden).—I do not like the trilight lamp. It is apt to uncomfortably dazzle any friend who may happen to be riding beside you. By a double purpose oil is meant one for the lamp and for lubricating purposes also. I have already given reasons why such an oil may be all right for lighting purposes, but is very likely to be unsuitable for introduction into bearings. **Harry B.** (Lamark).—I don't see why your projected club-house should not prove a success. All you want is a sufficient number of enthusiastic members, and, with a membership such as yours, there ought to be enough among it. You should have a certain few enthusiastic enough to be *always* there, and that will ensure the attendance of a lot of others, who will go, knowing that "there will be something on." Music is, as you say, important. If you can't afford a piano, or, if the premises you finally decide upon are unsuitable for one, you can, I should think, find some member who can play a stringed instrument, if only the banjo. I have known some very jolly times spent in such club-houses, and the banjo has done good service in contributing to the jollity. **H. B.** (Surrey).—There is no reason why you should not learn in a covered playground. It oddly happens that I learnt in one myself. "**Lysander**" (Lancing).—You can have all the bright parts replated at comparatively small cost, but it would be a pity to let any other than the maker do the enamelling, as that would mean the loss of transfer, which, in the case of your Centaur, is a good halt-mark. The patching up of the enamel yourself with a brush might turn out all right, but, unless it is very skilfully done, it does not improve the appearance of the mount, and I have known cases in which the operation made it look even older. **Ernest** (Liverpool).—There must be a small puncture. No tyre should require to be blown up every day. The valves being sound, as you tell me, I suspect a leakage under the valve seating. I have often found this a cause of riders' troubles, and a very obstinate one, because, if it is not suspected, the ordinary water test seldom reveals it. Possibly it is too "tickle" a job for you to successfully deal with yourself, but I should try to tackle it if I were you. "**Job**" (Urmston).—There is no excuse for a rider overtaking on the left hand side, without having given any warning of his intention to do so. Should any mishap occur as the result of such an act, he would certainly be liable for damages. The practice is far too common. If, say, the road is flanked by a footpath much used by pedestrians, the wise cyclist will avoid riding too far down to his left, because he knows that there are many careless people who have a habit of stepping off without taking the precaution of a glance over the shoulder. Of course, the "stepper-off," as he is called, has himself to blame if anything befalls him in consequence of his act. This is not only common sense, but it is law also. Still, as I say, the careful cyclist has consideration even for such foolish persons as he. If, while allowing a good margin for the stepper-off, the cyclist is himself overtaken by a more reckless wheelman, who prefers skimming the kerb all the way, the man so overtaking is not only guilty of the grossest ill-manners, but he is breaking the law as well.—H. P.

"OUR COUSINS."

Some Expressions of Opinion by Six Girl Readers of "The Captain."

BY ONE WHO APPRECIATES THEM.

It is rather strange how families differ in the number of cousins they have. I, for instance, have an innumerable number; fresh ones always seem to be turning up, while a friend of mine has only one or two. My ancestors had a provoking habit of marrying relations, which has complicated matters in a truly alarming way. Moreover, my father's great-grandfa her, or some such ancestor, had twenty-one sons and one daughter, while an ancestor on my mother's side had nearly as many. You can imagine, therefore, that a genealogical tree explaining all the connections of my numerous ancestors with myself and with one another would be almost an impossibility.

It is very much nicer, I think, to have a good number of cousins. Of course, boys and girls with many cousins will probably receive far fewer presents from grandparents, uncles, etc., than those who have none. But I do not think anyone, even the most selfish of mortals, would wish to have fewer cousins for that reason. It is always pleasant to have cousins to stay with you, or to stay with, in the holidays, and many jolly parties can be formed. "Only children," especially, must be very dependent on the society of cousins

Relationships between cousins are often the pleasantest things. There is a complete sense of freedom, unmixed with the unkind bluntness and fault-finding which too often mar brotherly and sisterly affection. The truest friendships are often between cousins who have grown up together in sweet familiar intercourse, and whose sincere love for one another has never been rendered self-conscious by the silly remarks about "sweethearts," which are so often made if boy and girl friends show much affection for one another. Of course, if one has many cousins there must necessarily be some we do not like Charles Lamb, in his essay on "Poor Relations," has drawn a very harsh picture of a relation whose connection is nothing but an annoyance. But his remarks are, I think, very un Christianlike. We cannot all be rich, far less can we all be clever and attractive. And God places us in one family that we may supply each other with what each lacks, and so that they "which are strong" may "bear the infirmities of the weak."

H. C. S.

A WELSH GIRL SPEAKS.

There are three kinds of cousins—the boy cousin, the girl cousin, and the disagreeable cousin.

I will first take the boy cousin of one's own age, or slightly younger. He is delightful. To his own sisters he may be a privileged tyrant, but to his girl cousins he is a privileged friend. What tales he will unfold of school achievements to his favourite girl cousins! How manly he feels if, at any time, they are under his care, and how careful they must be at all times never to hurt his feelings by treating him with undue familiarity or want of respect!

Next comes the girl cousin of all ages. She is either one's firm friend or worst enemy; it seems as if there could be no half-way house with girl cousins if they are acquainted with each other at all. On the whole, it is best to be friendly with one's girl cousins, particularly if living in the same neighbourhood. But, supposing two girl cousins are really friends (school-days being over, and chums widely separated), the relationship seems to make them almost as much to each other as their true chums were.

Very different to these kinds of cousins are the disagreeable cousins of both sexes. It is hard to be certain which are the worst. The disagreeable boy cousin seems almost without an equal; luckily he is a rare specimen. For instance, one feels secretly proud when called upon by a brother to execute some difficult or tedious task, and a few words of praise, when the work is fulfilled, are worth far more than the time expended; but the boy cousin who expects to be waited on, listened to, and in every way treated as if he were far more to one than one's own brother, and who, perhaps, to add to all this, seizes every opportunity to *kiss* one in anything but a brotherly manner, well!

dear Mr. Old Fag, words cannot express my thoughts with regard to *him! (Dear me! This must be a young villain!—O. F.)*

Then, lastly, there is the girl cousin who imagines that the relationship entitles her to make horrid remarks on all occasions, who is extremely difficult to deal with, and is, therefore, best avoided.

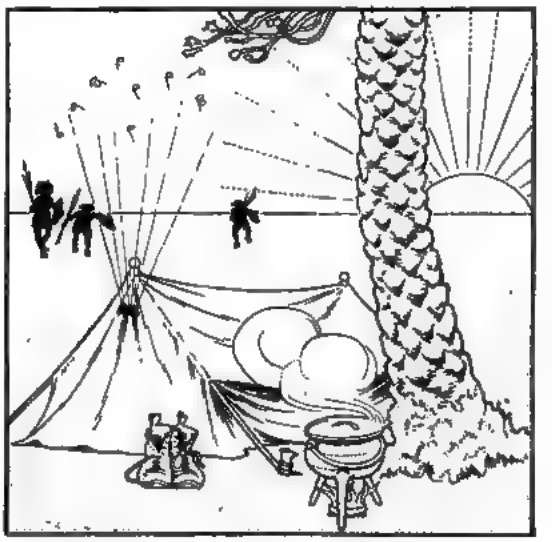
On the whole, cousins are splendid relations to possess, particularly when two families of friendly cousins agree to go for their holidays at the same time, and to the same place.

G. M.

"NOT HALF BAD!"

Cousins—that is, the children of our parents' brothers and sisters—often play an important part in our lives. A wise cousin, many years older than oneself, may have great influence for good, as one of the same age may often have for bad. For cousins supply a want often felt in mere acquaintances; they are more than friends, yet not so much as brothers and sisters. In them one can confide, taking pleasure in their society, having mutual family interests. Cousins have been renowned in history chiefly for interference (a trait sometimes found in them now, I am sorry to say); as witness Mary of Scotland and the English throne. Country cousins—those that live far from London—are noted especially for their rosy cheeks, and wonderment at the great city's sights. They are generally good-hearted, but come in for a good share of laughter at their manners and dress. The town cousin, however, is always a pleasant companion; but boys of a certain age have a habit of usurping brotherly privileges—quite unnecessarily, as the recipient's embarrassment may testify. Most boys, though, behave in a gentlemanly manner towards girls; cousins, however, being better in this respect than brothers. A cousin of the same age and sex is a boon to most boys and girls. There is always a great deal to discuss in the way of family matters; they generally have some common interest, and at school are "chums" for some time. The male cousin, when a little older, is a useful companion at concerts and in crowds; and I have noticed that they are never so "busy" as brothers when such attendance is required. Of course, some people have cousins they have never seen. These, though, invariably take an interest in their unknown relatives; and, if living in a foreign land, look forward to the chance of a pleasant visit some day. Altogether, cousins—taken as a whole in the light of friend, playmate, or counsellor—are, to use a phrase that means a great deal, "Not half bad!"

M. S.



"HARK TO HIS SNORES!" CRIED HUNGRY KING SAMBO. "COME, LITTLE BROTHERS—DINNER WAITS!" *(TRANSLATION.)*

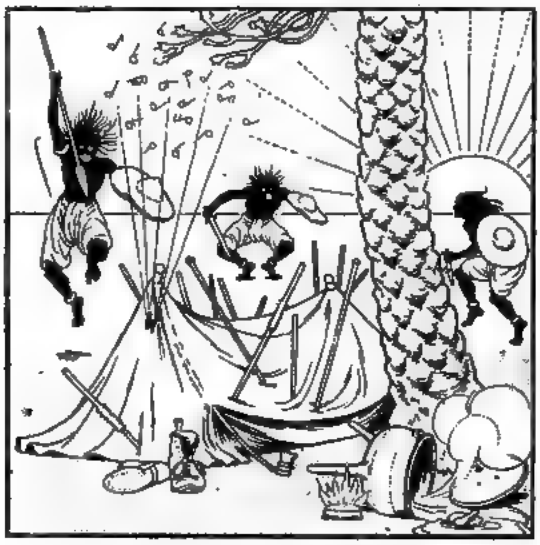
BOY COUSINS— PLEASE NOTE!

Cousins are the children of our uncles and aunts. They may be divided into three classes.

(1) Rich cousins who desire no communication with poorer ones.

(2) Those lower in the social scale. The demeanour of this class is very smiling and gracious to us, and they have the habit of clinging closely, as if we were very nice people indeed, but we soon find that the boys make requests for all sorts of advantages for themselves; the girls send their photographs and would like to come to visit; while the parents, sad to say, seem to possess the strange idea that all our belongings ought to be theirs, and wish to be helped in every monetary difficulty, and would think it only right if they and their families were entirely supported by those whom they consider better able to bear the burden.

(3) Those cousins equal in worldly position. This is the only enjoyable relationship occasioning neither scorn nor envy. A girl feels freer with a boy cousin, because of kinship, than with a stranger, and is held in higher esteem by him than by her own brother, who is apt to be needlessly ashamed of a sister sometimes, and is always dreading what other fellows will think of her behaviour. On my last birthday



"IF HE BE NOT DEAD NOW," CRIED KING SAMBO, "HE NEVER WILL BE. FORWARD, LITTLE BROTHERS!"
(*TRANSLATION.*)

I received a knife and fishing-rod. No sister or mother would dream of giving such presents to a girl, and yet, did girls but know the delights and uses of a knife, they would not be without one. It is ever with me, and invaluable — and the fishing-rod, oh, joy of joys! so unexpected, and, instead of gracefully thanking him, all I could say was, "Well, this *is* decent!" That very day I went fishing for the first time, and came home with three lovely perch, than which, peppered, salted, and fried in butter, no food ever tasted finer.

F. P.

BY A JERSEY MAID.

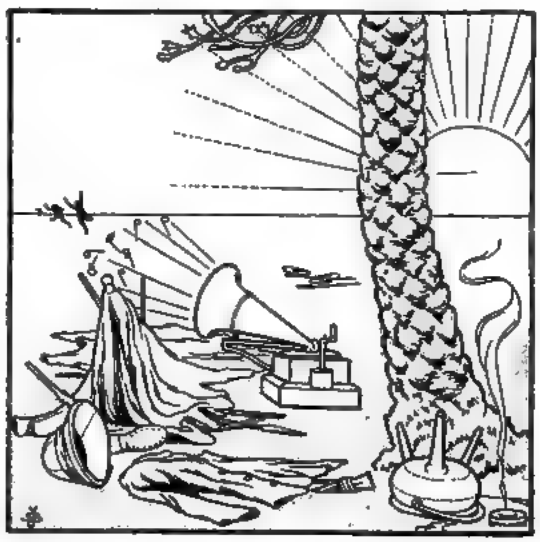
What a motley crowd of relatives does this word conjure up before the mind's eye! It is such an elastic term, this little word. One of our poets tells us: "Every man will be thy friend, whilst thou hast wherewith to spend"; but might not the lines read, with equal truth: "Every man will be thy cousin," etc.? You are poor and altogether "down on your luck"—*ergo*, you are devoid of cousins. Someone leaves you a fortune—what happens? Why, cousins! They spring up like mushrooms on every side—dozens of them, of all sorts and sizes. One of them claims your aid on the plea of this relationship; you spend several hours in making out your genealogical table, at the end of which time you discover that his great-aunt married your grandmother's aunt's son, and you finally rise from your seat with a splitting headache and a strong desire to annihilate the aforementioned cousin.

Nowhere is this relationship more comprehensive than among the old Jersey folk. To them every other person is "Cousin John" or "Cousin Le Cresley"; in fact, "Les Jersiais," according to their own lights, are one huge family of cousins—a very inconvenient state of affairs at times, for cousins are usually possessed of the idea that they hold peculiar privileges above other folk, even though they be practically strangers to you.

The vexed question, "Should cousins kiss?" would doubtless be greeted with a decided affirmative from the young man with a pretty girl cousin; but would the latter (the intended recipient of the aforementioned kiss) hold similar views? It would all depend on what manner of man her relative might be.

The term "cousin" is often employed without signifying any actual relationship; thus, sovereigns use it as a title of address to their contemporaries or to the noblemen of their court. It may also be used to express a similarity existing between two objects; nevertheless, do not commit the indiscretion of informing a boy that he is "cousin" to a monkey, on the ground that both are always up to mischief, or he may make an attempt (on you) to prove the truth of the assertion.

W. D. E.



BUT WHAT THE SNORING EXPLORER SAID WON'T BE TRANSLATED IN *THIS* MAGAZINE. (BY ORDER, O. F.)

AT TWELVE—AND TWENTY-ONE.

I think that *age* is the all-important factor with regard to cousins. Take, for instance, your rough, mischievous school-boy cousin who makes your life a nuisance to you; yet, in after years, who could be nicer than he who formerly was your peculiar horror, and whom a thousand times you had wished at the bottom of the sea? Now no one could be kinder or more chivalrous; and if one is *minus* an elder brother, who can fill his place better than this cousin of yours? He takes you to the theatre, acts as your escort whenever you want one, and is, in fact, a general blessing to a brotherless girl. Can this be, you say, the mischievous imp of five or six years ago?

And then—girl cousins—are they a blessing or otherwise?

Well, think, for instance, of your dear little baby cousin just learning to take a few steps alone. Can she be anything but an unmitigated blessing? To listen to her childish prattle, to watch her first efforts at walking, are not these both sweet and soothing to a tired brain? As she gets older she becomes more of a companion to you, and the scrapes into which she gets at school, and all the events of her school-girl life will be detailed to you at length. Finally, what more faithful friend can you possess than a girl cousin of your own age, who shares the same likes and dislikes as yourself, and enters into all your joys and sorrows as if they were her own? In some cases she is as dear as one's own sister.

Then, too, what can be nicer than an invitation to stay with a whole family of cousins—girls and boys of all ages? There no one is ever dull, for life and merriment fill the house. All is gay and sunshine, sorrow and grief have no entrance there. If one is dull or depressed, the best remedy is to visit this houseful of cousins. They will be glad to see you, and will cheer you up in no time; and you will go home again feeling a totally different person from what you were an hour or so ago.

On the whole, I think cousins are an inestimable benefit; and if they have their troublesome times, it must be acknowledged that they have also their useful and cheering ones.

D. O.

[The general opinion seems to be that cousins are well worth having. Several of the contributors comment on the demeanour of cousins when they have arrived at man's estate, and compare it with that of brothers—much to the latter's disadvantage. But they must bear in mind that the said brothers know how to make themselves agreeable to *their* grown-up girl cousins? I shall keep my eye on all the grown-up cousins I see together this Christmas. I am sure I shall enjoy the process.—O. F.]

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:

FICTION.

The New Master. By Arnold Golsworthy. 3s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

The Warrigals' Well. By Donald Macdonald. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Farewell Nikola. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Wheels within Wheels. By Hugh Mee. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Captain Ravenshaw. By R. N. Stephens. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Red Rose and White. By Alfred Armitage. 3s. 6d. (John Macqueen.)

Acton's Feud. By Fredk. Swainson. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Captain Blunt. By Max Adeler. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Loyal to Napoleon. By Alfred Armitage. 3s. 6d. (John Macqueen.)

Cavaliers and Rogues. By W. Murray Graydon. 3s. 6d. (John Macqueen.)

The Heart of the Prairie. By John Mackie. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Longfeather the Peacemaker. By Kirk Munroe. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Royalties of the World. 10s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Books. By G. B. Rawlings. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Metal Working Tools. By Percival Marshall. 6d. (Dawbarn & Ward, Ltd.)

The Life of a Century. By Edwin Hodder. 10s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Britannia's Bulwarks. 10s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Fish Life. By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas. In 26 Parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Ice Sports. Isthmian Library Series. 5s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

TAKING THE NIGHT WATCH.

Drawn by George Hawley

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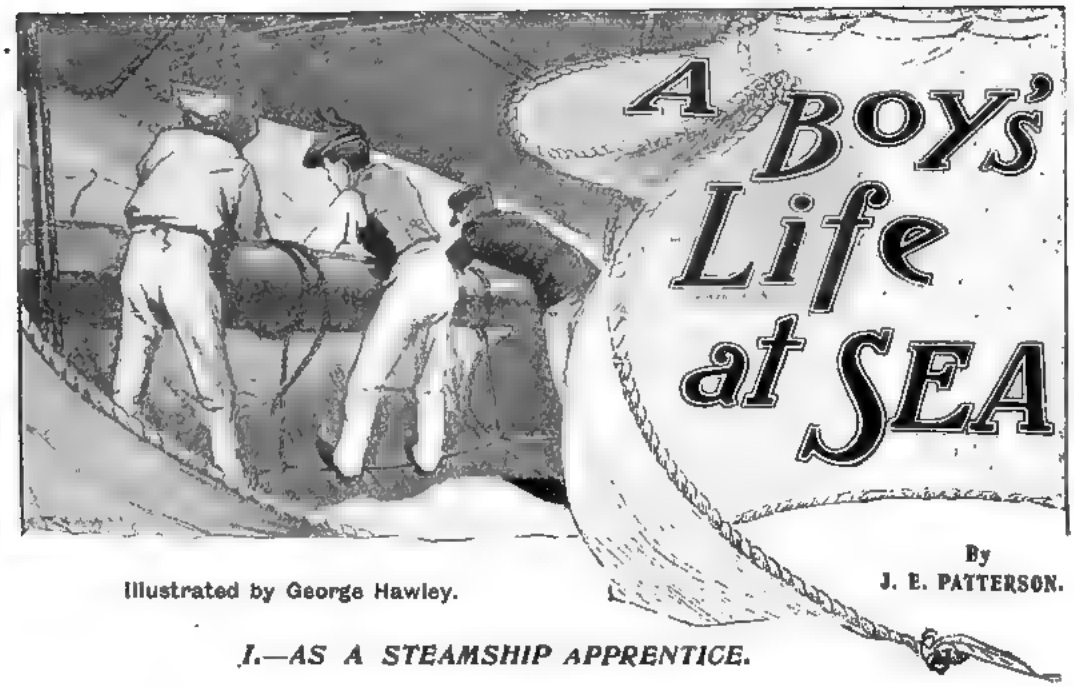


Illustrated by George Hawley.

By J. E. PATTERSON.

I.—AS A STEAMSHIP APPRENTICE.

WHERE is the healthy boy for whom the sea has no fascination? Scarcely in these islands. The same holds good of the vast Young Britain that in years to come will sentinel our empire's "far-flung battle line." Love of the ocean, its freedom, its glorious and health-giving breezes, and its inseparableness from the idea of adventure, have ever had a foremost place in the breast of the youthful Briton—English, Irish, Scottish, or Welsh.

We are all Britons to-day. The mystery and charm of the sea, its out-of-sight wonders, its "blue hills far away," and the romance that—at a distance—covers the life of its thousands of ships, form a glamour that thrills the nation's youthful blood, and makes many a "runaway to sea" during his literary period with such romancists as Marryat and Clark Russell. This has doubtless been the case since the old Norse freebooters pillaged our coasts, and may it ever be! With our extended lines of shore, we need this glamour of the ocean; it is a thousand times a finer stimulus to lads who would "a-sailing go" than ever can be the mere desire to earn a living; it makes, in fact, the difference that lies between pressed men and volunteers.

Whilst there are oceans there will be ships, and whilst ships come and go we shall have runaways—whom we can safely leave to their own devices; for the lad who will be a sailor willy-nilly is very rarely the one to drop by the way, or want a lifting hand to any piece of work where courage and resource are the only qualities needed. It is mostly for boys who are so drawn by the sea that they choose it as a profession, and adopt it under their parents' supervision, that these articles are written; yet they will in some degree apply to all intending sailor-boys, their parents, guardians and friends.

We will suppose that the time has come when the boy elects his life-calling. In all probability he first tells his mother that he wishes to go to sea. She, having failed to dissuade him, puts the matter to his father—after some hesitation. He feared to do so, lest there should come a peremptory command to get rid of the notion without delay. The sea as a profession rarely commends itself to parents—not to the mother, because she so greatly dreads its danger; not to the father, because it offers no facilities for making a fortune. As a calling, it is honest as any other; it evolves weak and retiring boys into brave and hardy men; love for it gives us the defenders we absolutely must have. Our merchant navy is the basis of our commercial prosperity, and the remuneration to officers allows them to provide for old age if they have but ordinary thrift.

However, the boy gains his desire, and gets away on the usual trial trip. He may be a lad of the practical kind—that is, practical for one who

selects his avocation with an eye to its chances of adventure—and his being on a steamer the outcome of his own wish, or it may be the consequence of opportunities or parental influence. Whichever it be, he has now reached the first stage of disillusionment. Of course, he is a "middy," as mercantile apprentices are fondly termed. If on a fairly good "liner," he has been provided with a suit of uniform clothing, and is so proud of his navy blue cloth, brass buttons, and narrow strips of "gold lace," that he would hardly be able to speak civilly to his old chums. His food, with a few insignificant exceptions, is equal to that of an average second-rate hotel, and it seldom falls below that standard.

Let us imagine that this testing voyage is one to the East and back—to the wonderful, fascinating East—say to Bombay. He, before leaving home, probably thought that all he would have to do would be to walk about, after the inevitable sickness and the needful acquiring of "sea legs," and watch how things are done. Of this error he is soon disabused, unless he chances to be with an uncommonly easy-going captain and a chief officer of the same kind, which, for him, is a piece of disguised misfortune. Fine weather never makes a good seaman, and too tender treatment has the evil of coddling the lad, though certainly, ill-treatment of boys at sea was a vice that has very properly been suppressed; that, in fact, was never really prevalent in steaming vessels.

When once able to get about the same as his shipmates, he finds that he has certain light duties to perform, by way of "getting his hand in. First, he learns the meaning of "watch in" and "watch out"—the former being the time he is allowed for sleep and personal matters, whilst the latter goes in duty on deck, and covers every alternate four hours. The duration of these equal turns is broken every evening by what are termed "dog-watches"—*i.e.*, the time between 4 and 8 p.m. is divided into two watches of two hours each; thus the watch (men and officers) who have eight hours on deck and four below in one night, get the converse on the succeeding night

One of his small duties during the night watches will be to note the time by the wheel-house clock and strike it on the little bell on the bridge, then listen that the man on the look-out correctly repeats it on the big forward bell. By this he learns the meaning of "one bell," "two bells," etc.; each "bell"—that is, a single stroke—being a half-hour of time. Other small items of seafaring knowledge taught him whilst on this voyage are the difference between "port" and "starboard"—in landsmen's phraseology, "left" and "right" of the ship; and that when the officer says "port" to the helmsman, the wheel is turned to starboard and *vice versâ*. He will also be initiated into the mystery of "boxing the compass," and incidentally pick up bits of information relating to that valuable little instrument.

Another small matter learnt now is that of hitching colours together, hoisting them up folded in such wise that a pull on the downward part of the halyards will open them to the breeze while aloft, hauling them down and putting them away in their respective pigeon-holes in the flag-locker Their names and meanings, the different ropes and their uses, the setting and taking-in of sails, will all come later on, as will the meaning of logarithms, deviation, lee-way, solar and lunar observations, bulks of different cargoes, and other higher branches of seamanship; so, too, will the further disillusioning of cleaning brass-work in the sharp air of a frosty morning, the splicing and knotting of tarry ropes, getting his hands daubed with paint in learning to use it, and in taking night-watch when steaming head-first into a heavy sea and half a gale of wind. For to become a practical sailor he must *do* as sailors do, or he would be but "book learnt."

Of course, during this probationary voyage he will be introduced to the usual tricks of his young shipmates; for boys are still boys, whether on land or sea, British or foreign, at school or elsewhere, and have their practical jokes at the expense of new comers.

At Bombay he will find himself told off to take his turn at gangway duty—acting as a sentry at the in-board end of the gangway leading on shore—and later on have to tally cargo as it is loaded or landed. His few trips into the picturesque city will probably result in a little pile of curios, made up of sandal-wood boxes, pressed-rice fans, ivory knick-knacks, Hindoo scull-caps for smoking-caps, and perhaps a monkey, or a parrakeet which he fondly thinks is a parrot, but is merely a green crow that makes itself detested by reason of its hoarse screeching. With these he returns home to delight the eyes of his relatives.

If he then says that he likes the life, his indentures are signed, and he begins a term of apprenticeship, for which his father pays a premium of £30 to £80—sometimes paid back as wages; at others it is lost—and he goes on his way to rise to a position that will bring him in anywhere between £16 and £40 per month, with "extras." During this period the captain is his schoolmaster, the officers are his monitors, and the vessel is his school. As all rules have their exceptions, a lad sometimes signs his indentures before his first voyage; but this is rare, and an unwise proceeding at any time. For if he should afterwards dislike the life—a rare occurrence, yet a likely one—there is the trouble and expense of

invalidating the indentures. Of course, this is the gentlemanly—in fact, the aristocratic phase of seafaring as a profession; a matter that weighs heavily with most lads who get an insight to the life. Then, too, as a love of commanding is inherent in the majority of boys who elect the ocean as a calling, they each see a master's certificate beckoning them on in the hand of the future.

Not that all reach such stage, although few there be who do not when set afloat under auspices so favourable as these are. Some have the luck of opportunity added to energy and ambition. When this is the case, six to eight years are enough to rise to a mastership. The majority are eight or ten years in gaining a chief officer's berth, at which they must perforce remain until a turn in fortune's wheel leaves a vacancy ahead. This may be brought about by the captain changing into another vessel, by his death, or by the long-waiting one being promoted to the captaincy of a different ship; the last being, as is mostly the case where a lad begins his career afloat in this "brass-bound" condition, when his employers own a fleet.

As to whether there is, or is not, "room at the top," much could be written. True, there are some men with certificates working on shore, but in most instances this is owing to inclination rather than to the lack of officers' berths. It may be asked: "If four to six years will make an officer, and the average ship's existence is twenty years, how can there be work for all in the posts for which they fit themselves?" The reply is clearly and decidedly—the extent to which our sea-carrying power is continually multiplying, the fact that in many instances British vessels are officered by foreigners, the retirement of men from sea to shore work (on the docks or elsewhere), or to live on their savings, and the natural thinning of the ranks by death, still leaves "room at the top" for new comers.

Again, we must not forget that the days of "the fool of the family being sent to sea," are now over. To-day marine examinations are more difficult to pass; young men of extra intelligence are ever watched by owners; the force of circumstances and competition push these forward; thus there is always recognition in the way of high berths for cleverness, and the mediocre in brains and daring had better remain on land, where his middling condition of resource and energy will have less, or more easily surmountable, obstacles to contend with.

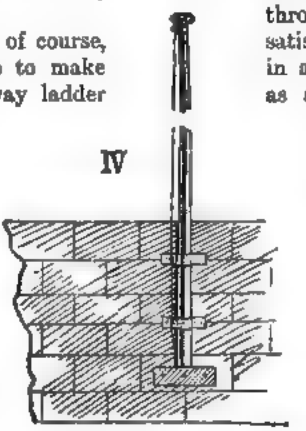
The great need of our merchant service being an auxiliary to the navy, by means of the Royal Naval Reserve, can scarcely be discussed in a series of articles on the life of boys at sea, although boys do form a branch of the R.N.R., which phase of junior sea-life will be dealt with later on; and such of the foregone remarks as relate to the lad in after years are here given that readers and their elders may see what the apprentice in a "liner" has before him.

HOW TO MAKE A FLAGPOLE.

THE following simple instructions, if carefully carried out, will enable any of our readers to produce a very serviceable article at a proportionately small outlay.

The first important consideration is, of course, the flagpole itself. The best article to make a good one from is a rough "Norway ladder pole," which can be obtained from any timber importer's yard at about 2½d. per running foot, with the outer bark on. A pole, say 22ft. long, will about meet our requirements as a first trial, and this will cost about (22 × 2½d.) 4s. 7d.

Your rough pole must be straight, free from all defects, as knots, shakes, holes, etc.; and last, but not least, *perfectly dry*. And mind it *is* perfectly dry, or your finished pole will not last six months after being painted, as the moisture will cause rot from inside, and the first wind will snap the pole through. Having chosen a pole to your satisfaction, mount it upon two trestles in a shed, or somewhere under cover, as a shower of rain would be fatal until after your paint is on.



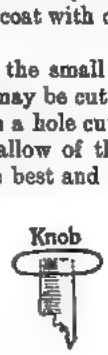
You will notice that the rough pole tapers from about 4ins. at its base to 2½ins. or 3ins. at the apex, and you must so trim the pole that it retains this gradual taper.

First remove the rough bark by means of a large spokeshave, then go round it with various sized planes, commencing with a heavy jack plane and finishing off

with a smoothing plane. Then sand-paper well with various grades of paper, from very coarse to very fine.

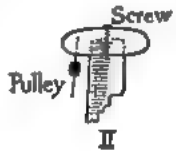
Now arm yourself with a pot of white paint and a fine, thick brush, and apply a thin coat of paint. Allow it to dry, and then put on another. When this has also dried, coat with colourless "outside" varnish.

The next step is the small knob upon the top of the pole. This may be cut from a solid oblong block of wood, with a hole cut from the centre of the under side to allow of the head of the pole fitting into it. The best and easiest shaped knob is as illustration I. The knob is to be nicely rounded and sand-papered smooth. The pulley is the next thing to be fitted, and this ought to be one with a screw shaft in the top, which is to be screwed into the knob, just to the left of the hole. Now paint the knob with two or three coats of gold paint and a coat of varnish, and then fit it on to the head of the pole, fixing it with a long screw from the head down into the top of the pole. Your pole top now looks thus:



I

Then you want a piece of cord, about 45ft. long, which must be threaded through the pulley and then the loose ends fastened together. Your pole is now ready for fixing. The best place to fix it is over the wooden gable of a door, or fastened to the garden wall.



II

You will require two iron clamps, made to fit the pole, and having holes at either end to allow a long nail to be driven through it. If you are fixing your pole to a gable you can easily fasten your clamps by driving the nails into the wooden frame. A wooden chock is next fitted under the pole, to prevent it from slipping. If you are fixing it to a wall you must place your clamps in such a manner that you can drive the nails into the mortar. A hook is to be screwed on to the base of the pole, to fix the cord to.

Your pole is now ready to hoist its first flag. The method of fixing the flag is as follows: Just below the pulley you must tie a small loop in the cord, thus:

III

Now take your flag and sew a small wooden peg, shaped thus:

firmly to the top inside corner, and fix a small piece of strong string to the top inside corner of the flag—thus:

IV

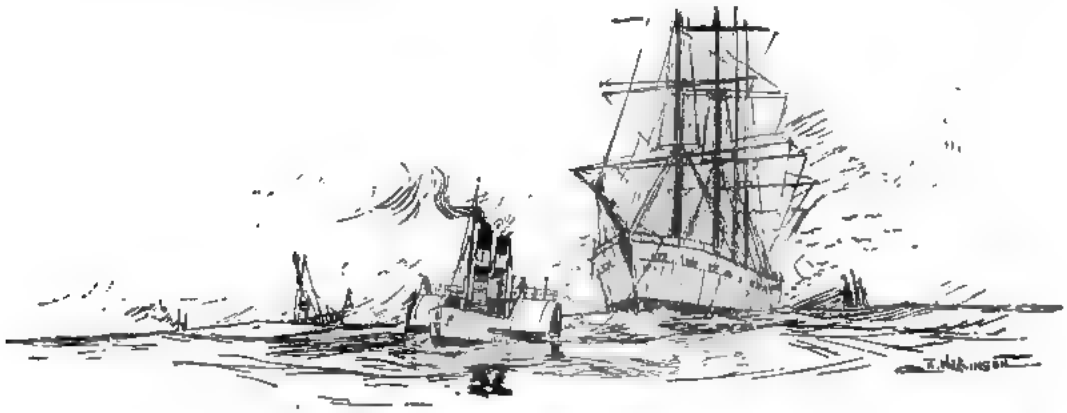
the peg loop in the cord, just as you thread your watch-guard through the button-hole, presenting the your waistcoat the corner of the flag, and the button-hole the loop in the cord; fasten the string in the bottom corner to your cord, and then you can hoist your flag to any required height—half-mast or full mast.

Various modifications and improvements may suggest themselves to my readers, as, for instance, fixing two extra pulleys at an angle with the pole, to fasten streamers to, for use on *fête* days—thus: Fasten the streamers to hooks, as before.

V

Your flagpole is now complete, and will last a good while, if re-touched, from time to time, with an extra coat of paint.

HARRY MULLETT.



THE DRAW OF '94.

By J. B. Hodge. Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

I.

MOST people who know anything about the two celebrated public schools which are usually spoken of as Cloisterham and Benedict's, are aware of the rivalry existing between them. A Cloisterham match at Benedict's can be recommended to anyone who wishes to preach a sermon on the brutality of Association football; at Cloisterham, indeed, the encounters of the school teams are tamer, as it is more easily accessible from London, and the players are restrained, to a certain degree, by the presence of relatives and friends of the softer sex; though, even in these milder struggles, there is usually no lack of charges disallowed by the rules of the game, and exclamations proscribed by the etiquette of society.

Among the games at Benedict's, the draw of '94 stands conspicuous, both for the vigour of the play at the time and the longevity of the disputes which it left behind it. Cloisterham had, just before, won three matches in succession; a proceeding which, to the Benedictine mind, savoured of "beastly cheek," though, as Cloisterham had some arrears of victories to make up, they were not at all likely to let themselves be beaten simply to conform to the Benedictine sense of the fitness of things. But the Benedictine team donned their scarlet shirts that afternoon with a firm determination to win or to damage somebody—the somebody, of course, being clad in the blue and white of Cloisterham—and, it cannot be denied, they did their best to carry out that resolve. But the Cloisterham team—that year an exceptionally good one—were as firmly bent upon continuing their winning sequence, and so the struggle was a tough one.

Just before half-time there was a furious scrimmage in front of the Cloisterham goal, and one of the scarlet-shirted players banged the ball into the net, though whether he used his hand or his chest to do so is a point on which it is not safe to dogmatise in the presence of any "Old Ben" or "Old Cloister." Of course there was a tremendous row, and the Benedictine master who was acting as referee would perhaps have enhanced his own reputation for impartiality if he had disallowed the point. His decision in favour of his own side was, to the best of my belief, an honest one; but Cloisterham has never been got to see it in that light, and "outrageous swindle" is the very mildest expression which it permits itself to apply to the transaction. Then the band began to play—metaphorically, of course, for no one would need the distraction of music when Cloisterham was playing Benedict's; the game grew fast and furious, even more furious than fast. I have seen a game between professional teams stopped on the score of excessive roughness which was a display of courtly politeness compared with the match in question; and to this day I am lost in wonder that no one got killed. Boys are very hard, however, and half-time came, and ends were changed, without anyone being absolutely disabled.

The ball was re-started, and the players fell upon one another with redoubled energy—not that they ever quite lost sight of the ball; indeed, after a short spell of free-fighting, the game resumed a more scientific character. The Cloisterham team were so keen on scoring that they had no time to waste upon "savaging" their opponents, and the Benedictines were too intent on preserving their lead to care whether a Cloisterham player got damaged or not. Again and again the blue-and-whites seemed on the point of scoring; again and again a well-judged kick took the ball from the mouth of the Benedictine goal, to travel from the feet of one scarlet-shirted player to those of another, until the white sweater of the Cloisterham goal keeper shot swiftly forward, and the ball rose high in the air and fell in mid-field, amid a storm of cheers and counter cheers.

Foremost in every assault made by the visiting team was their "outside right," a very good-looking dark-haired fellow with a very fine turn of speed—too far foremost, indeed, on many occasions, and as often pulled up by the ready whistle of the referee answering the scarlet sleeves upheld to plead the Benedictine claim of "off side." Prominent in the home defence was the left back, an older, taller, heavier boy, with jet black hair, resolute chin, and ugly, sullen brow, who more than once elicited a clamorous shout of "foul" from the supporters of Cloisterham, by his methods for removing opponents from too dangerous proximity to the ball; and these two players had early in the game taken an unspoken, but well-kept, oath of mortal and implacable hatred.

Twenty minutes of the second half had slipped away, when the Cloisterham centre forward, after

a brilliant run, sent the ball on to his outside right, who was undoubtedly, at that moment, in a position where the rules of the game temporarily prohibited him from interfering with the leather, but he steadied the ball, and shot before the cry of "Off side!" could pass the lips of his opponents. The ball, spinning rapidly through the air, all but eluded the scarlet-clad goal-keeper; however, his hand just met it and killed its motion; it dropped just a foot from the goal-line, as the goal-keeper, overbalancing, fell full length beside it. The Cloisterham centre dashed in, but just before he brought his foot to the ball the whistle sounded.

"Hadn't you better give one of them the whistle, and let 'em sound it when they like?" rang the furious voice of the outside right, high above the angry chorus of Cloisterham protest. The referee, who was thus adjured to transfer his powers to the Benedictine team, thought it wiser to ignore the remark than, by ordering the speaker off the ground, to cause an irreparable breach between the two schools; but the Benedictine left back allowed no such scruples to deter him.

"Shut up, you howling young cad!" he growled. The Cloisterham forward clenched his fist; if he did not use it, it was not the other's superior size, but a tardy sense of the injustice of his own cause, which checked him; and the incident closed.

Cloisterham tempers had, by this time, grown so short that it was, perhaps, as well that they were not destined to be tried much further. Two minutes later the blue and white shirts came sweeping down the field in the prettiest piece of combined play seen that day. The defenders were hopelessly outmanœuvred, and the ball whizzed into the goal-net, to an accompaniment of the wildest cheering. Honours were now easy; and, for the rest of the game, many of the spectators were conscious of an unpleasant palpitation in their left sides, but nothing further was scored. In the very last minute, however, the Cloisterham outside right broke through all opposition, and was in the act of delivering the final kick, which was to guide the ball past the white-faced goal-keeper, when the shoulder of the dark-haired Benedictine caught him full in the back, and he was bundled over the ball, which then rolled past his prostrate form, just outside the goal-post.

It was a foul, undoubtedly, but possibly the referee was too far off to see exactly what happened; possibly he relied on the accepted axiom that, as school contests were presumably between gentlemen, no accusation of wilfully foul play ought to receive even a moment's consideration: anyhow, he inflicted no penalty, and the match was officially recorded as a draw, though neither side was satisfied to accept it as such. St. Benedict's raised some frivolous and untenable objections to the Cloisterham goal, and what Cloisterham thought of the Benedictine score I have already explained, and, I flatter myself, with considerable moderation, considering that I was educated at Cloisterham myself.

II.

NOW, though this match made an enormous impression upon my mind at the time, I had forgotten all about it in the days when I found myself on the south bank of the Tugela, trying—in combination with some thirty thousand of the staunchest comrades any man could ask to live and die with—all imaginable routes to get northwards as far as Ladysmith. There was, certainly, a big, swarthy, rather sullen-looking subaltern in F company, whose features seemed strangely familiar to me, but I never succeeded in fixing the likeness—not that I need blame my memory very much for that, since I had only seen him once before, and from football shirt to khaki is a change which rather baulks the effort to remember. But, when a draft from the depôt was brought up to the front, and the officer in charge proved to be Melhurst, the good-looking Cloisterham forward who had spoken his mind so rudely about the referee, I had only to see him and Draydree together to recognise in the latter the sometime left back of the Benedictine team. But, in any case, the pair of them would very soon have refreshed my memory: for, morning, noon, and night, they argued about the facts of that match.

I should have thought that the bearded, sunburnt, dark-clothed burghers, who swarmed so stealthily behind the ridges in our front, were sufficient material to exhaust the combativeness of the most combative. For my own part, when we carried the summit of a hill, and found that, for all practical purposes, we might just as well have stayed at the bottom, or slowly and moodily relinquished that summit, under orders to go round and try some other route, I had no ill-will to spare for anyone who did not sing psalms in his laager with irritating unction, as a preliminary to emptying his bandolierful of Mauser cartridges with no less irritating precision. But Melhurst and Draydree seemed to forget the very existence of a war in their "never-ending, still-beginning" controversy about that eternal match. What made it the more irritating to their auditors was that there was so little scope for argument on the topic

When Melhurst had testified that the ball had been handled in the mouth of the Cloisterham goal when Benedict's scored, and Draydree had averred that the ball travelled a yard and a half over the Benedictine back-line before Cloisterham scored, and then Melhurst had asseverated that he was not off side when the whistle was blown, and Draydree had declared that he had not shoved his comrade from behind, and each had flatly contradicted both the other's statements, they had said everything that could possibly be said on the subject, and the rest of their time was filled up by repetitions of these statements and rejoinders, garnished with expletives of varying strength, according to the temper of the moment. It made men with a reasonable regard for their own skins positively sick, when the firing line was packing itself away behind such cover as it could get, and the Mauser bullets were pattering on the boulders, chipping bits off the ant-heaps, and raising miniature dust-clouds from the ground all around us, to see Melhurst walk across to Draydree, to tell him that there had been three Benedictines between him and their goal, or to watch Draydree strolling round to Melhurst, to remark that when he knocked him over, his, Draydree's, shoulder had caught him, Melhurst, on the collar bone, in front, and not under the shoulder blade behind, though on the latter point, even waiving my own prejudices, I should have expected Melhurst's recollection to have been the livelier and the more accurate.

One day, a particularly unfortunate subaltern was knocked over, under circumstances which rendered it convenient for the two disputants to carry him back, some distance, to the nearest cover, between them; and it was generally believed in the battalion that the wounded man reached hospital delirious, though a bullet in the knee is not usually expected to produce such a result, and kept everyone within earshot awake all night by his protests that he had been careful to look and see that there were three in front of him before he touched the ball, and that he would be jolly well somethinged if he couldn't knock a little sprat like you over without going outside the rules of the game in order to do so. Certainly, when the wounded man returned to duty he often commented unfavourably on the excessive importance which public schools attached to athletics. This sentiment may, however, have arisen from a mature consideration of the subject, and not entirely from one personal experience.

But, though we had a pretty stiff time of it, our battalion did not get any taste of real fighting until the anniversary of Majuba. But that day we had to lead the advance, and we soon realised that what had gone before had been the merest beer and skittles in comparison; and, though I say it that shouldn't, it must be owned that our battalion rose to the occasion nobly. At least, I don't know why I shouldn't, as, certainly, no one was in a better position to judge their behaviour. I got a bullet through my thigh, which effectually prevented me from taking any further part in the advance, and I wasn't selfish enough to monopolise a pair of bearers and a stretcher to take me to the rear, so I lit my pipe and lay where I had dropped, which happened to be on the reverse slope of a hill. It was rather an exposed situation, but it made up for that by the excellent view it afforded of the further advance of my comrades. There I lay, then, for four solid hours, realising something of the pleasures the old Romans must have experienced at their gladiatorial shows, though I could have dispensed with the incidental music which was supplied by a few thousands of stray Mauser bullets as they hummed or shrieked past me. This, however, is not meant to be a memorandum of my own feelings, so I will not describe them further.

Melhurst and Draydree had argued all the preceding night through with unprecedented warmth of feeling and strength of language, and it certainly appeared to have done them both an enormous amount of good: for, while all the battalion did well, nobody did better than they. When F company was checked on the left, and wavered under the pitiless pelting of bullets, it was Draydree who swaggered stolidly forward, singing "Oh, listen to the band!" and manipulating his rifle and bayonet like a drum-major's staff till an irrepressible ripple of laughter ran from flank to flank of the demoralised company, and they rose and continued the advance as if there wasn't an armed foe within a hundred miles of them.

When our own gunners, with most irritating inattention to the incidents of the action, were creating a miniature hell of lyddite little more than fifty yards ahead of our advancing line, it was Melhurst who sprinted out in front with his helmet on the point of his bayonet and waved it furiously among the bursting projectiles until the artillery took the hint and directed their fire in a more sensible direction.

So far honours were easy between the pair: but when it came to the final rush at the summit, towards which they had been creeping for so many weary hours, the battle was to the swift, if the race is not always to the strong. I had seen on the football field, six years before, that Melhurst was a great deal too fast for Draydree, and that form was confirmed at the supreme moment when the Boers ran for their

horses and our chaps ran for the Boers. Melhurst got up to the last trench at least ten yards in front of anyone else, and through my field glasses I saw three of the enemy turn and wait for him, under the mistaken impression that they would have time to take a point-blank shot and remove themselves to another sphere of action before the rest of the battalion arrived to converse with them.

Melhurst stopped the bullets, of course, and I was not surprised, even if I was a little grieved — Melhurst being an old schoolfellow, as well as a rattling good sort — to see that the bullets stopped him. He went down, as they fired, a huddled bundle of khaki.

Some one in the charging line behind him found time to finger the trigger, and knocked one of the three over. Another of them attempted to club his rifle, but only had his left forearm artistically pinned to his shoulder by Colour-sergeant Green's fixed bayonet, that N.C.O. using his rifle "for this occasion only" as a javelin, and the third was just turning for a bolt when Draydree brought him down with a well-directed thrust.

That much I saw; the rest was told me afterwards.

When the hill was ours, and the remains of the battalion had time to look about them, Colour-sergeant Green went with a couple of files to pick up poor Melhurst, who smiled up at them feebly.

"I think I've got 'em all," he said.

"THERE *WERE* THREE IN FRONT OF ME, THIS TIME, AND YOU CAN SEE WHERE I'VE GOT THEIR BULLETS; BUT *YOU* DID DO YOUR PRODDING FROM BEHIND, AND IF THE REFEREE HAD BEEN UP TO HIS BUSINESS HE WOULD HAVE BLOWN HIS WHISTLE."

So he had. One bullet lodged against his shoulder-blade, a second in his ankle (though it is difficult to understand why the beggar should have fired so low at so short a range), and the third "dividing the distance," as the Colour-sergeant professionally expressed it, midway between them, in the hip. They managed to engage a passing stretcher, with bearers complete, and were arranging Melhurst upon it, when he began to inquire very anxiously for Draydree. So one of the Tommies ran over the crest of the hill, and found the old Benedictine trying to sort F company out of the rest of the battalion. The moment he heard that Melhurst wanted him he dropped his rather futile amusement, and hurried back.

I have heard it said that, when Draydree reached the stretcher, there were tears running down his cheeks; indeed, he does not deny it himself, but asserts that some sand had got into his eyes and made them water. Melhurst smiled faintly when he recognised his brother subaltern, and, as the other bent over the stretcher, managed to falter out, "There *were* three in front of me this time, and you can see where I've got their bullets; but *you* did do your prodding from behind, and if the referee had been up to his business he would have blown his whistle." Having delivered his mind of this statement, he departed in a half unconscious condition for the base hospital at Durban.

REVIEWS, Etc.

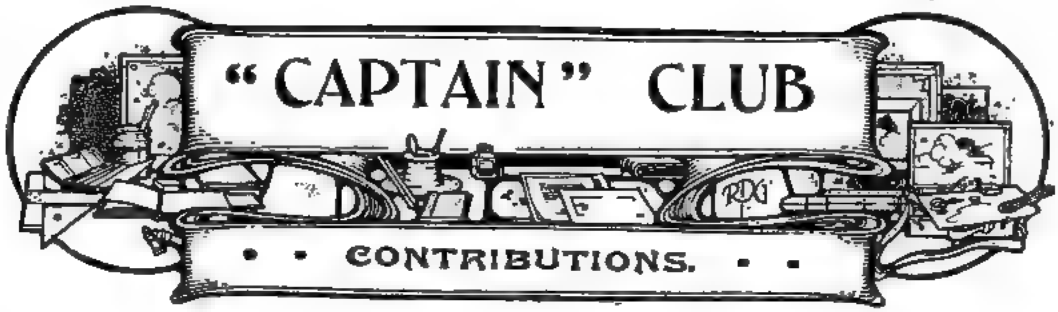
We have had the pleasure of trying a 5s. camera, Mawson's "Mosley," which Messrs. Mawson & Swan are about to introduce. It is a magazine hand-camera, taking six plates, 3¼in. by 2¼in., with two brilliant finders and time and instantaneous ever set shutter. It is capital at the price, and we made several good negatives with it. We have received attractive catalogues from the Vive Camera Co., Messrs. O. Sichel & Co. ("Premo" cameras), Messrs. Griffins' "Photoganda Handbook No. 2" ("Poko" and "Cyko" cameras).

We cannot undertake to return photographs unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, nor do we hold ourselves responsible for any that may be lost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. H. Y.—You cannot do better than advertise your "Brownie" enlarger in *Hobbies* sale and exchange columns. Address: 12, Paternoster Square, E.C. **R. C. Mellish.**—Any rectangular box, provided it is perfectly light-tight, may be made into a pin-hole camera, but an empty plate-box answers the purpose admirably. In the top of the box make a very small hole with the point of a needle. The plate may be kept in place at the bottom by a very narrow strip of wood, fitting rather tightly, being placed at either end. The exposure required is about thirty times that given under ordinary circumstances; the image is always fairly sharp; the larger the plate the wider the angle of view, and the greater the distance of the pin-hole from the plate, the larger the image. **Tom.**—(1) I should certainly advise you to practise with your stand camera before getting one of the hand variety. It will give you a practical acquaintance with the working of a lens, and a knowledge of the different movements necessary in a camera, that will be extremely useful when you come to use a hand camera. (2) All the plates you mention are good, but the very rapid ones are more difficult to work. I should advise you to use only one brand till you can make good negatives on them. **S. J.** (Winchester).—It is extremely difficult to judge from the prints; the negatives should have been sent. I should say, however, that you stopped the development too soon. **George.**—The trouble is evidently over-exposure. Extremely rapid plates are not good for copying, and do not give nearly so much latitude in exposure. **J. P.**—There is no reason why you should put your camera away for the winter; many charming subjects may be photographed at this time of year. It is, however, necessary to be careful about exposure; you will find a meter most useful. **E. C.**—Buy the best you can afford, as it will cost no more in use. **Snapper.**—Glass negatives sent by post should be carefully packed in a wooden box. Films may be sent in an ordinary envelope between cardboard. **Frank Garratt** (Cardiff).—I thank you for the photographs you so kindly sent, but we cannot use them at present. **"Darbie."**—(1) I am glad that the instructions in the October Captain have enabled you to successfully make some photographic post-cards. Bromide paper is not nearly so easily made, and is much more expensive; it is much better to buy the manufactured article. (2) I have not space in this "Corner" to give instructions for making printing papers. I should advise you to obtain the issue of *Photography* (price 1d.) for October 24th, in which you will find full instructions for the making of "Papier Sepia," by a clever Italian photographer, Professor Namias. **X. Y. Z.**—(1) The prints should be washed for about one hour before they are put up to dry, care being taken that the water is changed five or six times during that time. (2) Prints which are to be glazed should always be hardened in a solution of alum (1 in 20) and washed again for ten minutes before placing on the glass. The glass should be absolutely clean and prepared with powdered talc in the usual way. The prints must be left until they are perfectly dry. (3) One of the best books for a beginner is that by the late Professor W. K. Burton, "Modern Photography," price 1s. **Amateur** (Southsea).—The print you send is a very nice little snapshot, but it appears that the negative was not sufficiently developed. It may be improved by intensification. **A Pauline.**—Thanks for the little print you sent. (1) The most complete exposure metre is "Watkin's Standard Pattern," price 15s., but you can get simpler ones from 1s. upwards. Wynnes also make a very good exposure metre. You will find one a great help. (2) See answer to "X. Y. Z." above. I shall be pleased to see some of your photographs of St. Paul's School. **S. M.** (Glasgow).—Glad to see that you are attempting subjects which are not usually photographed. **E. C. McNaughton.**—You will find in the October Captain instructions for making ferro-prussiate paper under the title of "How to Make Photographic Post-cards." You would find gelatino-chloride much too expensive and difficult to make at home, and we could not give the necessary space for a description of its manufacture, in this corner.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.



ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to ALEX. H. CLAPPERTON, 67, Waterloo Street, Glasgow, for "George Washington and the Hatchet."

George Washington and the Hatchet.

UNCLE JOHN was going to tell his little five-year-old nephew Willy the story of "George Washington and the Hatchet."

"Now, Willy," he began, "I am going to tell you the story of George Washington and his hatchet."

"Who was George Washington?" asked Willy.

"He was a great man."

"Was he?"

"Yes. He was a great man, and when he was a boy——"

"But you said he was a man," chimed in Willy.

"Yes; but at that time he was a boy."

"At what time?" demanded Willy.

"At the time the incident occurred."

"What incident?" demanded Willy.

"The incident I am going to tell you about."

"Then he wasn't a man at all?"

"No, Willy."

"But you said he was!"

"Yes; but at that time he was only a little boy."

"At what time?"

"At the time I am telling you about. Now, I will begin again."

"Begin what again?"

"Why, the story of George Washington and the hatchet."

"What hatchet?" demanded Willy.

"George Washington's hatchet."

"Oh!"

"Well, when George was a little boy——"

"George whom? George Washington?" asked Willy.

"Yes."

"Oh!"

"Well, when George was a little boy——"

"Was he as little as I am?"

"Yes, Willy; just about the same size."

"Same size as the hatchet?" inquired Willy.

"No, no! The same size as you."

"The hatchet was the same as me! And what size was George?"

"George was the same size as you."

"So that me, and the hatchet, and George were all the same size?" said Willy.

"Oh, you don't understand! I will begin the story again."

"What story?"

"About the hatchet."

"Oh!"

"When George was a little boy his father gave him a hatchet."

"Whose father?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"And he told him to be very careful."

"Of what?"

"Of the hatchet."

"Not of his father?"

"No, no, no!"

"Oh!"

"And his father——"

"Whose father?"

"George's father."

"Oh!"

"His father told him not to cut his finger with it."

"With what?"

"The hatchet."

"George's hatchet?"

"Yes!"

"Oh!"

"And when George got the hatchet——"

"Was that before he cut his finger?"

"He didn't cut his finger. He went round and cut down every tree he saw."

"With his finger?" asked Willy.

"No, with his little hatchet."

"And did he break his hatchet?"

"No, Willy; he didn't break his hatchet. At last he came to his father's favourite apple tree.'

"Whose father?"

"George's. And he cut the favourite into pieces."

"Favourite what? Favourite hatchet?"

"No, no! Favourite tree."

"And did he cut the hatchet into pieces?"

"No; he cut the tree into pieces."

"Who did? George's father?"

"No; George did."

"Oh!"

"And when his father came home——"

"Whose father?"

"George's!"

"Oh!"

"And when his father saw his favourite tree cut down he said: 'Who has cut down my favourite apple tree?'"

"Whose favourite apple tree?"

"Why, George's father's."

"Not George's?"

"No!"

"Oh! And was it George's father's hatchet?"

"No; the hatchet belonged to George."

"And did George cut his father into pieces with his hatchet?"

"No, no! He cut his father's tree into pieces. And when he said 'Who has cut down my favourite apple tree?' everybody said they didn't know."

"Didn't know what?"

"Who had cut down the favourite apple tree."

"George's favourite apple tree?"

"No, his father's."

"Oh!"

"So when George heard them talking about it——"

"Heard who talking about what?"

"Heard the people talking about the apple tree."

"Not about the hatchet?"

"No, no!"

"Oh!"

"Well, when George heard them talking about the apple tree he went up to his father and said: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie.'"

"His father couldn't?"

"No; George couldn't."

"Oh, I see! And was that why he cut his father with the hatchet?"

"He didn't cut his father with the hatchet; he cut down the tree with the hatchet."

"Oh!"

"Well, he said to his father——"

"Who did?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"He said to his father: 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it.'"

"Did what? Told a lie?"

"No! He said: 'I did it with my little hatchet.'"

"Told a lie with his little hatchet?"

"No, no, no! He cut down the tree with his little hatchet."

"And what did he tell a lie for?"

"He didn't tell a lie. He said that he couldn't tell a lie."

"Oh!"

"And his father said: 'Noble boy. I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George would rather lose a thousand trees?"

"No, his father.

"He would rather lose his father?"

But here Uncle John's patience gave way, and he hoisted Willy off his knee on to the floor with a dump which didn't encourage little Willy to ask any more questions about George Washington *that* tea-time.

ALEX. H. CLAPPERTON.

CHILIAN FIREMEN WAITING TO BE REVIEWED BY THE PRESIDENT.

(Photograph by S. Langlois.)

Chilian Firemen.

In Valparaiso, where I live, every young fellow, after he has served his time in the army, goes and joins the fire brigade. He is not paid a cent, and is only given his helmet; pants and coat he must get made himself.

He is not trained in the least, but must pick up everything that he sees and hears.

A brass star is placed on the door of his house, and if aroused at midnight he must don his clothes and hurry to the scene of action as soon as possible. If he fails to present himself twice he is dismissed from the brigade—of course, if he has not been sick.

In the event of his having done an heroic deed and died on the scene, he is honoured with a grand funeral at night, all the other brigades joining

with their material and lighted torches. It is a grand sight.

In England, and in various other countries, the firemen are supposed to do their duty (for which they are paid) and to concentrate their efforts, and to put out the fire as soon as possible. Well, here it is the reverse in many cases. If they see that the house on fire is old, they generally play the hose on the part that is not burning—I mean, through the window.

The accompanying photograph shows them waiting to be reviewed by the President. I may mention that it was taken instantaneously, on a cloudy day. It is a little hazy, because a fire engine was emitting volumes of smoke close by.

SYDNEY LANGLOIS.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

CAPTAIN WINGLEY, THE EXPLORER: "An oasis at last! Let us sit down and refresh ourselves in the shade of this tree, Lieutenant."

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

LITERARY.

Golden Eagle.—Your article on the Shrove Tuesday junketings at Gibraltar is not without interest, but I think you could write us something very much better. "Gib" is full of romance. I spent some hours at "the Rock" myself some eighteen months ago, and was very much struck with the scene in the bay—the blue water and sky, the warships, and the frowning rocks hiding the cannon. See what you can do. **O. S. Royde-Smith.**—Let us see an article on "How to Make" something rather more useful than an inflated paper ball. **James Foster.**—Thanks for letting me see the humorous notices and advertisements. I daresay you will be able to send me a better selection than the present one later on. The samples you give are not very fresh. **J. H. Forrester.**—Not enough in poem to merit publication. **Nobody Much.**—I prefer your serious essays to pieces of the "bandit" type. **J. L. Rayner.**—As yet your drawings are very crude. You have a sort of idea, but heaps of people have that. However, time will show whether you are to become a Watts or Sargent. Follow your father's profession if you can; it is an excellent one; the hours are hardly "nine to nine," are they? Your essay on "The Morning Tub" is good. I will keep it by me in hopes of being able to use it later on in the year. **Denbigh.**—The lines are very much like many others I receive—full of feeling, but lacking the smoothness and real poetic touch that only time and practice can bring; that is, if there is poetry in you. The lines are measured out all right. I do not think you will succeed in getting them set to music. The usual way is to send your verses to a music publisher, who, if he accepts them, hands them over to one of the composers on his list. **W. H. Thomas.**—Rather a close imitation of the other. Try something original—weave an idea out of your own brain. **J. H. Skuse, H. L. Dobrée, "Geo."**—Your articles are accepted. **"No. 6."**—Hope to use your article on "Southampton Pier." By the way, have you the Pier authorities' permission to make that statement about the Prince?

A VERY CLEAR BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BLACKPOOL (NORTH END).

(Taken from the top of the Tower by K. N. Davies.)

ARTISTIC.

H. E. S.—I will endeavour to use the snap-shots of "B.-P." at Charterhouse. **E. Kleinjung.**—Am doubtful about being able to find room for the snap-shots you send. In future will you write your name and address on the back of each photograph? You are clubbed. **Frank Miller.**—Lines of sketch too broken and disjointed. Do not be afraid of making firm strokes. The composition and drawing are good. **C. J. Boger.**—Photograph of yacht *Ebor* good, but not sure when we can find space. Always write full name and address on back of photographs and drawings. **J. S. Newman** sends two interesting nautical sketches which we haven't space to reproduce. One is a "jackass barque" in dirty weather off St. Helena, which vessel, many of our readers may not know, is rigged like a barquentine—only that it has four masts—all fore and aft rigged excepting the foremast, which has yards. **"Vif, Courageux, Fier."**—Your stamp photograph is clever, and must have caused you much trouble. We will use it if room. Other queries will be answered by the O. F. **Bert Thomas.**—I think your sketches very free, and in many respects good. Don't draw from photographs, but the natural object. **S. Westmacott** (NEW ZEALAND).—Your subject is rather elaborate, and we have no space in which to reproduce it. Tackle something simpler. **"An Amateur"** TULSE HILL PARK).—The photograph you say you sent of Bonchurch never arrived at this office. **"Australus"** (VICTORIA, N.S.W.) sends a clever little sketch in pen-and-ink of H.M.S. *Benbow*, which shows a considerable amount of ability. **Norman W.**

Tealby.—Your work has greatly improved in many respects. Don't put so much unnecessary shading in your backgrounds; it spoils your work. **J. H. L. Barnes.**—To be quite candid, I don't think drawing is in your line. **A. Browning.**—The photograph you send of the Industrial Hall at the Glasgow Exhibition by night is by far the best I have seen, but it has come too late for publication. Yes, any regular reader may send contributions to the C.C. pages. **Val. Murray** wishes to point out that the photograph of the naval gun, on page 187, was not taken by himself, but by his friend, Henry Bateman. **Maurice S. Perrott.**—No, the O.F. doesn't "club" members in the way you depict. Not so much fine shading, and stronger outlines. **Winifred.**—The drawing of diagrams requires much more thought and care than "sketching." As you see, we have a "hockey" cover this month. An article on this game will appear in the February number. **P. H. Haverson** sends a capital photograph of Friar's School, Bangor, North Wales, which we hope to use in a future number. **S. Holt.**—Although your drawings show a certain amount of ability, I should not advise you to go in seriously for black-and-white work. **Mudge.**—The pictures in the December number will give you a good idea how cats ought to be drawn. You are rather young to use a typewriter. **Alex. Blackie, jun.**—Photographs of Glasgow Exhibition are rather out of date for publication. Those you send are beautifully clear.

Contributions have also been received from: "Fryite," "Watsonian," "Carrot Tops," "A Parson," "Penn Wright," "Una," A. Walker, P. T. Smith, E. Hartley, A. E. Acton (South Australia), R. Dale, David Robertson, J. E. Vinnicombe, J. C. Robinson, J. A. Wilson, Fred Thompson, W. H. Simmons, J. H. T. Priestman, J. A. Ramsay, Sibyl O'Neill, James Millett, and others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 12th.

The Results will be published in March.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—**"My Favourite Character in Shakespeare."**—Write an essay on your favourite Shakespearian character. Don't exceed 400 words. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Handiwork Competition."**—Here's a chance for readers who are clever with their fingers. Send a carving, or a specimen of your fretwork, or an illuminated text or proverb, or a pen-wiper, or something made out of paper or cork, or, indeed, anything you can make with your fingers. Pack carefully when sending. Nothing will be returned, but all articles will be sent to Dr. Stephenson's Homes for Children. There will be three prizes of 10s.

Class I. . . . . Age limit. Twenty-three.
Class II. . ... Age limit. Eighteen.
Class III. . ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—**"Omitted Words."**—Supply the omitted words in the following paragraph. The dots represent the number of letters in the words left out. Underline the words you put in. Three prizes of 7s.

Only one . . . . . lady could not . . . . . her tears at the . . . . . of her trunks being . . . . . down, and the robber chief, noticing them, ... her what made her cry, ... that all the other ladies . . . . . the whole matter with such . . . . . indifference. At this she replied that she was not so rich as her friends, and had . . . . . from Europe with her trousseau, being on the . . . of marriage, and did not know how she . . . . . ever . . . . . it!

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Christmas Card Design"** (ORIGINAL).—Draw a Christmas Card in ink or colours. Bear in mind that you are put on your honour not to copy it from any existing card. THREE HANDSOME BOXES OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—**"Ducks."**—See back of Frontispiece. A prize of 7s. will be awarded for the best solution.

One Class only ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 6.—**Foreign and Colonial Readers.**—Send a good anecdote (not exceeding 400 words) about your particular part of the world. Three "Swan" Fountain Pens will be awarded for the three best anecdotes. You may send as many anecdotes as you like in the same envelope. The anecdotes must *not* be copied out of periodicals. All competitions must reach us by March 31st.

One Class only ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The study of biography is one to be heartily recommended and pursued, for a good biography, dealing with a powerful and interesting personality, is fully as fascinating as a novel, and is, moreover, likely to be remembered by the reader long after a novel is forgotten. Public libraries possess such works in plenty, and school libraries should, but many, as a rule, do not. Perhaps the reason is that biographies are too often written in a way which leads a boy to describe them as *dull*. There is, then, cause for congratulation to all concerned—publisher, author, and reader—when one lights on a biography which is readable from cover to cover, and which treats, in a perfectly frank, fearless, and unprejudiced manner, with a subject worthy of discussion.

PRIZES & PRESENTS.

Price 3s. 6d. each.

"Tales of Greyhouse."
By R. S. WARREN BELL.

"Acton's Feud."
By FRED SWAINSON.

"The Heart of the Prairie."
By JOHN MACKIE.

The late Lord Chief Justice (Russell of Killowen) was a man who made his mark and left "footprints in the sands of time." And, moreover, he was a man with several sides to him, so that the record of his career which Mr. Barry O'Brien has written is not a mere catalogue of virtues, or a budget of dull encomiums, but a vivid, exhilarating pen-picture, showing Russell entirely as he was, glossing over nothing, praise and blame being admixtured with most commendable impartiality. The story of how Russell worked up from small beginnings should inspire all you young people with a determination to "get on" like he did, not faltering by the way or losing heart over trifles, but regarding temporary failure merely as an incentive to succeed in the long run. And it seems to me that a New Year's Number is about the best place to say these things in, for, although I do not counsel the manufacture of hosts of good resolutions, I do think that the beginning of a year is a fit and proper time to shake off a few bad habits, as one pitches away a worn-out suit of clothes, and start fair and fresh, determined that 1902 shall witness a general improvement over 1901.

Now for a few points about this celebrated Judge. He was, to begin with (for doesn't the working day begin with it?) a model of punctuality; he was noted for his thoroughness, and for his extraordinary attentiveness. He would listen to the youngest barrister pleading before him with the same

courtesy as he would extend to the most eminent Q.C., providing that the youngster really had something to say, and knew his work. On the other hand, he could rebuke an uppish customer with a ready and biting wit. When, as Sir Charles Russell, and at the height of his fame as an advocate, he was earning the enormous income of £20,000 a year, few could stand against him. He was tremendous. He was, as one criticism has it, "a formidable and masterful figure, riding roughshod over obstacles, explosive, impatient of stupidity, yet lovable and just, and capable of a quite religious zeal in causes that touched him." His was a life of varied interests; he was only in his wig and gown for a few hours daily—later he would be in his place at "the House," bearing his share of the debating, and as mentally active as the morning had found him. He was here, there, and everywhere; intensely alive. He *lived* every hour of his sixty-eight years. He was one of those people whom we describe as "always doing something"; he worked hard and played hard. He had many natural advantages, and made the most of them. No one ever found him shirking his work or crying off what he considered it to be his duty to do. He simply sat down, or stood up, and did it. He deserved success, and he was successful; few men have earned greater success than he did.

You may say: "Yes, that's all very well, but he was an awfully brainy man. Suppose a fellow isn't brainy; what's he to do?" Well, suppose you, dear reader, *aren't* brainy! I presume you have a certain amount of intelligence? Then make the most of it. Get into the way now—while you are young—of doing what you have got to do without making a fuss about it. This is a matter of exercising the will and overcoming one's natural inclination to "slack." Some of you who read this magazine hope, in course of time, to become generals, bishops, judges, and fill other lofty and responsible positions. But you won't get that high if you make a fuss about your work. Others, more purposeful, will catch you up and pass you while you're lagging by the way. My New Year advice to you, then, is to resolve, from this time onwards, not to let difficulties dismay you. Go on—get on—get to the top—or as near it as you can. Always be fair and honourable—always run straight and play the game. Cultivate

> "high thought and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, *and all that makes a man.*"

There are some good anecdotes in Mr. O'Brien's book. Of the following, the author says that one is certainly true. On one occasion, it is said, Russell was asked what was the punishment for bigamy, and answered, "Two mothers-in-law." "The true story," adds Mr. O'Brien, "is as follows: A prisoner was addressing the Court in his own defence. Russell did not at one point catch what the man said. 'What was your last sentence?' he asked. 'Six months, my lord,' was the reply." Lord Russell probably had no time to read many works of fiction. Wishing once to be civil to a distinguished novelist, he said to him, "My young people, Mr. Weyman, speak constantly of your books, and tell me I ought to read them. I have read your 'Prisoner of Zenda' with much pleasure." "Oh, that's the other man," said Mr. Weyman.

For the benefit of those readers who may not have seen them, I extract these touching and appropriate verses from the *Westminster Gazette*:—

IN MEMORIAM: KATE GREENAWAY.

> Farewell, lady, and adieu!
> Who with gentle pencil drew
> Bright and joyous forms of grace,
> Making earth a fairer place.
> Let no sable garments show
> For your passing grief or woe;
> Every pretty child we see
> Shall keep green your memory.

A. I. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Montreal Boy begs to correct Mr. Roy Carmichael's statements in a little article which appeared some months ago entitled "My First Impressions of Montreal." It seems that Mr. Carmichael mentions "having seen blocks of ice placed on the footpaths to cool the atmosphere." "A Montreal Boy" says: "I do not know what made him think that the ice was put there for that reason, as it would be an utterly impossible thing in the open air. Blocks of ice are cut from the river in winter and stored during the summer by different companies. Ice is then left at the front of private houses daily during the summer months for family use. The footpaths are not composed of roughly hewn logs, but many of them are made of plain 3in.-thick boards, for the reason that in the winter the frost very often destroys the ordinary pavement. I may add that about 90 per cent. of the houses are built of solid limestone, which is taken from large quarries in the suburbs of the city. This stone makes the houses more solid than they appear to the eye."

"As Old as the Hills" (New Zealand), (1) In sending me a cutting recording the death of an old Maori gentleman, who died at the immense age of 108 years, adds that he believes there is an American in New York, named Noah Raby, still living, who celebrated his 130th birthday last year. My correspondent hopes to hear, through The Captain, of any other centenarians, and so if any of you have got centenarians living in your districts, kindly let me know about them. Little essays on the subject might

be addressed to the C.C.C. pages. (2) My correspondent can price his stamps by getting one of the stamp catalogues advertised in THE CAPTAIN. The stamps he mentions will increase in value as time goes on, and so he had better stick to them; they are certainly of some value now, and will be of greater value in the future. (3) As to the coins, he had better take them to a local dealer for valuation.

Public Library, Kimberley.—The librarian informs me that three hours after our September issue was placed on the table, some frequenter of the library—let us hope he was not an Englishman—extracted the page containing the competitions set for the month, and walked off with it. The depredator must have felt much disappointed when he discovered that there did not happen to be any colonial competitions announced in that issue. To mutilate a magazine placed in a library for the benefit of the community is, however, a very mean thing to do, and we trust the librarian will keep a sharp eye on anyone he has good grounds to suspect of the deed in question, and send him out of the library with a running kick the next time he sees his pen-knife at work.

The Manager of the Clyde Model Dockyard and Engine Depôt, Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B., informs me that he will post his illustrated catalogue of yachts, submarine boats, etc., to any reader of THE CAPTAIN who sends a request for it. He would like such correspondents to put a CAPTAIN stamp on their letters. If they have no CAPTAIN stamps they had better state that they are readers of THE CAPTAIN.

"The Little 'Un."—The only way you can increase your height is by taking exercise and leading a thoroughly healthy life. Leave the rest to Nature. It is no use being distressed because you are not tall; that won't help you a bit. I believe the average height of a "Britisher" is supposed to be about 5ft. 8ins., but there are a good many men in the Army who are nothing like as tall as this.

Chas.—Read Mr. Fry's articles and answers to correspondents, especially his article in April, 1899. Wear shin-guards, etc., if you like. They are not absolutely necessary. A good many fellows seem to get on all right without them. I don't think Ping-Pong hurts one's tennis. See notice below re badges. Stamped envelope should be sent for stamps.

A New Reader.—Send your real name and address if you want to be an "official representative." If you fill that post for Liverpool you must do all you can to promote the sale of THE CAPTAIN by making it known to your friends, schoolfellows, etc. It is contrary to my rule to put readers in communication with one another.

Inconnu. — Personally, I always put "Esq." after a man's name when I write to him, whether he be my tailor or my Member of Parliament, but "Mr." is all right. I often get letters with "Mr." on them instead of "Esq.," and I assure you it doesn't affect my appetite one jot whether my correspondents use a prefix or an affix.

"The Connoisseur."—Readers of THE CAPTAIN who take an interest in and collect old prints and pictures, pottery, ancient coins, etc., will be delighted with this magazine, which first appeared last October. The price is one shilling, and its editor's address is 37, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

H. G. E.—I cannot undertake the responsibility of giving advice on investments. Consult a reliable broker, introduced to you by a friend you can depend on. Or your banker should be competent to advise you in the matter. As regards the stamps, send a stamped envelope with your question to Mr. Nankivell

Bacca.—Cigarettes are bad for everybody, chiefly on account of the paper. For a boy of fifteen, any sort of smoking is distinctly bad. It hinders the growth, and if he has a tendency to any disease, it increases that tendency. If a man wants to smoke, the best thing he can smoke is a pipe.

A "Captain" Reader wishes me to tell him "the highest bagatelle score yet known." I confess this beats me. Nobody has ever yet sent me their bagatelle scores. I have myself, however, scored nothing at all in a game, "A 'Captain' Reader" may be interested to hear.

Food for Newts.—With reference to my reply re food for newts in the November number, "Old Boy" begs to contradict my statement that they would not eat tadpoles, he having been breeding them for several years, and having found them repeatedly eating his tadpoles,

F. G. Bristow. — By working so hard and getting new readers and club members, you are fulfilling exactly the functions of an official representative. Our photographic expert will be glad to reply to questions either by post or in the magazine.

D. H. Parr.—If you have a friend at Eton, or whatever college you wish to inspect, you could, of course, go over it. Otherwise, there might be a difficulty. It is generally possible to go over Eton College, or a part of it, I believe, in the holidays.

T. G. Newcome and Lindsay.—In all cases where two boys, or a boy and his sister, take in THE CAPTAIN between them, only one of the couple can become a member of the club. They must settle which one it is to be between themselves.

R. Dutton.—We have so many features already, that I cannot see my way, at present, to recommence chess. When we had this "corner" it was very poorly supported by readers, the other "corners" being more to their liking, I suppose.

John Macklin.—Clubbed. Back numbers 8½d. each, from this office. All competitions must be sent separately—not in one packet. Do we give advice? Yes, that's what the club's for. Send stamped envelope, and ask your questions.

Mus. Bac.—An edition (in three volumes) of Laing's translation of Thurlestone's "Saga Heimskringla" was published in 1844 by Messrs. Bohn, price 36s. If you will send a stamped envelope I can let you know where to obtain a set.

A. H. Patten.—The only way to get an autograph is to write to the person and ask for it, enclosing a stamped envelope. I can't offer to send you the autographs of the people you mention, as I only possess a few of them.

L. C. Garrett.—(1) Your name will be published in the supplementary list; it was omitted by accident. (2) "Firework Making for Amateurs," by Dr. W. H. Browne, M.A., post free for 2s. 9d., from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

N. A. G. M. Bobo.—You can get an autograph book for a few shillings at any bookseller's. Keep up your photography. You five must have a very jolly time altogether, and I am pleased to hear of what you all intend to be.

H. T. Weatherill. — Keep your guinea-pigs dry, warm, and clean. Feed them on celery, parsley, carrots—in fact, almost any kind of vegetable, with a little grain food (bran, etc.) now and again. Don't over feed them.

An Admirer of Starlight.—I cannot tell you whether there is such a place in Australia as "The Hollow," mentioned by Rolf Boldrewood. You

had better write to Mr. Boldrewood himself, care of his publishers.

A Loyal Reader.—You had better act according to your father's wishes. I do not criticise the publications of other firms unless they are sent to me for review.

Kennett B. Jobling (Cape Colony).—We give colonial readers a chance when we can, and hope to set competitions for them a little oftener shortly. Wait and see.

Bernard Kelly.—I can't say whether "The King's Red Coat" has been published in book form. You will, however, find the story complete in Volume I. of The Captain.

John Mawson.—Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending the word that you left out of your former letter. I had an idea it was "indigestion" myself. You are a very polite boy, John.

X. Y. Z.—You may be able to dispose of your coins to Messrs. W. S. Lincoln & Son, 69, New Oxford Street, London, but you must write first, enclosing stamped envelope and giving particulars.

A. O. O.—You err on the other side. Charles I. was not a traitor; he was badly advised and too fond of his own way, but his execution was a huge mistake and an everlasting stain on the Puritans' cause.

F. R. R. (Bradford).—(1) Photographs received. (2) I should recommend Merigold Bros., whose footballs and football boots have an excellent reputation. Address: 147, Church Street, Preston, Lancs.

A New Old Boy.—I do not remember ever having reviewed the *Glenalmond Chronicle*. This is because I have never received a copy. If you will send a copy, I will certainly review it.

J. Vagabka, W. H F., David Davies, A New Reader, H. E. Johnson, G. E. Beall, and many others who have made inquiries about the club, will find information below.

J. A. Gemmill, junr. (Ottawa).—I am sorry, but I can't fix on a later date for foreign and colonial readers, owing to our having to get to press soon after the 12th of each month.

Jack Fisher (Cobourg, Ontario).—Very glad to hear that you are whipping up readers for us. Have clubbed you. Cards of membership will not be issued just yet awhile.

R. M.—Apply in person to the superintendent or station master at Perth, where you will receive particulars; or you might ask your own station master. You are clubbed.

G. M. B.—Send 6d. to W. J. Bassett-Lowke & Co., Kingswell Street, Northampton, for their catalogue of model locomotives, fittings, etc. This firm stocks model engines and carriages, *facsimiles* in miniature of those used on most of the big railways; so that if you have a fancy for any particular line you can purchase some model "rolling-stock" similar in every detail.

J. C. C. (Cape Colony).—It was most generous of you to present The Captain from No. 1 to the present time to the school library, and I am delighted to hear they "go for it" so eagerly. Such tidings cheer us on!

Cromwellian.—You are right to express your sincere convictions. Some day, perhaps, we will have a story showing the other side of the question. I won't make rash promises, however. See answer to "A. O. O."

A. E. Woodhead.—As I do not know anything about fireworks, I cannot give you advice on the subject. **Brit.**—You can get far better information from one of your officers than anything I can give you. **T. B.** and **R. H.**—Send the photograph. **D. O.**—(1) Consult "Who's Who." (2) Yes. **Rado Varli.**—(1) Clubbed. (2) Members of the club may contribute essays, poems, anecdotes, jokes, photographs and sketches to the C.C.C. pages. **"Chemicus."**—"Knowledge" is, I think, the most suitable periodical touching on the subjects you mention. **Head Clerk.**—Try a "Jewel" Pen, then. I correct proofs in the train with one and it acts capitally. It only costs a few shillings. **W. M. Dyierzau.**—Clubbed. It is against my rules to put readers in communication with one another. **A True Britisher.**—Your black porter looks a very jolly fellow. **Australus.**—In reply to your kind inquiry I beg to say that there is still no Mrs. O. F. **"Dos Centavos."**—Take your coins to a curio dealer for valuation. We do not value coins. **"Swim."**—I will remember your suggestion. **"Little Fag."**—Many thanks for the box of beautiful flowers.

Official representatives appointed: Thos. Guy Newcome (Coleford, Glos.); Bertram Burrowes (Kingston, Jamaica); W. Pleasance (Woodford); F. I. F. Smith (Newark).

Letters, etc., have also been received from: Frank M. Veale (with *St. Winifred's Magazine*), H. E. Reynolds, F. W. Robertson, and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB—"CAPTAIN" BADGE—"CAPTAIN" STAMP.

Bonâ fide **purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. Members are entitled to advice from our "experts" free of charge. The Club was also founded with the object of spreading the sale of good literature generally. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence**

FACSIMILE OF "THE CAPTAIN" STAMP, A NUMBER OF WHICH WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY READER WHO SENDS STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of November Competitions.

No. II.—"Twelve Best-known People in the World.

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES W. DOCHERTY, 110, Garthland Drive, Dennistown, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ETHEL SALKELD, "Melmerby," Shortlands, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. A. Garratt, Marion Wolferstan, Richard L. Bridgnell, Frank G. L. Chitty, Mayne Reid, Emily Wood, H. R. Bishop, J. Harold Round, Gwynedd Hudson, W. J. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GEOFFREY L. AUSTIN, "The Knoll," Lancaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: SIDNEY J. MOSES, St. Maw's Hill Lane, Southampton; and S. CROSSLEY, 31, Biggin Street, Dover.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwen Mathers, Wm. Gibson, C. B. Shaw, Ernest Garrett, Edgar Trowbridge, Albert Bentley, Geo. R. Booth, Marion Dodd, L. Titlen, John W. Lewis.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GWEN BROOKS, 32, Holywell, Oxford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: BERTRAM DREW JEFFERSON, 6, Walsingham Terrace, Hove, Brighton; and OSWALD C. BUSH, 1, Clarence Villa, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jessie Huntly, P. C. Southcott, John Docherty, William Bruce, H. Cartwright, Hugh A. Green, Harold V. Love, John MacHattie, C. Horn, Thomas Hewitt, William Bruce, C. Spencer, J. Walker.

No. III.—"If I had to be an Animal."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MOLLIE SIDDONS, "Jericho, 'Ondle.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY, "Kilkenny," Willingdon Road, Eastbourne; and CYRIL BURRAGE, 49, North Hill, Highgate, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Beatrice Parry, Belfrage Gilbertson, Harry Payne, Lionel D. Saunders, Kathleen Deering, Laura Mellow, William Vaughan, Rose Kelsall, Dorothy Morris, W. Bulough, Roy Carmichael, Dorothy Owen, Wm. L. Taylor, W. J. White, Charles Murray.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MARJORIE C. COPLESTONE, "Glyn Tan," Llandudno, North Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: G. T. ATKINSON, Carteret House School, High Harrogate; and JAMES BEAHAN, 14, Grosvenor View, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Ivey, Walter S. Leeming, E. Snook, Madge Macfarlane, Mary Douglas, Wm. Bullard, W. Gavin, Alexander Mackenzie, E. F. Longcroft, B. C. Marriott, A. Berrington.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ERNEST WOOLLEY, 16, Arlington Street, Glasgow, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. ACKERLEY, Croft House, The Hill, Surbiton, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles H. Yeadon, John Deering, Dorothy Adams, Bernard Hopper, Nancy W. Huntly, Dorothy G. Riley.

No. IV.—"Map of the Nile."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FRED INKSTER, 14, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ADAM MACGREGOR, 81, Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ursula M. Peck, Sybil Haines, Florence Warde, Gwynedd Hudson, Philip M. Frenchu.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: THOMAS B. STREET, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, R. G. W. Bush, O. Elfrida Saunders, C. Hargreaves, William Ian Strang, Gladys Titford, W. J. Juleff, Alice Gibbon, Dorothy Rayner, Cecil H. Ilsley, J. Brayshaw, junr., May Waghorn, H. S. Stokes.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: HORACE LOVELOCK, 148, Malden Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. C. Andrews, Leslie A. West, Dorothy Snowden, R. G. White, M. S. N. Kennedy, Arthur Edgar Barker, Mary McQuhae, Eric H. Fitter.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I. There were naturally numerous inquiries regarding the omission of the "Four Towns" coupon, but, by the time these notes appear, the coupon will already have been put before our readers in the Christmas number and adjudicated upon. However, "It's an ill wind," etc., and I, personally, am not sorry to have a short rest in preparation for the abundant entries that December 12th will undoubtedly bring me!

No. II.—The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows:—

1. The King.
2. The Queen.
3. The Prince of Wales.
4. The German Emperor.
5. Lord Roberts.
6. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.
7. Mr. Kruger.
8. The Czar of Russia.
9. Lord Salisbury.
10. Lord Kitchener.
11. Sir Thomas Lipton.
12. Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

No one got all twelve right: but Geoffrey L. Austin, in Class II, had only one wrong, and a large number had only two wrong.

No. III.—The majority of our readers favoured a metamorphosis into a dog, others preferred to continue their existence as giraffes, cats, horses, lions, and various kinds of birds. "She-of-the-long-neck" was very original, and a competitor in Class III was especially anxious to be a giraffe, because the length of his neck would give prolonged enjoyment to the eating of strawberries and cream!

No. IV.—Quite as heavily contested as usual was this competition, but still the Scotch maps came out top. Buck up, English readers!

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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Continued from November issue.

RAFFLES, S. C., Langham Rectory, Colchester.

RAGGETT, George, 2, Paget Place, Penarth, near Cardiff

RAITHBY, E. P., The Waverley, Market Place, Doncaster, Yorks

RAMPLING, Stanley, 27, Trinity Street, Cambridge

RAMSDEN, R. Sydney, Gas and Electric Light Works, Burton-on-Trent.

RAMSAY, James A., 56, Sandgate, Ayr, N.B.

RAMSAY, Stanley C., The Rectory, Writhlington, near Bath

RAMSEY, J. B., Holborn, Dumbreck, Glasgow.

RANKIN, John E., 7, Carlton Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

RANSLEY, Herman Charles, 3, Herbert Street, Mile End, Portsmouth

RAVENHILL, F., 7, Nottingham Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

RAWARD, G., 44, Lenthall Road, Dalston, N.E

RAWLINSON, Beatrice Fanny, Driffield, Yorkshire.

RAWS, J. A., Flinders Street, Adelaide.

RAWSON, Noel R., 44, St. Augustine Road, Bedford.

RAY, J. M., 10, Dawson Place, Bayswater, W.

RAY, E. C., 53, Compton Avenue, Barking Road, East Ham

RAYFIELD, W. S., 7, London Road, Northfleet, Kent.

RAYMOND, Christian, The Vicarage, Upton Snodsbury, Worcester

READ, Edwin, High Street, Willingham, Cambs.

READ, Stewart Dangate, 19, Gordon Terrace, Rochester, Kent.

REBENSDORF, S., 27, Worcester Street, Brynmawr

REDDY, J., 21, Waterloo Rd., Dublin.

REED, E. L., St. Kilda, 123, Hainault Road, Leytonstone.

REED, Leonard, 29, Bastione St. Barbara, Valetta, Malta.

REED, May, Downlands, Rottingdean, Sussex

REEVES, R. M. E., Southgate House, Winchester, Hants.

REID, D. J., 70, George Street, Blairgowrie, N.B.

REID, Hugh, c/o Miss Mitchell, Castle Street, Tayport, N.B.

REID, J., 15, Goldenaire Terrace, Edinburgh.

REID, John T., 31, McAslin Street, Glasgow.

REID, Walter, 8, Rae Place, Shettleston, near Glasgow.

REIB, Rupert, 2, Adie Road, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.

REMON, J. A., 1, New Street, Westminster.

RETFORD, Harry, 25, Moreton Place, Victoria, S.W.

RETHMAN, C. F., Flagstaff, Pondoland East, South Africa.

REYNELL, H. B., College Villa, Rosmead Avenue, Kenilworth, Cape Colony.

REYNOLDS, John, 81, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

REYNOLDS, Leonard, The Moorings, Alnahurst Road, Bournemouth

REYNOLDS, Nellie, Marengo, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.

REYNOLDS, W. G., Hawkswick, St. Albans.

RHODES, G. W., 20, Cocon Lee Terrace, New Lane, Bacup, Lancs.

RHODES, Harold W., 7, Promenade, Gt. Malvern.

RICE, E. J., 61, Grosvenor Road, Ilford

RICE, H. D.,

RICHARDSON, A. G., 30, Park Mansions, South Lambeth Road, S.W.

RICHARDSON, Edward, Bank Street, Glazebrook, near Manchester.

RICHARDSON, G. A., 116, Millgate, Selby, Yorks.

RICHARDSON, John,

RICHMOND, David, Crichton Place, Cumnock, N.B.

RICHMOND, F. J., Woodleigh, Ashburnham Road, Bedford.

RICHMOND-SMITH, Olive, 14, Walpole Terrace, Brighton

RIDGLEY, A., Chez Madame Filliettaz, Cours de Rive 6, Genève, Suisse.

RIDROUT, F. H., 77, Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.

RIGBY, Alfred, 6, Springbridge Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester

RIGBY, G., The Parsonage, Pidley, Hants.

RILEY, A. E., Florsville, Inchicore, Dublin

RILEY, Edgar S., 1, Elm Villas, The Park, Hull.

RILEY, W. J., Elmshurst, 38, Handsworth Wood Road, Birmingham.

RITCHIE, James G., Killinchy, co. Down, Ireland.

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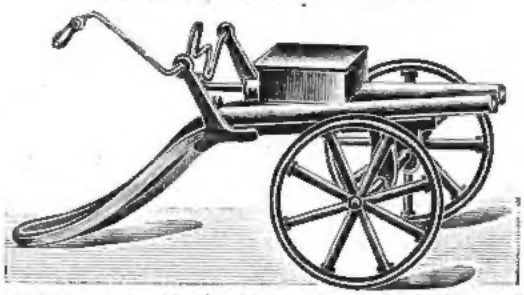

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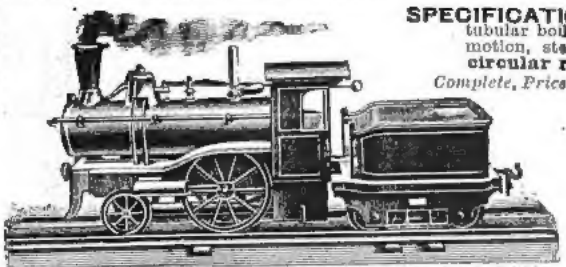

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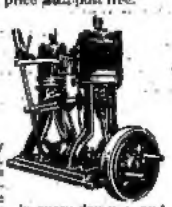

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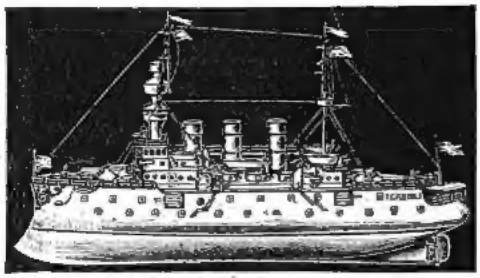

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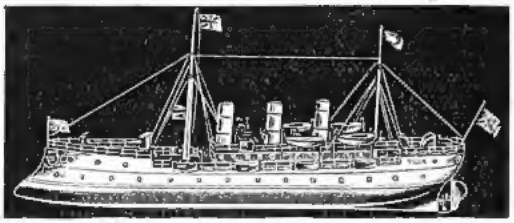

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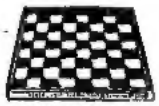

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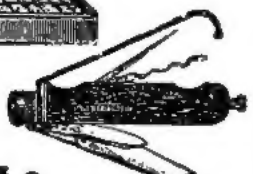

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